THE JOURNAL

1935-36

378.05
J

This
Volume is
complete

CPP

Indexed
PS
8/11/92

NO. 378.05

THE JOURNAL

NOVEMBER

WOFFORD COLLEGE

Phone 253

ARTEX CLEANERS

ODORLESS CLEANERS

"Like New When We're Thru"

213 Magnolia St. Spartanburg, S. C.

GREENEWALD'S

(INCORPORATED)

SPARTANBURG'S BEST CLOTHING STORE

Complete Outfitters to Men and Boys

The DuPre Book Store

Students Cordially Welcomed

194 E. Main St. Phone 70

BEARD BROTHERS

THE HOME OF BETTER CLOTHES

108 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

Compliments of

DIXIE SHOE WORKS

(M. T. GWINN, Proprietor)

FINE SHOE REPAIRING

113 N. Church St. PHONE 1871 Nolan Harrelson

WALLACE D. DuPRE

Automobile Supplies

Phone 65

138-140 W. Main Street Spartanburg, S. C.

We Make Loans on Anything of Value

CAROLINA

LOAN & LUGGAGE SHOP

115-117 W. Main Street

We Carry a Complete Line of Luggage

WHEN YOU SEE

Square Deal Holmes

You Think of

BETTER WATCH MAKING

Crystals Fixed 25c 105 Magnolia St.

FOR BETTER SIGHT

You'd Better See

DR. R. E. BIBER

144 E. Main St.

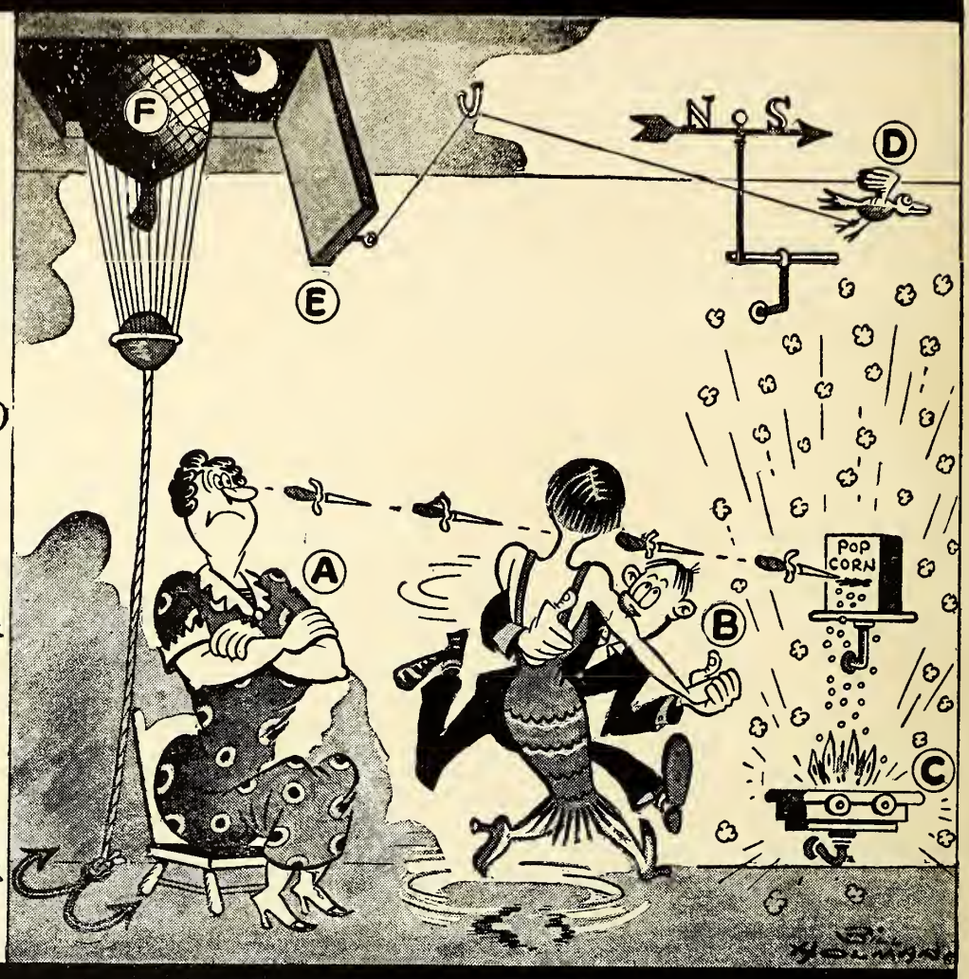
Flowers from red's

Montgomery Building
Spartanburg, South Carolina

College Representative, Fred Gentry, Jr.

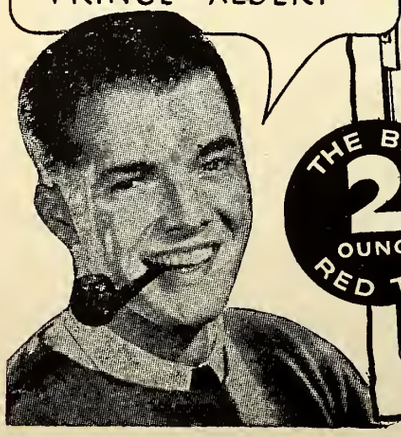
EASY WAY TO HANDLE A CHAPERON

CHAPERON (A) LOOKS DAGGERS AT STUDENT (B) DANCING WITH GIRL IN LOW – NECKED DRESS. STUDENT DUCKS DAGGERS WHICH STRIKE BOX OF POP CORN AND PIERCE HOLE IN BOX. POP CORN LEAKS OUT ON TO LIGHTED STOVE (C) AND IS IMMEDIATELY POPPED. BLUEBIRD (D) SEES POP CORN AND THINKS IT IS SNOW. STARTS TO FLY SOUTH WHICH RELEASES TRAPDOOR (E) AND ALLOWS LITTLE GIANT SUPERCHARGED STRATOSPHERE BALLOON (F) TO ESCAPE HOOKING CHAPERON AND TAKING HER UP FOR A BETTER VIEW OF THE MOON



... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

I GET MORE FLAVOR, MORE PLEASURE, AND MORE TOBACCO IN EVERY TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT



SPECIAL PROCESS REMOVES "BITE"

PRINCE ALBERT'S EXTRA FLAVOR AND MILDNESS ARE DUE TO TOP-QUALITY TOBACCO, PLUS A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT REMOVES ALL "BITE" FROM THE TOBACCO. P.A. IS "CRIMP CUT"... COMES IN A BIG RED 2-OUNCE TIN. NO WONDER MORE MEN SMOKE P.A. THAN ANY OTHER SMOKING TOBACCO

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE JOURNAL

Established 1889

Vol. 46 **SPARTANBURG, S. C., NOVEMBER, 1935** **No. 1**

STAFF OF THE JOURNAL

Editor-in-Chief ..... Thomas Willis
Assistants ..... R. S. Bryant, R. M. Phillips
Contributing Editors..... Peter Moody, Charles Gilreath, A. P. Evans
Art Editors..... George King, A. C. Stackpool

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Robert DuBose
Assistant Business Manager..... Larry Hardin
Circulation Manager ..... John Hughston
Assistant Circulation Manager..... Rodney Padgett

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.
THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published five times a year by the student body.
Subscription rate, $1.25 per year.

CONTENTS

◆

Cover—By Bill Gladden

		PAGE
FORGOTTEN MEN? (Sketch)	Peter Moody	5
REVERSED CONTROLS (Story)	Charles Gilreath	6
THE ETERNAL CONFLICT (Essay)	T. H. Taylor	9
I THOUGHT (Poem)	Karl Slocum	9
ILLOGICAL CONCLUSION (Story)	Harold Ward	10
BELLING THE CAT (Poem)		12
ADVICE (Poem)	Julian M. Way	13
AMERICAN NEUTRALITY (Essay)	Bill Houck	13
NO CHANGE (Story)	Ralph S. Bryant	14
MONEY LENDER (Sketch)	Robert M. Phillips	16
WIMPY (Poem)	L. T. T.	16
DISILLUSION (Sketch)	Peter Moody	17
FRESHMAN'S DIARY (Poem)		17
EDITORIALS		18

Archer Hall

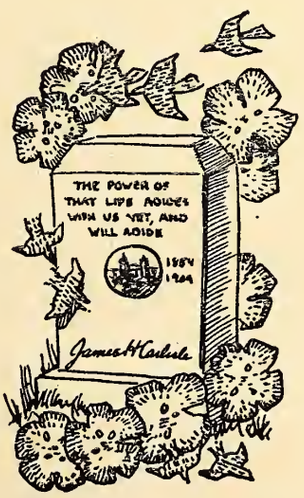
This is one of the most picturesque places at Wofford because of the beauty which nature has added as years have passed. The old vine-covered brick, the gray slate roof shaded by ancient trees and the graceful arch connecting the two buildings is a scene that is dear to the hearts of many Wofford men of "Auld lang syne."

—G. E. King, Art Editor.

FORGOTTEN MEN?

By Peter Moody

DESPITE the smoky railroad and the busy highway which lie adjacent to it, the old cemetery is an out-of-the-way spot. I had walked past it hundreds of times, yet had never really noticed it until that windy Autumn afternoon, when out of dreary curiosity, I entered through the crumbling brick wall. Unkempt and ugly, the dead graveyard aroused in me a feeling of deep melancholy. The stones, some of them broken and scattered, all of them time-worn, were discolored and moss-grown, and on many the epitaphs had been completely obliterated by the weather. Here and there rose the old colonial type of vault-tomb, a heavy iron door shutting out the restless world from the rester within. Over near the railroad a jungle of honeysuckle vines and brier bushes had taken prisoner a number of graves, and only a solitary stone cross rose out of the disorder. Intrigued by first sight of the burial ground, I began a closer inspection of the graves.



Just on the right of the entrance was a rusty iron fence with closed gate, on which were written the words DAVID DUNCAN. Why, here was one of Wofford's greatest leaders — a man who for twenty-seven years had served as professor of ancient languages at the college. David Duncan had come to America from Scotland, taught for a time in Virginia, and at the founding of Wofford in 1854 had come to be a member of the first faculty.

Going further on, I noticed a name on another monument, WHITEFOORD SMITH — the man for whom our library is named. Originally from Charleston, Whitefoord Smith came to Wofford in 1856 as professor of English. Having served almost thirty years as active professor, he was awarded, in 1885, a professorship emeritus, which position he held until his death.

And then, scarcely ten yards away, in a bare and untidy spot, I recognized something that made my heart leap with the thrill of discovery — a well-made, unpretentious white stone with the image of our own Main Building chiseled on it, and at the bottom, in the likeness of his signature, the inspiring words, JAMES H. CARLISLE — next, perhaps only to Calhoun, South Carolina's greatest man—certainly the State's greatest educator. With the college from its founding until his death in 1909, James H. Carlisle was foremost in making Wofford what it has been and is. The only other words on this neglected monument formed the simple line, "The Power of That Live Abides With Us Yet, and Will Abide" — a magnificent tribute to any man — a just tribute to Carlisle!

And then as I slowly left, I thought about those three great men who lie buried in the dilapidated old graveyard — does the spirit of self-sacrifice, honesty and manly conduct that those men possessed live on in the hearts of college men today? Are we prone to lose sight of, just as we have forgotten the old cemetery and the graves, what those men stood for, the ideals and principles upon which our school was founded? Are they *Forgotten Men?* No! Let us, rather, boldly assert that their high standards "abide with us yet — and will abide," as long as the doors of Wofford are open to young men. We will not forget — but, by our actions, will forever keep alive the memory of Duncan, Smith, and Carlisle!

REVERSED CONTROLS

By CHARLES GILREATH

MRS. SAMS sat before her large Parisian mirror combing that last obstinate lock of hair that kept her from having, in her own estimation, the prettiest hair in town. Being very moodish and feeling quite conceited today, she occasionally made complimentary remarks to herself.

"No, I am not what you might call beautiful, but darn attractive and — well, my figure is not to be sneezed at. I have intriguing ways that can't be beat. Darn that lock of hair!"

Mr. Sams strolled leisurely homeward through the Central Park, as was his habit when he was worried. Today seemed to him to be full of mystery, excitement, suspense. Even the air around him seemed to be depressing. There was no sunshine playing through the trees, and the flowers seemed to have a grayish dull look. This was not a day of inspiration for America's most promising young novelist.

The big Persian cat scampered as he opened the front door to his home. He gave his hat a twirl to the rack, and walked on past as it fell to the floor. He paused on the steps and leaned against the rail. A call to his wife was responded to with a blunt, "What?"

"Are we going out tonight?"

"I am. You can stay here. You'll find some cold sandwiches in the Frigidaire. My bridge club is meeting, and I can't miss, you know. I'm trying for three wins straight."

"Yeah! It took a week's salary to pay for the last game you played there."

"It's no such a thing. You know darn well I'm the best player in the club."

"I'd hate to see the worst."

"I'm going, so you might as well shut up."

"Well, all right, you can go there and to—"

The last sentence ended in a mumble as he flopped in his chair. He picked up a cigarette, lighted up, and took a couple of drags.

His wife descended in a lovely blue evening gown with an extremely low back and front. There was no question about her being attractive.

"Can't we ever have an evening at home? Just where are you going?"

"Off!" came the sharp reply.

"You've been that all your life."

As the front door slammed, a vase wobbled on the end table. Jimmy Sams lighted another Chesterfield, leaned on one hand, and remained motionless for a short time.

Presently he walked over and picked up the afternoon mail. As he passed over the letters one caught his attention. He opened it hastily and apparently took a new interest in life. He read the first paragraph aloud again and again:

"Jimmy, I can't understand why you haven't written in the last six months. I'll always feel the same about you no matter whether you are angry or not. Please let me know what's wrong. If I have done anything to arouse your wrath, I don't remember it."

Jimmy's marriage six months ago had not been a public wedding. Only the neighbors and a few relatives knew about it. Jimmy had meant to write Maurine, but his courage failed him every time.

He picked up his pen and paper and began to write — at first very slow, but gradually increasing to a rapid speed. As he sealed the letter the phone scared him with its shrill ring.

"Hello! Yes, this is Jimmy. How are you, Bob! No, I can't make it tonight; not for even a little while. Whose birthday? Well, I might as well. See you in half an hour."

Jimmy rushed upstairs, jerked off his clothes and started shaving. He almost cut himself as the front door was kicked open and a noise that sounded like a drove of horses came up the steps. In they piled — the merry trio, Bob, Jud, and Herb.

"Where's the glasses, Jimmy? My stomach is as dry as an empty rain barrel," bellowed Bob.

"Wash that shaving mug out and use it," remarked the lazy Herb.

"Well, today's my birthday, Jimmy. We should at least blow out three kitchens before daybreak," added the clownish Jud.

The foursome glided down the steps and into the car. Four of Jimmy's old girl friends awaited him with numerous questions, which he avoided in his usual way. The car took off in a puff of exhaust, to return hours later.

After three night clubs had been covered, to say nothing of the bottles, the heavy-eyed crew called it a night.

Jimmy poured himself out at his house and pulled himself up to the door.

There was some difficulty in placing the key in the door.

"I know that key-hole was here when I left."

As the door was opened from the inside he fell in.

"Where've you been?" came the lashing tongue of his wife.

"Off," was the reply from the hilarious Jimmy. "Who are you, anyway?" he blinked his eyes and added.

By the help of the bannisters, he climbed the stairs and stepped in bed. He never heard a word of the ferocious tongue of his wife.

The next day found both still in bed at ten o'clock, she because of laziness, and he because of a funny droning in his head.

After long deliberation, Jimmy crawled out of bed, dressed, and mailed his letter on the way to his office.

Two hours of pittering around finally convinced Mary Sams that she was properly dressed for a trip back home.

Mrs. Sams' only reason for visiting home, the one she gave her people, was she needed a little rest. She spent the days sitting around and visiting friends.

One day she went to see an old high school friend whom she had not seen since school days. The girl was not dressed, so she was allowed to wait in the drawing room. In wandering around the room, a letter addressed to her friend caught her eye. She examined it closely and was almost positive it was her husband's scribbling, because he wrote like old people danced.

She could hold her curiosity no longer, so she opened it and received the shock of her life.

"So this was my rival," she muttered, "and he will throw me over for her, eh? Well, we'll see."

All the jealousy, meanness, and intriguing power was aroused in Mary Sams. Her eyes shone like those of an angry tigress as her old friend walked in.

After a warm greeting and no acknowledgment of being married by Mary, they came around to the "What-have-you-been-doing" subject.

Mary learned to her delight that Maurine had taken up aeronautics. After a flat refusal on the grounds that she was scared, she promised to fly with her on the following day.

Upon Mary's return home, she went straight to her room and spent the rest of the day revolving in her mind the plans for the next day.

Early next morning Mrs. Sams was up and ready to depart for her friend's home. At nine o'clock she started, and lost no time en route.

Mary stopped her car slowly in front of Maurine's and thought over her plans once more before entering.

Maurine looked very entrancing this morning, and this added to Mrs. Sams' jealousy.

The short drive to the airport was covered quickly, and a beautiful morning sun filled the hangar with a shining brightness as it played over Maurine's silver monoplane.

At the last minute Mary refused to go because of fear.

"Maurine, I simply won't do it. I have never been in a plane before, and I am scared of the thought of it," she lied very convincingly.

"It is safe as a car," Maurine reassured her.

"I'll go, then, if you'll get me a parachute," Mary gave in reluctantly.

Maurine rushed across to the locker-room for the necessary parachute. While she was gone, Mary lost no time in carrying out her well-conceived plans. A nearby hammer and a cold-chisel fitted into her plans to perfection. With three hard licks with the hammer she finished the tiny hole in the gas tank.

Maurine came back dragging the parachute and helped Mary into it with a mocking laugh.

The mountains a short distance away was the destination for the morning hop, and soon came into view as the plane idled along at 95 per. Mary appeared to be interested in all the things Maurine pointed out, but the unexpected fear had the best of Mary and her eyes saw nothing. The snake-like mountain highway always pleased Maurine as it curved here and there around the knolls, so she flew directly over the pavement.

Presently the inevitable happened — the motor sputtered, popped, and then made a hissing sound as if it were trying to get air.

This sound was not unfamiliar to Maurine, and she announced the trouble instantly. She pulled the choke frantically, the motor started again, only to stop with the same hissing sound. Mary, already prepared to jump, was commanded to by Maurine. At first she was scared, but the encouragement she got from having her plans carried to perfection so far strengthened her. She opened the door and let go.

Maurine was all eyes now, looking hopelessly for a landing place. She knew her only possible chance was to round the next peak and try for that hundred yards of straight highway on the top of the mountain. She pushed in gently on her right foot and pushed forward on the "stick" at the same time. The plane banked to the right, and the nose dropped swiftly. Maurine eased back on the stick slowly with trembling hand. The nose lifted slightly. The peak was rounded; the straight stretch came into view. Maurine heaved a sigh of relief.

Just at this time a car rounded the curve and approached the stretch. It was all over now, Maurine thought. Her wheels would hit the car and throw her down the mountain side. Nearer and nearer she came to the top of the car. She refused to look any more, and froze to the controls. As her plane bounced on the pavement she relaxed her hands and held the nose slightly up. A second time the plane bounced. She pushed on her right foot to keep the center of the road.

The people in the car, after awakening from the shock of seeing a plane land in front of them as light as a feather, came running up to find the cold, cold Maurine. A little water and rubbing brought her around, and she told her experience.

"I guess it's a good thing we stopped to look at the view from the top back there," exclaimed the excited tourist.

"You bet," Maurine sighed. In the excitement, Maurine had forgotten Mary, but now she remembered. A hunting party was rounded up, led by Maurine. After two hours Mary's body was found with the chute half open. The string had been pulled, but the chute had caught.

After an examination of the plane and an inquest, it looked as if Maurine had intended murder to get the man she loved. But an examination of the finger-prints on the hammer and cold-chisel solved the whole mystery.

Ten months later Jimmy Sams came out with the complete story in his own ingenious style. The press could not print it fast enough. He was made! After a rest of a couple of weeks, he again took the head lines by his secret marriage and honeymoon to Bermuda. The controls were once again reversed.

THE ETERNAL CONFLICT

By T. H. Taylor

EACH new year witnesses little recrudescences of an eternal feeling of antagonism between two general classes of students. We refer, however vaguely, to the bitter opposition existing between what we shall term the "academic" and the "practical" types. Voltaire would have insisted on a definition of terms — by the former, we mean the pedantic, "book-wormish" student. By the latter we mean the "good, commonsense, don't-let-books-interfere-with-your-college-education" species.

It is agreed that the first group is, by virtue of man's inherent aversion to text-books, in the minority and therefore, usually, on the defensive. It is not, however, agreed, indeed it is a matter of red-faced debate, as to which group is "in the right," and an impartial consideration will show that there are virtues and vices to be found on both sides, that either position or condition may lead to unhealthy extremes, and that the "book-worm" and the "reg'lar feller" may not be totally incongruous companions.

There is a tendency on the part of some to apotheosize the pedant. If he can remember how many words there are in the Gettysburg Address, and recite it backward, or if he has memorized all his French idioms in alphabetical order, and knows the exact date of the Flood — he is referred to as a "brilliant mind." Stevenson wrote, cynically enough, "Many who have 'plied their book diligently,' and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of their study with an ancient and owl-like demeanor, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter parts of life." We do not mean to discredit the scholarly man — but the scholastic. He may know a few isolated facts about life, but he has not learned how to live it. He should cease his nightly lucubration and learn to know a good cigar or the name of a wild flower.

On the other hand, the "jolly-good-fellow" is not without his foibles. While he accuses his studious class-mate of knowing too many unnecessary and impractical dates, he is spending his time in chasing a pigskin across a muddy field, or lining his lungs with tobacco in a drug store, or carousing with fraternity brothers, and wasting time and money that can never be recovered. He may know how to live, in a general way; he may be capable of loving and hating; he may experience the natural thrill of life — but he lacks maturity of thought and purpose, he cannot apply himself with intensity and sustained effort, and he is sadly deficient in that small but necessary amount of specialization that qualifies all true culture.

So, don't be an extremist! Perhaps you can be placed definitely in one of these two groups, but strive to achieve the happy medium, and don't declare war on the other. There are broken bones on the athletic field, and there are neurotic headaches in many a text-book. Let us refrain from all this internecine antagonism and learn, with Kipling, to say:

"Each for the joy of working,
And each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees
It for the God of Things as
They are!"

I Thought

By Karl Slocum

'Twas late and all was dark and still;
No voice nor sound disturbed the skill
Of mind that e'er rolls on and on
And thinks on thoughts that ne'er are gone.

I thought of love and war and hate,
Of peace and joy — how Jesus spake
In meekest tones, now low, yet clear,
And called upon the world to hear!

On earth, struck deep with sin's dread blight;
With standards high toward Heaven's height,
Pause not one step until ye beat
A pathway to the Mercy Seat.

And there to lay your problems down,
Your troubles, sorrows, grievings, frowns.
Ah! what a joy 'twould be, I thought,
If all ourselves to God were brought.

ILLOGICAL CONCLUSION

By Harold Ward

HELGA BRAUMER then, and Helga Braumer now — surely there is a mistake, for no one could possibly imagine such a change. Age, of course, will detract from physical beauty, and worry will alter one's perspective. But Helga had been fascinating, magnificent, glorious to all of us then. Now her hair is dirty and unkempt; her face, once so fair, always wrinkling in a sweet smile, is pale and oily. We never thought of Helga as one who must one day bow to age, but if we had, it would not have bothered us, because of course she would mellow with the years. Her inner beauty would come to her face, and Helga would be the more lovely for it.

Heinie Braumer was her son. We, small boys that we were, had thought the little rascal did not love his mother so much as we did. We were mistaken; he adored her, worshiped her, but not so openly, for he resembled Helga in a great many ways. He, too, was charming. As his mother was, so was he. Heinie realized a great many of his mother's qualities were deep-rooted in him, but he took himself lightly, as he did his mother when he knew we were watching. It was different, he had told me, his best friend, when they were alone.

It is easy to believe now that Helga had lived only for Heinie. Only for him had she smiled and made herself so wonderful. Even the smiles she gave us, and the favors she rendered us were for him, because Heinie had accepted us as friends. Since Heinie's death, she has been dull and unapproachable. When I came home, I went to see her. She sat stolidly while I gushed out my sympathy. She did not cry. Already there was a change in her, and when I left she did not ask me to come back.

Of course one or the other of us went to see her for a few years, but there was no encouragement. Now we don't go at all.

A few days ago Mrs. Braumer called me in. She didn't say anything, only handed me a letter yellowed with age. I don't know why she finally showed it to me after so many years. Perhaps the tension of her sorrow had broken her down, until she gave me a little part of her life again.

. . . . . .

Mill whistles blew, sirens screamed, and all the inhabitants of Central guessed that the long-expected crisis had arrived. Shouts and hurrahs sounded down Midland Avenue. It was true, then? President Wilson had addressed Congress, and now we were at war with Germany? All the boys were ready to go. They thrilled to the music of bands in a million places over all the nation. There was no more patriotic town than Central, who sent thirty-two of her sons. Heinie, Tom Jonson, Digby Davis and myself went together. Always we had been the four inseparables.

Our people went with us to the train — the train which would take us to our boat in New York. I remember Helga Braumer was the brightest of all the mothers. She was sending a son to fight the people she had once loved — Germany, her native land. But now the Braumers were American citizens—*good* American citizens. She shed a few tears, but not too many. Helga's smiles followed all of us. I wish I had never seen her again.

We were in the same company in France — Heinie and I. The others were rushed forward. The two of us became more attached than ever, bunking together, bathing together in the muddy waters of the river, slipping away to see the girls in Beine.

All around Beine there were shell holes, demolished buildings. France was in mourning for her thousands of dead. But we saw little of the war for over six months. Then came marching orders. Company F was moved up to Guise. Now we were at the front, and moving forward every day. The first gray-blue clad Huns were met at Rocroi, just across the Belgium border.

It was at night, and when we were commanded to go forward, Heinie and I climbed out of the trench together. The night was dark, and except for the intermittent crackle of infantry rifles to our left, silent. Our troops went on stealthily until suddenly the enemy opened fire. It was ghastly. How the sky lighted up and showed us all there, and then the machine-gun fire, the Lyre lights, and aerial bombs. Our legs shook, but still we advanced. By this time many of us were gone, but the enemy was retreating. From our right a company of German machine gunners ripped our flanks, and when I looked around Heinie was not there. I screamed, I think, but went on. A single gray-blue uniform confronted me. We fought, not three feet from each other, with bayonets on which the sombre lights flashed. I was sick from fear, and I don't know whether I killed him or not. He wasn't there, suddenly, and I went on with the company.

When we were encamped in Chimay I engaged in a vigorous search for Heinie. How relieved I was to find him in the hospital with nothing more serious than a nicked leg. Heinie was cheerful.

"Where did you fall?" I asked.

United States Treasury Building

From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

13,084,037 lbs. to
326,093,357 lbs.;
an increase of 2392%

. . .

There is no substitute for mild, ripe tobacco.

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes

$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were

$350,299,442
an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

. . .

Cigarettes give a lot of pleasure to a lot of people.

More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos.
Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.

We believe you will enjoy them.

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"I really don't know," he replied. "I had never been there before."

A few days more, and he was up. I noticed that Captain Beach had recently taken quite an interest in the rascally young apple-polisher, and they were often in each other's company.

. . . . . .

When Heinrich Wahre Braumer, my dearest friend, was shot, I immediately wrote Helga. I told her of how bravely he had died — for his country, the one he loved best. Later, when I was given the D. S. C., it was sent to Heinie's mother, with the notation that it had been won by Heinie. Of course it would have killed her if she had known the true circumstances of his death.

. . . . . .

It had been in July that our Colonel had called on the Intelligence Department. For weeks our lines had been ripped by the Germans. Always they seemed to be one jump ahead, until finally we had been forced to fall back on a rather doubtful sanctuary near St. Amand. Our regiment must have been composed of more spies than American boughboys.

Headquarters sent their brilliant Major Beach. He had been a captain when Heinie and I had first met him, but such men move forward quickly.

In cooperation with Colonel Parsons, Major Beach immediately got down to business. No one can tell how they work, but spies make themselves scarce when faced with such outstanding talent as these men displayed. Still our troops were retreating, but in August the spy was apprehended.

Heinie was calm when I came to him. I had never kissed a boy before. He didn't say good-bye, nor did he tell me not to grieve. He knew I would. He knew, too, that I did not condemn him for his treachery. The next morning I heard the shots ring out, just as dawn broke in the east.

. . . . . .

I read Helga's letter. It was not the one I had written. This letter had been posted from Berlin shortly after the close of the war. An extract ran as follows:

". . . And so, dear Helga, your son died. But be comforted that he passed bravely for his Fatherland —that he aided the country he loved." I remembered, with something of a shock, that my letter had said the same thing. I read on. "That last time I saw him he laughed, even while he knew his death was less than twelve hours away, saying, 'Ah, father, how foolish Colonel Parsons is! To think that he can not see.'

"You see, Helga, Germany had built up a great system. The enemy saw a flaw, and even Parsons suspected Heinrich. Some one had to die, but the chain must not be broken. Heinie and I decided we would have to arrange to have him 'caught' to throw the enemy off guard.

"Think, Helga, how brave and unselfish our son was. There was no thought of the sacrifice. I rejoice with you that our son was true to his traditions.

"Your obedient, Wilhelm."

I looked up without speaking.

"Did Heinie ever tell you his father lived?" Helga asked.

"No."

"He still lives. He and I ceased to love each other. Heinie, just a baby then, and I came to America. Wilhelm wanted to keep our son, but he couldn't."

"But who was your husband?"

Helga's laugh was derisive.

"You called him Major Beach, I believe."

My mouth went agape with surprise, then twisted and finally shut tight with loathing and anger. The man had calmly plotted to have his son die at the most expedious moment for "Der Vaterland." What a cold beast he was! When I looked up Helga was smiling, showing her terrible, decaying teeth.

"You hate Wilhelm, don't you?" she said without emotion.

"I-I-I," the effort to get epithets out was so great that I stammered helplessly.

"Perhaps I was wrong about Americans, after all. They always seemed so big, so fine, and yet they obviously would not make the supreme sacrifice. Wilhelm did. He couldn't have taken Heinie's place. It was hard for him to take his son's life. I hated Germany. I despised my people. A long time ago Helga Braumer was too soft for her nation, and not strong enough for her husband. Wilhelm has written me frequently since the war. A month ago I wrote, asking him to take me back. Next week I sail for Hamburg. And what American husband would take a disloyal woman again to his heart after twenty-seven years, with so little hesitation?"

I shook her hand limply, and left without a word.

Belling the Cat

Oh, that we all were born with tags!
So when we wished to marry,
We wouldn't be stuck with some old hag,
But each could have his fairy.

—*"Bud."*

Advice

By JULIAN M. WAY

In this small world of grief and strife,
There're some who come to live a life
Of glory and of happiness.
Then others come who do not care
For honors in this life to share,
But sin and wickedness.

This life is short, but not in vain,
For one can make it, not of pain,
But of joy and of love.
So then your life for others live,
And you shall reap all that you give
In love, from God above.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY

By BILL HOUCK

PEACE and friendship with all nations, alliances with none." In these memorable words, Thomas Jefferson expressed the sentiment of his administration in reference to foreign entanglement. Nevertheless, twelve years after, the fires which had been smouldering for so long over the freedom of the seas blazed forth to throw us into a commercial war with England. Again in 1914 our government, headed by President Wilson, declared itself a neutral party in the great European conflict, only to find our people embroiled in the affair three years later.

Thus we have, against our own will, been previously forced into war with foreign nations — war which has cost us men and money and which has netted us nothing but the enmity of our European neighbors.

It was in view of these past experiences that the last Congress, turning its eye to the Italo-Ethiopian dispute, wisely passed an embargo act which again established a neutral policy for the United States. However, President Roosevelt did not merely sanction this embargo; he gave further impetus to our determined drive for peace by warning our citizens against traveling in war zones and emphatically assuring merchants that they trade with belligerents at their own risk. President Roosevelt's action is highly approved by the majority of American citizens, although certain bodies of New York business men have objected strenuously to limitations on their lucrative foreign trade.

The fear of thinking Americans now is that the embargo act is not flexible enough. It meets the present situation admirably. "But should Il Duce's colonial campaign ripen into a real war, involving some of those nations with whom we have a larger trade, then we would have a siuation which many think could not be met with effect or honor under the present law."[1]

It must be noted that the status of our neutrality now differs greatly from that of 1914. We are not dealing now with several European powers which are about evenly balanced; we are concerned with a civilized but merciless nation which is trying to force its will on a backward, primitive tribal state. It must also be taken into consideration that our present embargo act bans none of the articles which Italy is likely to require. For example, we still may ship and are shipping cotton, copper, petroleum, scrap iron and steel, and chemicals to the Italians. It is highly significant that in the last eight months we have shipped two thousand small motor cars to Italy, although previously we have shipped less than one hundred cars per year to them, and that in the first eight months of 1935 we exported 238,000 tons of iron and steel, each month's quantity totaling that of the entire year of 1932.

Neither does the act prohibit loans and credit to Italy in the United States or contain anything which would prevent American ships from passing into war zones.

These limitations on our neutrality should be lifted at once. We should cooperate with the League of Nations to the extent of limiting all exports to Italy which the league has denied her, and thus do our part in cooperating with other nations to end international anarchy. This would help us a great deal in maintaining our neutrality. "Still only when Americans recognize the responsibility that is associated with America's financial and commercial position can there be any real hope of our keeping out of war."[2]

1. Turner Rutledge in *The New York Times* for October 14th, 1935.
2. "Can America Remain Unentangled?"—*The Nation,* October 16th, 1935.

NO CHANGE

By Ralph S. Bryant

RONALD had met Angeline the first year they were in high school, and after about a month of stealing secret glances at each other and painful blushes when they passed in the halls, they had fallen in love. It was a mutually spontaneous sort of thing, and Ronald, feeling cast from him the limitations that are more or less apt to hamper graded school romances, reveled in the frank admiration of this somewhat shy, skinny little girl. Not that she was too revealing about her emotions. It was another month before he screwed up his courage to ask her if she loved him. They were riding to one of the frequent Friday night parties, and his cheeks were burning in the dark and his eyes were straight ahead. It was a blunt question straight from the shoulder, schoolboy fashion. She answered it as simply. "Yes." That night at the party he kissed her for the first time, and romance was off to a flying start. The fact that some of the kids saw them through the window from the front porch cemented things the more firmly.

Ronnie never thought Angie was beautiful. She was "attractive," he said. And that made him feel that his love was the real thing. No purely physical attraction there, he assured himself. And the idea of "puppy love" was ridiculous. She felt that their love was different, too. They must have been partially right at that, for during three years of high school they watched together the other members of the gang change "steadies" as often as the seasons. They sat as at a height and smiled complacently upon the childish fickleness of their schoolmates. One could see why people talked about puppy love. Ronald doubted if any of them knew the real meaning of love. If he had had the word in his vocabulary, he would have described them as "plebeian" affairs.

Angeline always tried to please him, which was quite as it should be, he thought. The man should always be looked up to. It made him feel very old when he could take her aside and tell her in a very matter-of-fact manner that he didn't quite approve of the way she clung to Bill's arm while they were out walking, or that he didn't like her letting Jack keep his arm around her while records were being changed between dances. Now he could tell her without a blush or a stammer how much she meant to him. They were that close.

Everything went along very nicely until their Senior year. Then it seemed to Ronnie that Angie began to grow unreasonably jealous. If he took any of the other girls to a picture, or had too many dates with one girl at a party where she happened not to be present, or any number of little things like that, word of it went straight to Angie, and he was sure to hear from her about it. He wondered if marriage was like this. It got to where he felt guilty if she passed him walking with another girl. It was a childish attitude, Ronald told himself. She didn't have the right idea about the thing. But when Ronnie casually mentioned to one of the bunch a dream he'd had in which he kissed a girl for whom Angeline had a very special aversion, and she jumped on him, even in a half-joking manner, the first time she saw him, it was too much. He'd just be darned if he would have his dreams censored. He was taking her home from a basketball game when they formally decided to end all personal relations. Angie was silent and Ronnie felt that it must be pretty hard on her, so he leaned over and kissed her very, very tenderly and comfortingly. Just at that instant he wasn't sure if they were doing the right thing or not. But he recalled the firm decision he had made and rather brusquely said good-night. Soon after, each left for their colleges, and it was easy to let matters drift as they were.

During the following four years Ronald saw Angeline but seldom. He went to see her the first summer they were at home, but in spite of the thousand and one things that there are to talk about for two people just out of their freshman year at college, there were strained moments in the conversation when by chance some allusion was made to some particular occasion when they had been going together; embarrassed silences when each knew that the other's thoughts were far away — and knew where those thoughts were. Later that night he assured himself that he was not in love with her, but he decided not to go back — she might get to thinking too much about the good times they used to have together, and he did not want to cause anybody any sadness.

College did wonderful things to Angeline. From a skinny, bashful kid that was never quite sure of herself, she developed into a poised, graceful person with dignity and self-possession. Dormitory food and regularity made the old sags in her clothes fill out to beautiful symmetry. She stopped biting her fingernails, and let her hair grow out.

As Ronald noted these changes, he looked to see if there were changes in Angie herself. But the five or ten minute snatches of conversation, which were all he

ever had with her, always convinced him that she was the same. The same old feelings seemed to be there between them — only suppressed. He always felt that she might almost be expecting or waiting for him to say some word to her, some word that would remove the barrier that had been raised between them, the barrier that caused the feeling of restraint, of self-consciousness in each other's presence; and he, alone before the open fire in his room, often imagined himself saying the word.

Then Ronald heard the rumor of Angeline's engagement. That set him back on his heels for some reason. He had never thought of anything like that. It had never occurred to him that Angie might fall in love with anybody else but — that is, with anybody. The thought annoyed him. He recalled the boy that she was going with. He was a sap. Oh, Ronald guessed he was all right, but — but he couldn't make Angeline happy. That was it — he couldn't make her happy.

That evening Bill dropped in on him — the same old Bill he had been jealous of as a kid. Ronald was frowning. He confided his fears about Angie's happiness.

"Me, too," said Bill, "but what are you going to do about it?"

He was still frowning.

"I think I'll marry the girl."

"What!" Bill shouted. "You think *you* will marry her? Say, maybe she *loves* this guy. That does make a difference, you know."

"She doesn't."

"How do you know she doesn't?"

"Because she — well, just because she doesn't."

"I see," said Bill.

The next night was the night of the Macon's big blowout in the nature of a formal dance at their palatial home on the edge of town. Ronnie went because he knew Angeline would be there, and he wanted to talk to her. She had not arrived when he got there, and he stood on the edge of the crowd of dancers waiting impatiently. It was a gay scene before him, with the bright-colored dresses of the girls, the soft lights and the softer music. Presently he saw her enter. As she paused in the doorway, he got a full look at her. The delicate rose color of her gown lent itself to her cheeks and seemed to tint the atmosphere around her. She was symbolical of the soft lights, the softer music. Ronald gazed at her in rapt oblivion. She was beautiful! As soon as he could, he cut in and guided her toward the nearest door, and then out into the garden, which had been lighted dimly with Japanese lanterns.

"Angeline," he said seriously, "I want to talk to you. Really, now, you can't marry this boy — what's his name — you mustn't."

"Who said anything about getting married, pray tell me?" She was genuinely surprised.

"I heard you were engaged. You are, aren't you?"

"My grandmother used to tell me never to believe what I hear, and not more than half of what I see," Angeline replied, making an effort at calmness. "But just why should I not marry him, or anyone else, if I want to?" Her chin lifted a bit as in defiance.

"Because you don't love him."

"Why do you say that?"

"You love me, that's why."

Angie's lower lip was beginning to tremble ever so slightly.

"Aren't you taking a great deal for granted?" The tremble did not get into her voice. The answer was hardly the one Ronald was expecting.

"You do, don't you?" The strange thought that after all she might not made him panic-stricken. "Do you mean — do you — are you really going to marry that — er, that you wouldn't marry me?"

"Marry you?" Angie was angry now; she was on her feet facing him. She was having a hard time controlling that lip. "Why, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth. I wish you were not on the earth, this particular piece of earth, at any rate." Her vision was beginning to blur now, and with that she turned and fled. Ronald found her a few minutes later sitting on the edge of the fountain, crying. He sat down beside her, her back to him. His arm slipped around her. All his conceit, his self-assurance, was gone now. He was humbled.

"Darling," he said softly, "I'm not the last man on earth, and I've moved off that particular plot of ground. That eliminates both your restrictions. Would that make any difference?"

"I—I don't know," she sobbed.

"Then would this?" He turned her face to him and kissed her wet cheeks and then her waiting lips. She smiled through her tears.

"All the difference in the world," she replied.

EAT
FOREMOST ICE CREAM
IT'S HEALTHFUL

MONEY LENDER

By Robert M. Phillips

I SAW the tombstone in a carefully kept graveyard in a little New Jersey town; a tall, black marble shaft it was, higher than a man's head, and on it the name, Jasper Gaunt, and below the epitaph. It was the latter that made me remember the man. A tall, lean person with a sallow, hard, wrinkled face; he never smiled, his only sign of pleasure was a mirthless cackle from his thin lips, which generally concealed his dingy teeth.

He lent money to persons at exorbitant interest, and he always collected, with usury. That's why he had the lovely mansion in the oak grove on the hill. It once belonged to a fine old fellow who was forced to borrow once from Gaunt, and was never able to redeem his note. After Gaunt got the house, though, the soul went out of it; it became a shell, not a home. His office, too, was a fitting receptacle for him, cramped, and dirty, and cluttered with musty papers as his spirit was with sin. It, too, was heartless, but it had witnessed heartbreak.

The poor widow woman who borrowed fifty dollars from Jasper and paid him two dollars a week interest for four years had broken there. I thought of the potters' field where the city had laid her old bones to rest, and I knew she was happier than Gaunt, whose only source of pleasure was the gold that his taloned hands were eternally reaching for.

Then there was his own brother whom he had broken in a shady deal; and he showed no compunction for that scoundrelly trick. I saw again the yellow glitter in his tawny eyes that was like the glitter of the gold that he hoarded in ever-increasing store.

But Death had overtaken him at last, and I can't describe my feelings as I read again that startling epitaph:

"Here lies old thirty-three and a third percent;
The more he got, the more he lent;
The more he lent, the more he made.
Lord, can such a soul be saved?"

Wimpy

(Epitaph of a Pet Squirrel)

Here lies Wimpy,
Who knew no fear,
And knows no fear no more;
For, in his haste
To brave all fear,
He tackled the swinging door.

—*L. T. T.*

Compliments of
SMITH'S
CUT-RATE DRUG STORE
142 EAST MAIN STREET
•
The Store That Saves You Money on Your Needs

THE ELITE
La Petite Elite
- and -
The Biltmore
•
The Best Places in Town to Eat

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
NO.

DISILLUSION

By Peter Moody

YES, the party had been a grand success and the evening extremely delightful. There had been no awkward or unpleasant hitch in the entertainment. Young, light-hearted and — for the moment — carefree, we had thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. So merrily and mirthfully had the time passed that none of us had been willing to leave when the hour came. So we had lingered on into the wee small hours, laughing, telling a few funny, rollicking stories, singing a few jolly songs — and had finally separated with gay good-nights.

And now, walking home alone through the silent streets, that genial mood that had persisted all evening refused to leave me. Wasn't it good to be alive! That happy thought raced consumingly through my mind. I thought of how beautiful the world was — its green grass, scarlet sunsets, blue skies and purple hills. And, my thoughts hurriedly tumbling one upon the other, I began to muse upon a magnificent future for myself in such a wonderful world. Scarcely noticing where I walked or what I passed — so lost in reverie was I — I built in my elated imagination air castle upon air castle, each larger and more gorgeous than its predecessor, and all in an exquisite setting of things perfect and lovely and refined — soft music and fragrant flowers.

And suddenly the strong, sweet scent of rose blossoms, drifting on the warm night air, struck my nostrils with such an aroma that I was forced back to my surroundings. Roses — my favorite flower! I glanced up and about quickly, expectantly seeking the bush that I knew must be literally laden with blooms.

But — oh! The sight I saw blasted my blissful mood into a million melancholy musings. I found myself directly in front of a lighted mortuary and — through the glass doors — I could see lying on a table a sombre black casket — a death box — piled high with white and red and yellow roses. And, to me, standing there, the smell of roses became repulsive—nauseating—sickening. Life lost its beauty, and a sudden dismal, depressing reflection possessed my mind. Had that man — that corpse — that coffined cadaver — once been young, gay and strong? Had he dreamed youth's ambitious dreams, only to achieve — this?

Freshman's Diary

Dear Diary, I write again today,
However, there isn't very much to say.
I still pursue my studies hard,
And 'preciated my girl's dear card.

Sun morn I went to church
And sat on a hard seat of birch.
The boys were numerous, but the girls were few,
And all the ugly ones sat in our pew.

Now, Diary, I need some clothes real bad,
The ones I have appear so sad.
The coat is worn and the pants all shine,
Which I can assure you is no fault of mine.

I've been to a school across the way,
And I thank my stars there isn't long to stay;
The janitor says my visit's a help,
For every time I go he needn't polish one step.

I went to the fair one day last week,
And the crookedness of the games that were there did reek;
I neither gambled nor played a thing,
All I did was ride "The Swing."

They had one shady show out there,
I don't know how it got in the fair.
I learned by Conversing with a few who went,
The thing was so dirty it gave off a scent.

I passed on by and turned my head,
And allowed not myself to be misled;
I may have hay seed in my hair,
But I've more respect than to go in there.

All Accessories for Men
BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP
The Assurance of Correctness

Editorials

I Want to Revolt, But . . .

I WANT to revolt! I've always wanted to do things the different way. Why must I say the same thing, think the same thoughts as the thousands of prosiac souls that I meet every day. I could start a rebellion against something or other, but even mutiny is beginning to get monotonous. I can think of nothing more boring than the yearly uprisings that occur in Cuba and Mexico. I can predict almost to the day when one of those is going to occur: Just wait until the ruler starts changing his usual gait to a swagger — presto! Off with his head!

No! The solution of my problem won't be found in simply leading a revolt against any traditions. But why can't I rebel against the revolt of youth? Now, I know that the older generation always gets out the old firing piece at the foolishness of the younger generation. But if I, the youngest of the young who rebel, should lock horns with these flaming youths? Wouldn't that make them sit up and take notice of this rugged individual?

H'mmm — what shall it be: Counterplot a student rebellion? Too simple! I've got a school-mate who is skeptical of everything that is, including traditions and vine-covered buildings. I never hear him advancing any ideas for setting up a new order that will supersede the old.

War! That's the fight for which I've been searching. There have been student demonstrations all over this country, conferences by the hundreds, thousands of words written by young people, polls conducted by various college magazines. All bear witness to the fact that the youth of this nation will not be readily involved in another war for democracy or any other rude fictitious motive. (Wars were made to kill men, why not tell the truth about it?)

Listen to this article extracted from a leading newspaper: "Delegates to the international convention of the Disciples of Christ approved committee recommendations to abolish military training in schools and to demand exemption from military service of every nature from church members who request it. . . .

". . . Introduction of military drill in secondary schools was regarded detrimental to sound educational procedure. Compulsory military training in colleges and universities was held to be an unwarranted invasion of traditional American educational liberty."

Can it be that after centuries of waiting there has at last come a generation which will allow itself to imbibe wisdom that heretofore has taken men a lifetime to learn? Then with the saddest of refrains in their heart, "Too late, too late," battle-scarred, they took their wisdom to the grave, only to let the next generation repeat the process.

Let's examine the facts more closely. In these student demonstrations that have cropped out over the country during the recent stress of war conditions, what drive is there behind it? Are these collective demonstrations the results of individual convictions, or is there in these manifestations some of the same psychology that explains all other sorts of student mobs? With the use of effective propaganda, this shouting and these vehement cries of condemnation of war could be turned into equally as passionate displayals of revenge. The beat of drums, the tramp of troops keeping step with martial music, all the excitement and romance that usher in every new war, will intoxicate that type of mind with the glamour of war unless it assumes a saner attitude towards bringing about peace.

WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
Freeman Shoes for Men & Young Men
$5 - $6
WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
MORGAN SQUARE

PRICE'S
YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
THE HOME OF POPULAR PRICES
Smart Furnishings
"Polly" Thomasson and Roy Robertson, Representatives
123 N. Church Street Spartanburg, S. C.
(OPPOSITE KENNEDY PLACE)

Since these emotional demonstrations can exercise no influence for peace, what about this move on the part of the convention mentioned above? It strikes at the heart of civilization, its education. Surely this must be an unimpeachable drive in the right direction. It would have military training abolished from all the schools. Thus this convention, made up of youth and grown-ups alike, contends the emphasis upon war would be abolished once and for all from the formative minds of the youth of this nation. Expressed differently, take the rifles from the hands of the students and you remove the desire to use it.

Does a baby like the fire that heated him to an uncomfortable degree when he got too near? Do we have to throw youth under the fire of battle to teach him his lesson? On the other hand, do we have to keep youth in ignorance about the practices of war in order to insure prevention of catastrophe?

What mockery there is in that last sentence for those who have attended an R. O. T. C. camp. I think the reader will understand perfectly when I say that such a camp acts as a panacea for all who have any ailments in their attitude towards war. In one of the many battles that was staged in a particular camp last summer, this could be heard arising from some patch of brush or dent in the land where the warrior was crouched: "Thank God, this is not a real battle!" or "Down with war!" And with what fervor they uttered the words! After the battle, army "grub," and then another battle. Except that this time there is live ammunition, the battle field being laid in the stomach and that most vital of the soldiers' organs (quoting Napoleon) in constant doubt as to whether it could or couldn't cope with the "mess" hurled against it.

The experiences of those students who took part in that camp will be invaluable in establishing stamina, self-confidence, persistence, honest fear and an abiding respect for the horrors that war could produce.

—*T. A. W.*

Not so much as an inducement to write as for recognition of writing ability, the new staff of The Journal announce something brand new in the way of prizes. We are offering a one-dollar prize for the best short story, one dollar for the best essay, one dollar for the best poem, one dollar for the best sketch, and one dollar for the best play that appear in each issue of The Journal. No entry will be eligible unless there are two or more printed contributions in that particular field Highly competent judges will be chosen to select the winner. The prizes will be awarded one week after the appearance of each issue.

Drink

Coca-Cola

IN BOTTLES

Worthmore Clothes Shop

QUALITY TO SUIT THE MOST DISCRIMINATING AT POPULAR PRICES

WORTHMORE CLOTHES SHOP

121 East Main Street

Good Printing

We invite your comparison of our work. You will find that our craftsmen are thoroughly trained to produce advertising literature that is paramount in quality. When you have problems in advertising or printing, call 362 or 363 and we will aid you in their solution.

BAND & WHITE, *Printers*
142 Spring Street Spartanburg, S. C.

DRINK
Tom's Golden Ginger Ale
Delightful and Satisfying

•

Bottled By
HARTNESS BOTTLING WORKS
PHONE 1996 729 S. Church St.

1854 1936

WOFFORD COLLEGE

Spartanburg, South Carolina

A Christian College for the Higher Education of Young Men

- offering -

BACHELOR OF ARTS — BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
and
MASTER OF ARTS DEGREES

Pre-Medical, Pre-Engineering, Pre-Law Courses
Courses in Education and Religion

•

Long and Honorable History of Educational Service . . . Strong Faculty . . . Large Library . . . Well Equipped Laboratories
Ample Dormitory Facilities . . . Voluntary R. O. T. C. Unit
Athletic Grounds . . . All Forms of Inter-Collegiate Athletics

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO HENRY N. SNYDER, LL.D., LITT. D., PRESIDENT

Chick Meehan's INSIDE TIPS ON WATCHING FOOTBALL

CHICK MEEHAN
FAMOUS COACH

AT THE GAME, CAMELS EASE THE STRAIN – AND AFTER IT'S OVER, WHEN YOU FEEL "ALL IN", GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

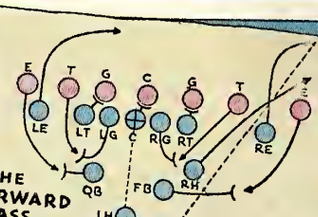
MR. MEEHAN, MY SISTER BETTY WANTS SOME INSIDE DOPE ON FOOTBALL!

SURE! COME UP IN THE STANDS AND WE'LL WATCH THIS PRACTICE GAME!

IT TOOK ELEVEN MEN TO MAKE THAT PASS PERFECT!

WHAT A PERFECT PASS THOSE TWO MEN MADE!

THE FORWARD PASS



(LE) RUNS STRAIGHT, SWERVES TO RIGHT – (LT) BLOCKS GUARD – (LG) BLOCKS TACKLE – (C) BLOCKS C – (RG) BLOCKS TACKLE – (RT) BLOCKS GUARD – (RE) RUNS DOWN FIELD, SWERVES TO RIGHT – (RH) FAKES BLOCK, SWERVES TO RIGHT – (FB) BLOCKS END – (QB) BLOCKS FOR PASSER – (LH) FADES BACK AND SHOOTS PASS TO (RE) WHO IS SPRINTING TO RIGHT —

WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED

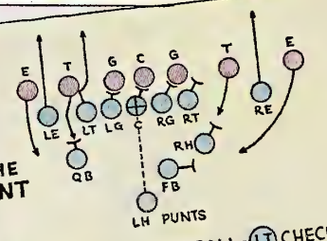
NOW – WATCH THIS PUNT FROM THE SAME FORMATION!

I DIDN'T KNOW EACH MAN HAD SUCH A DEFINITE JOB

BETTY SEES A BACK GET OFF A 60-YD. SPIRAL —AND

THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE –

THE PUNT



(LE) RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL – (LT) CHECKS TACKLE AND THEN RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL – (LG), (C), (RG), AND (RT) HOLD LINE – (RE) RUNS DOWN FAST UNDER PUNT – (RH) BLOCKS TACKLE – (FB) BLOCKS END – (QB) BLOCKS TACKLE OR END – GIVING (LH) TIME TO PUNT

WELL, BETTS, DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING?

REMEMBER, WATCH THE LINEMEN

DID I! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE BIG GAME!

BETTY LEARNS THESE PLAYS – AND MANY OTHERS

YOU'RE AN EXPERT NOW, THANKS TO CHICK MEEHAN!

A SPLENDID RUN – BUT GOOD BLOCKING MADE IT POSSIBLE

BETTY AT THE BIG GAME

THAT GAME WAS A THRILLER! HAVE A CAMEL!

I NEED ONE! SO MANY THRILLS USE UP A LOT OF ENERGY!

A CAMEL ALWAYS RENEWS MY FLOW OF ENERGY WHEN I NEED IT — AND THEY NEVER GET ON MY NERVES

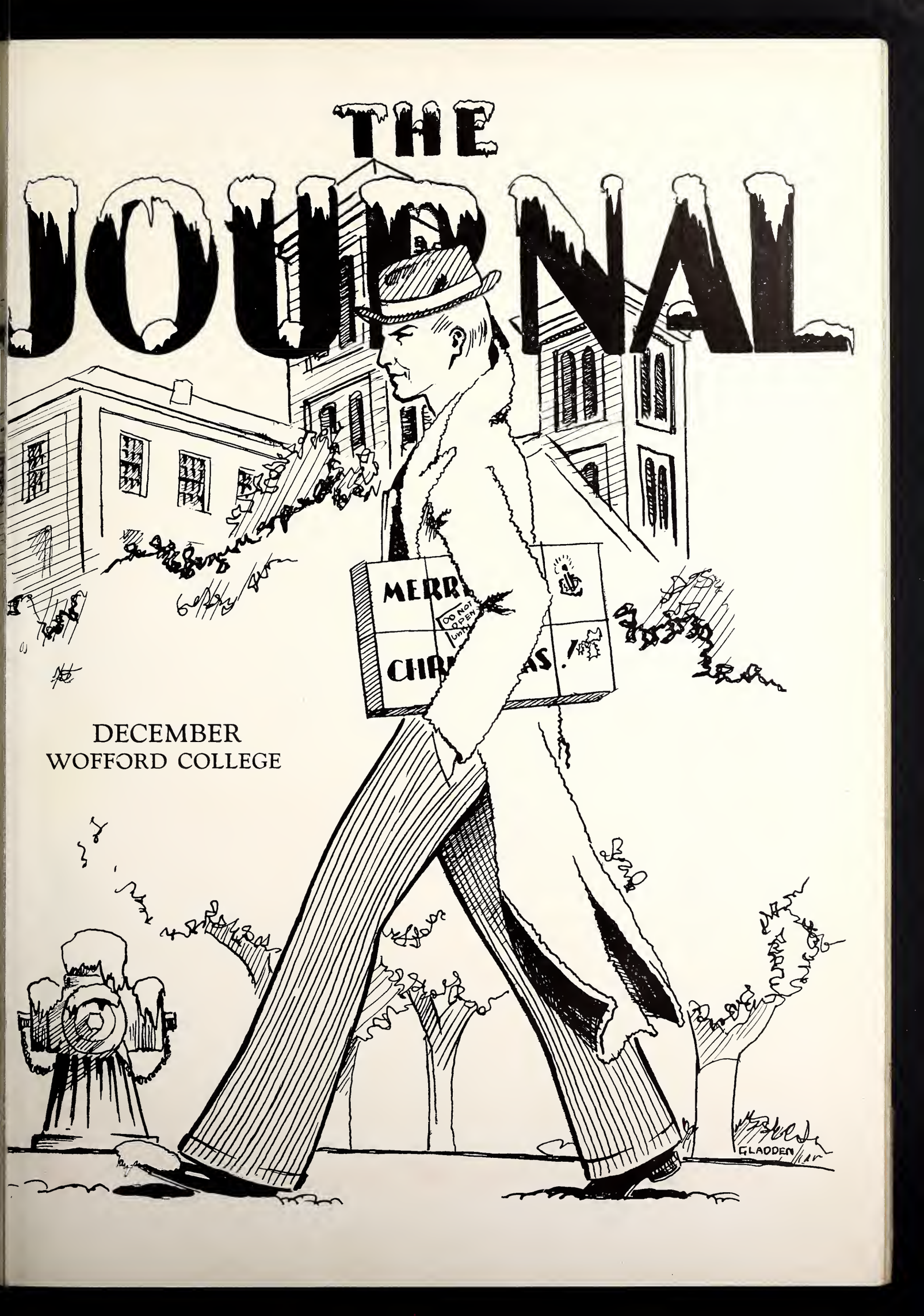
YES, THEY CERTAINLY ARE MILD!

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS – TURKISH AND DOMESTIC – THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

(SIGNED)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

THE JOURNAL



DECEMBER
WOFFORD COLLEGE

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM
R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO

Camels

Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an *acceptable* gift—such an easy solution of your problem. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. Their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being so appropriate to the spirit of Christmas.

A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.

At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

A full pound of Prince Albert in an attractive gift package.

A full pound of Prince Albert packed in a real glass humidor.

Prince Albert

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the *welcome* gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for *themselves* than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Phone 253

ARTEX CLEANERS

ODORLESS CLEANERS

"Like New When We're Thru"

213 Magnolia St. Spartanburg, S. C.

GREENEWALD'S

(INCORPORATED)

•

SPARTANBURG'S BEST
CLOTHING STORE

•

Complete Outfitters to Men and Boys

The DuPre Book Store

•

Students Cordially Welcomed

194 E. Main St. Phone 70

BEARD BROTHERS

THE HOME OF BETTER CLOTHES

108 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

Compliments of

DIXIE SHOE WORKS

(M. T. GWINN, Proprietor)

FINE SHOE REPAIRING

◆

113 N. Church St. PHONE 1871 Nolan Harrelson

WALLACE D. DuPRE

Automobile Supplies

•

Phone 65

138-140 W. Main Street Spartanburg, S. C.

We Make Loans on Anything of Value

CAROLINA

LOAN & LUGGAGE SHOP

● ● ●

115-117 W. Main Street

We Carry a Complete Line of Luggage

WHEN YOU SEE

Square Deal Holmes

You Think of

BETTER WATCH MAKING

Crystals Fixed 25c 105 Magnolia St.

FOR BETTER SIGHT

You'd Better See

DR. R. E. BIBER

144 E. Main St.

Flowers From Fred's

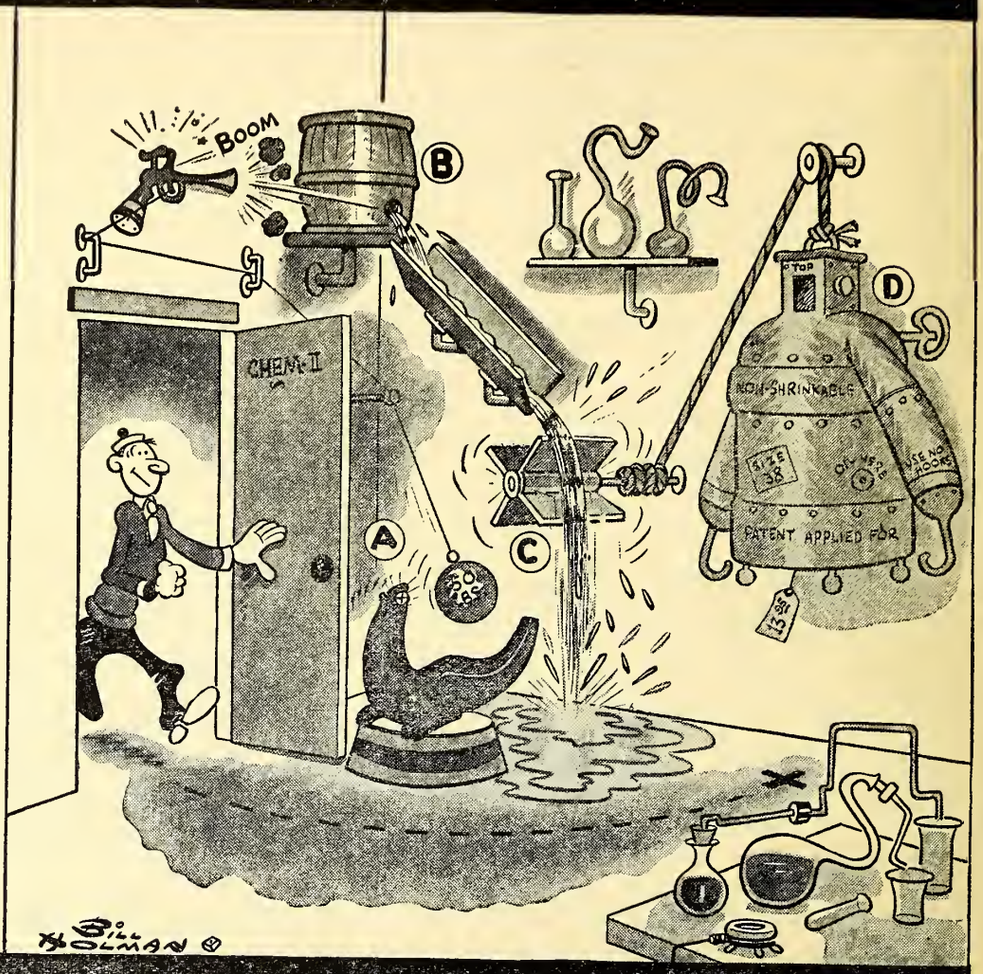
Montgomery Building
Spartanburg, South Carolina

•

College Representative, Fred Gentry, Jr.

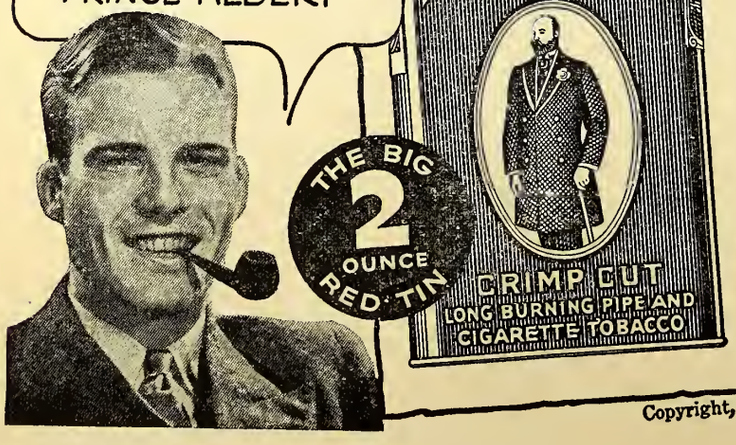
EASY WAY TO STUDY CHEMISTRY SAFELY

STUDENT OPENS LABORATORY DOOR CAUSING TRAINED SEAL (A) TO DROP BALL — FIRING PISTOL AND PUNCTURING BARREL (B). WATER RUNS DOWN TROUGH ON TO WATER WHEEL (C) WHICH TURNS AND LOWERS ARMOR-PLATED SUIT (D) OVER STUDENT SO HE CAN PERFORM EXPERIMENTS IN SAFETY. IF THIS DOESN'T WORK DIVE OUT NEAREST WINDOW —



... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

I WANTED MILDNESS AND REAL FLAVOR— FOUND 'EM BOTH IN PRINCE ALBERT



MEN PREFER THAT P.A. FLAVOR!

PRINCE ALBERT IS RICHER — YET SMOOTHER AND MILDER. ALL "BITE" IS REMOVED. IT'S "CRIMP CUT" FOR SLOW BURNING. AROUND 50 PIPEFULS IN EVERY 2-OUNCE TIN. NO WONDER MORE MEN SMOKE P.A. THAN ANY OTHER BRAND!

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CONTENTS

◆

Cover—By Bill Gladden

		Page
Midnight Interlude (Play)	Anonymous	4
Bride Roses (Short Short Story)	Gabriel Rouquie, Jr.	5
Ideal (Poem)	C. H. Porter	6
I Went to Church (Informal Essay)	Cecil L. Heckard	6
"He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not" (Story)	Harold Ward	7
We Marched Today (Informal Essay)	Travis Brown	9
Ode to the Sky (Poem)	Karl Slocum	9
I Miss My Opportunities (Story)	Wallace E. Souther	10
Embarrassment (Sonnet)	Tommy Willis	11
Notes of a Census Taker (Essay)	James T. Flynn	12
A Thanksgiving in the Good Old Days (Essay)	Donald N. Foster	15
Musclinethiop (Short Short Farce)	P. C. Baker	15
The Phantasy of the Mud Puddle (Story)	Carl Pugh	16
What Freshmen Read (Essay)	J. W. Crocker	16
Israel Jones Returns From College (Story)	Gary Culbertson	17
America Must Dream Again (Essay)	Billy Ritter	17
Irish Eyes (Story)	C. H. Porter	19
Rue the Day (Poem)	R. M. P.	21
Editorials		22
Exchange		23
Phoolishness	Carl Pugh	25

MIDNIGHT INTERLUDE

(With Apologies to Heyward Broun's "Death Says It Isn't So.")

ANONYMOUS

(The scene is a sick room. It is in the infirmary of a small college, for the walls are low and sooty, and the ceiling is about to lose its plaster. The windows are half-raised, and the wintry mid-night moon dimly lights the room, showing three small cots, one of which is occupied. The occupant of the cot is half asleep, but he cannot lose himself in slumber because of some physical irritation. He rolls uneasily on his cot. The patient (a naive freshman) suddenly gives a start, and, throwing the covers about his body to his feet, he looks about the room.)

NAIVE FRESHMAN—I could swear I heard someone calling my name. I guess it must have been my high school conscience telling me to go easy with that young belle I had under control at my side. And it wasn't a troublesome dream either! *(He pulls the covers about him again and turns over to go back to sleep. But no sooner is he stretched out comfortably than he jumps up again.)*

N. F.—I know someone's calling me. That's the second time I've heard that moanful voice calling from the — *(But he is suddenly interrupted by violent scratching on the window at the foot of his bed. He looks out and draws back quickly, with his hair standing upright on his head.)*

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE *(gruff and horrible)*—Open this screen before I'm seen. Open up, I tell you!

N. F.—Now I know I'm dreaming. That thing can't be real. Or what did I have to drink last week-end? Could it be the effects of that Hiram? Bacchus is on my trail again, but he's not riding a pink elephant this time!

VOICE FROM OUTSIDE—Well, since there's no reception committee handy, I'll come in unwelcomed. *(Thereupon a horrible and sinister figure crawls through the window. He can be a Frankenstein, a Dracula, or a Mr. Hyde. In short, this ogre is the ultimate perfection of the most fantastic figure conceivable only in those far distant and uncanny dream realms of the world's wierdest imagination.)*

N. F.—Now what have I done to bring the very demons of hell to my door?

OGRE—I'm not here to haunt you. I merely wish to have a pleasant little conversation with you while I'm in one of my seldom amicable moods. I'm going to sit down whether you like it or not.

N. F.—Certainly, if you must; but just who are you?

OGRE—Well, personally, I don't care what I'm called; I like to do my work unknown to my victims, but some do call me by the odd name *Tradition*. That suits me all right, but it is a rather gentle name for my real self.

N. F.—This can't be true. You can't be Tradition. I've heard too many nice things about him, and I'm always reading about his numerous virtues. Besides, he's a grand old guy with a neat appearance, while you are terrible looking. You — you're an imposter!

OGRE—Really I'm not. I'm Tradition all right. It's that shameful brother of mine that you have me confused with. He is called *Progressive Customing*, or something of the like. But he's been disinherited from my family because he was too radical.

N. F.—You must tell me more about yourself. It may be interesting in a little while.

OGRE—There isn't much more to tell, and I don't make a habit of bragging about myself. I do my work slowly and secretly. It often takes me from eighty to a hundred years to do my best jobs. But why should I worry? There's plenty of time, and I needn't hurry — that's against my credo.

N. F.—But if you're so all-powerful, why is it that I haven't noticed any of your work around here?

OGRE—My very nature forbids my being seen, or, that is, being noticed. I'm like a vine clinging to some of your buildings. You haven't paid much attention to them, have you? I've been in this old world so long that I'm even a tradition myself. My victims never know that I'm anywhere near until it's too late. I am their past, and I cling to them like barnacles to a ship. I wait for years and years with my octopus-like tentacles fastened to people and places before I finally sap the life from them. You don't see me because I don't want to be seen, but you can't make a move without consulting me. If you do, you are branded as a revolutionist and cast from society.

N. F.—Then you must be right powerful after all.

OGRE—No, I'm not always that strong by myself. You see, I start a thing on the way to destruction, but I have to call in some other fellows to help me complete the job. You should see them sometime; I'm an angel compared with one of them. Take that guy Lethargy for example. He always waits for me to get started, but then he steps in and finishes the damage with the satanic perfection of a sadist. He's a master in our business, too, although he does have to wait for me to begin the work. Take your own school: I started it on its way, but Lef stepped in and almost muscled me out. I'm pretty much neglected around here now. I don't get the credit for the wrecks from the thoughtful ones at this place, although I'm still supported by a small

(Continued on Page 26)

BRIDE ROSES

(A Short Short Story)

By Gabriel Rouquie, Jr.

BY JOVE, I have it! A brilliant idea! Now I could never endure letter-writing, and a letter every day for three weeks, even to so charming a young woman, would prove decidedly tiresome. Of course, I shall write occasionally, but I must have been dreaming when I promised Edith a letter every day. Oh, no! I couldn't stand three weeks of such constant grinding. I'll write just often enough to hold her, but for the rest — well, we'll see.

. . . . . .

Yes, these American Beauties are pretty, I'll confess, but I think I like these better. Pure white; she looks lovely in pure white, and I have so often heard her say she was sentimental enough to prefer Bride Roses to all others. Well, Brides they shall be. Two dozen every day for three weeks ought to do the work and exempt me from all foolish promises. "Do I wish anything? Yes, a pencil, please; I wish to leave an order for two dozen Bride Roses to be sent every day for three weeks to this address — Miss Edith Reeves, No. 102 Fifth Avenue, City. There — you have it. Please be very careful and see that this order is filled promptly each morning. Here's my address."

. . . . . .

What an ideal place! Plenty of birds and trees and flowers, music, moonlight, and plenty of women. Florida is even more than I anticipated. Among the women here, however, there is not as sweet a face as Edith's. Poor innocent child! How good naturedly she accepts my roses instead of my letters, and actually writes to thank me. I certainly hit on the right scheme for once. The bill will be nothing compared to the awful amount of energy I should have had to expend on those promised daily letters. It is sort of shabby of me, though, never to write her a line. I guess she misses me a good deal, and, I must admit, I miss her some myself. However, those roses will keep her "memory green," and when I get back, I'll be the most penitent, faithful lover in all the world.

. . . . . .

This is strange. Day after tomorrow I shall have been here three weeks, and not a line from Edith except two little notes in which she artfully succeeded in saying next to nothing. The roses are still being sent, for this bill from the florist eloquently testifies to that fact. Maybe I'll hear from her this morning. I haven't written, it's true, but she might at least write and thank me for my flowers.

. . . . . .

I'm hungry as a wolf this morning, waiter. Bring me all the breakfast you've got. This Florida climate has given me a beastly appetite. "My mail? Thanks!" One, two, three letters, one note, one bill and one— some sort of invitation. Ah! I thought so! Her handwriting on the note and on the other, too. I see! Being a little cut up, she has written a cold note which she regretted and has followed it up with this fat letter. Bless her heart! Why, I am almost ashamed of myself. The roses have done their work though. I still have her. Here's my bill from the florist. What matters it if it is double what it should be? The roses were worth double their value to me. When she is my own little bride, as I suppose she will have to be some day, she shall carry a bunch of her favorite flowers as big as she is, just because she was so patient and good to her lazy old lover. But, I'll save my letters for after breakfast. Where are my papers? As usual, absolutely nothing of interest. Hello! here's John Rhodes in town again. I wonder what his frequent visits mean? He's an old friend of Edith's, I believe; but he can't hurt me there; my roses are in ahead of him. Miss Chester has wedded, I see. Well, I am not sorry. She and her mama were too much for old Mason, I guess. What's this! Another wedding, and, by George, if it isn't headed "Bride Roses!"

"One of the most beautiful weddings of the year was solemnized at St. Thomas' Church yesterday at noon when Miss Edith Reeves and Mr. John Rhodes were united in holy matrimony. The church was exquisitely decorated with palms and Bride Roses, the chancel being completely banked. The bride's maids were attired in pure white, and each carried a large bouquet of Bride Roses. The groomsmen wore boutonnieres of Bride Roses, and dainty little flower girls scattered the same lovely blossoms before the bride as she entered upon the arm of her father. The bride wore a superb gown of heavy satin with pearls and real lace trimmings. Her veil was caught up with Bride rosebuds, while in her hand she carried a magnificent corsage bouquet of Bride Roses.

"Miss Reeves is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. . . ."

"How do I wish my eggs? Eggs? Who said I wanted eggs? Damn eggs and Bride's Roses! I don't believe I want any breakfast, waiter."

Ideal

By C. H. Porter

I.

Doing . . . and in deed
Fail to keep ideal . . .
Death rewards.

II.

Failing . . . and in failure
Retain chimeric fancy . . .
Is hope reborne.

I WENT TO CHURCH

By Cecil L. Heckard

I WAS late — the service had already begun. "Glory be to the Father . . ." The congregation was singing the "Gloria Patri" as I entered the church. I slipped into the pew to which the usher had conducted me, and, remaining standing, I raised my head and joined in the singing. . . . "World without end. Amen." Those around me took their seats, so I followed suit. The choir was to sing the next song. The organ sounded; the members of the choir arose. I observed them closely, and recognized several faces. What? No, it couldn't be she. That girl in black — the one so neatly yet so inconspicuously dressed — the one on the right — singing as if her soul and heart were in the singing of the hymn. A perfect girl — a pretty, virtuous girl; or, so she appeared to the congregation. I knew her. Only the night before I had met her at a dance, which had been considered one of the big social events of the year. I had danced with her, and had also shared a drink of "bottled delight" with her. Her dress had not been so modest the night before, either. She had been dressed in such a manner that every one of her charms would be accentuated. This morning she was singing in the choir (she probably had a headache)—she was one of a body I had always thought of as being above the average spiritually—second to none but the preacher in spiritual grace.

The hymn was finished. The minister began his message. I immediately forgot him, though, as my glance fell upon a person to my right — it was another girl. The night before I had seen her lose control of her physical and mental self under the influence of passion and alcohol. This morning, however, she was as fresh as early morning dew; she was intoxicatingly clean of all evil — so she appeared on the surface.

"Let those who have ears hear," quoted the minister. My first thought was that he was speaking to me, so I looked quickly toward him. I soon forgot him again, though, when I saw the woman in front of me. She was nervous — afraid that her hat was not on exactly right. The lady beside her was ill at ease, too — she feared that her new dress was not being worn correctly and becomingly. Then there was one across the aisle — evidently she was "on parade."

The young people were not listening to the preacher. I watched them as each boy picked out a girl, upon whom he would keep his eyes during the entire service. Each young girl was looking around to see if she could see the young lad with whom she had a date after church or whom she had met at the party the night before.

Had any of the large congregation really come to hear the word of God preached? Yes, there were a few — very few — who were listening to everything the preacher said.

The last hymn was sung; the benediction was pronounced, and the crowd began to file out — a little too boisterously, according to my idea of reverence. Why can't the Protestants be as reverend as the Catholics, I thought. As soon as I was outside, I began to wonder why I had come. In the final analysis, it was solely because someone had said that I should "try it just once."

"Hey, wait a minute and I'll walk with you," yelled a voice. It was one of those who were responsible for my experiment. I halted and waited.

"I see you went to church," he said, when he drew near. "I'm glad to see you get out of the rut. You should try to drop your wild friends and run with the crowd that attends church here. I could introduce you to a nice girl. Maybe you saw her. She sang in the choir — the one dressed in black — the one on our right. Notice her?"

"Yes," I said. "Maybe you're right."

"He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not"

By Harold Ward

JOHN BENNET saw Dorothea Paine, and loved her. His fervor did not fan itself into a much more encompassing blaze in the days that came afterwards; so strong was his idolization — since it was nothing less, from those first moments.

He sought her, and there was no interlude — that in-between state of casual acquaintanceship. She found the relationship breath-taking — became absorbed. Bennet was shy, but he found his speech for this girl. Dorothea wasn't coy, but she did not, could not find a way to stop John's tide of devotion in time.

And one day he carried her to a place he knew. It was a rivulet hidden in the brakes, and oft times he had come here when he had thirsted for coolness and solitude. Never before had he brought another, nor wanted to — but never before had he loved.

He paddled the boat slowly, letting the paddle into the water gently, caressingly — almost imparting some of the tenderness for the girl to the limpid stream. They were in a natural cathedral, with a roof formed by the boughs of trees joining together over the river. They listened to a thousand-tongued choir of singing birds.

And Dorothea, swaying back in the cushions he had arranged in the bow, smiled. The orange sunlight fondled her thick brown hair, until shimmering red rays flashed. She *was* beautiful, and John could only stare, until she blushed. Then he gazed down into the mirrored stream, catching the reflection of her white dress. Her fine, graceful fingers pushed a tress of hair from her face. Her lashes, long and curving upward, shaded her violet eyes. John, looking into the stream, visualized those eyes — laughing. He spoke, and though his voice was pleasant and controlled, she was startled, dropping a red rose from her hand into the rivulet, where it floated until an eddy caught the flower to tear the petals apart.

"Dorothea, this place was made for you. Before, I've always thought of it as mine — something like a private chapel. I wanted to bring you here. You see, the river is friendly to me. I need something to back me up a little — to help me to speak, and to say the right words when I say them." His laugh was self-conscious, but it rang pleasantly on the stillness.

"It is lovely."

"Yes — lovely. Very much like you. I wanted to see you here, for I thought it would be nearest, of all the places I know, your proper setting."

"John, I—"

"Dorothea, please dear, let me talk now. This place is beautiful, but it is simple — I must use simple words, for I am without any others. I love you, Dorothea — I want you for my wife. That is all there is to say, but I know my eyes have heralded, and my every act has shouted my devotions. I hope there is an answer in your heart."

She was suddenly stricken. Her lips trembled, but her tongue was paralyzed. The awful quiet was long. It became dead, and John was afraid.

"You — why, you — don't — love — me?"

And Dorothea, weak for an instant, forgetting that she must hurt him terribly the next, smiled, holding her arms out to him.

"John — oh, John, I do love you. I love you so."

His arms, holding her so closely and tenderly, were strong. She closed her eyes, shutting out everything physical, and trying, for a brief instant, to exclude thoughts as well, while her lips touched his lightly, before she pushed him away. He smiled —

"Dorothea — how pretty your name is — and it will lose none of its charm for me, though I live forever. Always lovers, and never—"

Something in her face stopped him. A moment before Dorothea had been a girl, but now she was a woman. Her eyes had lost their lustre, and lips, so soft just before, were suddenly hard — hard with the thought of what she must say.

"What is it,—Dorothea; what is the matter?"

She crossed her hands, laying them loosely in her lap.

"I can't say this easily. John, please look away from my face — I don't want to look into your eyes. Before I am finished, you will hate me — justly."

"But, sweetheart, what can be wrong? I love you, and, bless heaven, you love —"

"Listen, John. You must listen. A moment ago you kissed me, and I kissed you. I loved you just then. Let's stop now. It doesn't make sense, but this must be all. You know Piers Atherton? I love him — have pledged him my love. I can not tell you why I listened to you — I don't believe I could have helped it if I had tried."

She nearly collapsed, and her head would have fallen into the water if it had not been for John's hand. Dreamily she heard his voice — snatches here and there.

"Love you — love me — can't be true — mistake." And she was insensible to everything else.

Bennet felt older, paddling back up stream. Everything was up up stream now — against the current. He thought of Piers Atherton. He wondered why he had not heard of the engagement, and why Dorothea hadn't told him. He had never before mentioned love to her, but she had known. And then his reason deserted him,

while he thought fiercely of overcoming Piers' love. Dorothea loved him — John Bennet. She had said so. She couldn't love two men equally. They would have to tell Piers — there mustn't be three miserable, lifeless lives instead of one disappointed man. And then he was at his dock, and he lifted Dorothea from the boat, taking her to the spring house. She returned to consciousness while he was walking, but he didn't put her down until he reached the arbor. He wrapped his cloak about her shoulders, smiling into her eyes.

"Feeling better?"

"Yes — I must have fainted. Terribly silly of me."

He rubbed her forehead gently, until she took his hand softly down and said she wanted to go home. They stepped slowly upon the path. John knew he couldn't speak now. Dorothea could not listen. But she did not wait longer.

"I have been cruel, John. I feel like a brute. You love me, and you may always love me. I do not love you now — I *must* say that, and try desperately to believe it. I believe you are reconciled to that — your smile back in the arbor gives me courage to hope so. Piers and I have always known each other. We were children together, and I never thought but that we would one day marry — and we will be married next month."

Then John saw the truth, bitter to him. He did not shirk his part in the dialogue. His smile, just as it had been in the arbor, was gentle. Dorothea's fingers clutched his arm, and neither spoke as they walked.

. . . . . .

Dorothea did not see John again until the night before the wedding. That day there were guests — most of them gay, but some, with that inherent sadness felt only on solemn occasions by the overly sentimental, shed a few ill-concealed tears. Dorothea was in sympathy with them, but her eyes were dry. Her smile was misty and veiled when Piers came to her.

"Come along, dear. They are dancing down in the ball room, and I'll have no moping, awkward girl for a bride."

She laughed, and catching up a bouquet of roses in her hand, she went with him. Dear Piers — how youthful he was, and how adoring. She fought the shadow of John, ever following her these last days. For the instant Dorothea was victorious, and she was nearly gaudy when they were at last with the others. She saw John. He was talking to Frances Daye, and the girl knew her battle had been real enough, but the victory had been a sham.

They danced, she and Piers, and then partners changed and interchanged. Never once did John come near. Why had he come at all? It was torture — but she had tortured him. Then she thought that he was only playing a game to make the ordeal easier for her. He could not know how poorly he was succeeding.

Suddenly friends were leaving. Piers was the last to say good-night, and when he was gone, she went to her room. Dorothea's decisions were quick. She called Sambo, her father's man, to deliver her message. She had written the note rapidly, and while she wrote, her cheeks blossomed; her breath was deep and strong; her lips, red and bow-shaped, smiled happily.

"Here, Sambo. Take this over to Mr. Bennet's — right now!"

"Right dis minit, Misses Do'thy?"

"Oh, Sambo, hurry. And mind, not a word about this to any one — not to a soul, understand?"

"Yas'm. I'se gwine right now."

When Sambo left, Dorothea was restless. She could not sit down, and ever and anon she walked to the open window overlooking the garden. Of course she would wear a white dress — the same dress he knew so well. And a red rose — she must hold it in her hand.

. . . . . .

John knew the white figure in the garden. She was standing — waiting. When he was close enough to distinguish the lines of her face in the moonlight, her hands reached to him, and when their fingers touched together, they locked.

"You did not say what you wanted, Dorothea."

"No. I want you."

"Dorothea! Don't say this to me. I cannot help loving you — but don't be so unkind."

"Oh, dear heart," and her face was very close to his, "I cannot marry Piers. I love you — I wanted you to come and claim me. I fought and lost. Piers I love — but I am *in* love with you."

John's hands came to her shoulders, and then dropped to his sides. He was tired — Dorothea could not see his head. The lines around his mouth were like a little river, with minute tributaries running to high cheek bones.

"I can't, Dorotha. No — wait, and let me say this; then I must go. Oh, Dorothea, you loved me a month ago, and if you had not cared more for Piers we could be together forever. Now it is never. It is too late to go to Piers. He is my friend. If he was dearest in your heart then, he is no less dear to you now."

He stopped short. Dorothea was quite still — regal in the moonlight, and her mouth was a dark splash, so tightly was it drawn.

"You, I love. But I can not escape one truth. You are love greedy, and it isn't in your heart to lose a lover. If I take you tonight, tomorrow you will want Piers. Oh, dear, if you had only stayed staunch. Even though it is Piers, the cup would not have been too strong to take."

Dorothea's head had sunk upon her chest, and when there was silence, except for the swish of shoes against

(Continued on Page 26)

WE MARCHED TODAY

By Travis Brown

Note: This was written as an afterthought of the Armistice Day parade.

WE marched down the street today amid the cheering of thousands of people. The whole city seemed to have suddenly gone mad and rushed to Main Street with an overwhelming display of patriotism.

I marched at the head of a column of boys dressed in our country's uniform and following our country's flag. Not even one of those many thousands of people knew what I was thinking about, unless it were the boys behind me.

We marched two blocks. I suddenly forgot the people, bands, and flags.

It is a dismal evening in November, nineteen hundred-seventeen. Rain is falling and the muddy earth flies into the air every few moments from the impact of a shell. The cries of the wounded are heard above the tumult of battle, and the hell of it all is unraveled in one horrifying scene.

Two boys are crouched in a shell hole, their feet bogged in the mud.

"When will this end, Johnny?"

The other laughed; it was a hollow, soundless laugh: "This will never end. We'll stay here like so many rats until our turn will come, too."

A shell whined, thudded, and Johnny slumped forward. He weakly raised his head and through blood-stained lips muttered, "My turn has come, Bob." It was all over then.

The war continued, but one day the big guns were silenced and the smoke of battle cleared, to leave a horrible scene.

I thought about Johnny as we marched today. Those people were all cheering because the war ended and stopped a horrible slaughter.

The youth of a nation passed in review today. All marching with a plea to end war forever.

We marched today!

Ode to the Sky

By Karl Slocum

I.

O Sky of Blue, that stretcheth out
Far, far, and farther still;
I wonder where thou hast thy fill
Of ever reaching on.

II.

I wonder if thou reachest to
The bounds of Time; and ceasing there,
Lie down upon, a slumbering pair,
Infinity's dark bosom.

III.

O Thou, defying time and space,
Baffling yet man's deepest thought;
Never, never have thou ought
Of limit nor of girth.

IV.

But hold thee to the God that made thee,
For within His awful hand,
Earth and all, Time's shifting sand
Will dwell in mystic bliss.

I MISS MY OPPORTUNITIES

By Wallace E. Souther

I WAS leaning over the counter, resting with chin in hands as I usually did during slack periods. And those periods seemed to be getting longer of late. Why, it was getting so that a customer came in only about every hour. Things certainly were on the down-grade, I thought, glancing over the almost vacant shelves of my little drug store. A stranger entered, and he loomed up in my vision as a perfect prince of an actor, with yellow gloves and spats.

"Ah, but what have we here," his soft French accent sounded like the voice of my old language professor who had, years before, taught me a smattering of his language, and who later had been kicked out of school for not knowing enough English. That musical "ah" sounded just like the twang of a harp.

He rubbed his hands and walked around in circles, staring at the dusty shelves, at the old boxes of patent medicines, at the windows, and at my comfortable position on the counter.

"What's wrong? Can't you make it go?" he demanded, as his black, bushy eyebrows lifted quizzically, his round black dauber of a mustache almost concealing a smile of pity.

"Sure it goes! But I'd like to chuck the whole business for three hundred bucks. No money in the drug business now; too much competition!" I yawned as I wondered if there would be any answers to my ad in the "Business Opportunity" column of the daily paper.

Little spidery lines of humor at the corners of his eyes almost made me feel that he was laughing at me.

"A good druggist should be worth two hundred a month!" he exclaimed, tilting up his long, well-powdered French nose so high that he could scarcely see me as I answered, "Very true, Mister, but who's gonna pay me that much?"

"My dear young fellow, do you not want two hundred a month?" he asked, catching both my hands in his.

"Quit your kiddin', my friend," and I tried not to listen any more, because my mind was weaving the path of a careening automobile. Besides, it was my lunch hour and the barber from the shop next door came as usual to watch the store for me.

With a sprint remarkable for such an old man, this hurdler with the yellow spats swung right onto the street with me, dropping the fare for both of us into the box. He must have taken a sudden liking to me.

"How would a month's salary in advance suit you? Yes?" Saying this, he placed his hand caressingly on my shoulder, the lines around his eyes deepening as his lips parted in a smile. "Say, the place is mine, and you shall be the proud possessor of the price of the store and a month's salary in advance."

"Sure it's yours," I agreed in a chummy, back-slapping way. I had to admit that he was quite a likeable fellow for a dude, even if his long chin did jut out like some great general's on the eve of a decisive battle. That settled it; he was to buy my store, and I was to work for him.

Two magic weeks later I was unable to recognize the store. On both sides stood new showcases filled with modern equipment, new boxes lined the painted shelves, the floor had been relaid with checkered patterns, the walls and ceiling looked clean and new, new electric signs adorned the front, and the old medicines had gone the way of the wooden Indian.

The change in business was remarkable. Twice each week old "Yellow Gloves" came to collect the paper money and leave a bag of change. Only once, when the receipts dropped a noticeable amount, did his eyes lose their glitter and sparkle.

"Not so good. Not so good," he said, as his black mustache wriggled and squirmed contemptuously. Then with a glance at the stock-lined shelves, he went out to hop lightly into his new limousine and speed down the boulevard to the next link in his chain of drug stores.

Just after he vanished from sight, a glorious, white-clad Venus in a blue cape burst into the store with, "Have you got some nice post cards?" Her voice made the birds twitter, the sun gay, the spring burst forth into myriads of daffodils and lilacs. It also caused my voice to sound queer to my own ears as I replied, "Sure do."

"Well, let's see some, then."

I awkwardly shoved the box of cards in front of her, and after she had selected those of her choice she left the store. I vowed that if she ever came back I would find out her name. For several instants after she left I still smelled the perfume of her, and that night I wandered homeward thinking of where her dress failed to meet in front, of that dimple that added piquancy to those rose-tinted cheeks which enticed and enchanted me deliriously.

About a week afterwards, the blonde Venus came in again. This time she was looking for cosmetics, and I silently wondered why she tried to cover her freckles with so much powder. To me, they seemed only to enhance her beauty. I had surely fallen for her,—freckles and all.

After she had got the things she wanted, she started out, but stopped suddenly and turned, saying: "By the way, I know your boss. In fact, I'm going to marry him next week. Would you care if I did?" and

her lips bespoke the nature and sensibility for spiritual things that all the great poets have possessed.

I nodded, mutely signifying that I would indeed feel like passing away three gasps at a time if she should ever marry without my consent.

"Good boy!" she murmured, touching me gaily on both cheeks, and then she fled, leaving me staring wide-eyed after her.

During the next dismal week, I saw the girl — *my* girl — only once, and then the rotogravure section of the Sunday paper showed her and my boss. There they stood, bride and groom, and here was I — broken-hearted.

Some weeks afterward, fortune spun its wobbling wheel and left me in a dizzy strata of consciousness.

The Frenchman's wife came, bringing with her tales of woe and sadness at the turn of her fortune.

"And what's wrong with the 'old man,'" I wanted to know, for I'm horribly suspicious of these married women who are on the quest for understanding. They would take advantage of a young fellow and blight his life.

"He's so very, very old," she sighed, wearily, "I want to change into a clean uniform and go back into the hospital where I used to work," and she moved slowly to the back of the store, fingering the articles here and there, until she was concealed by a partition that enclosed the office.

"Edward, dear," she called.

"Yes. What is it?" I asked, moving toward her. I never did have any resistance when she was around. Sometime . . . Her hand motioned for me, reached for my fingers, pulled me behind the partition; once there, she flung herself upon me in wild abandon, her arms encircling my neck. I was glad it was past closing time. I pressed hungry lips to hers, lips that smouldered with the passionate fire of early youth. Her tiny fists beat lovingly against my back, gripping me furiously, sapping my resistance, banishing all memories of her ever belonging to the man of the yellow spats.

She looked at her watch; it was eleven-ten. Then she whispered: "The 'old man' crashed an hour ago. His whole chain of stores is in the hands of a receiver." And my arms, unheeding, drew her yet breathlessly closer. Her eyelashes rubbed my cheeks, and her breath was like the tangy odor of old sherry.

"Could you loan me about forty bucks to pay the rent until I can go back to work?" she begged.

"Oh, er — sure, glad to let you borry it," I yielded, and she took the bills and crinkled them in her hand, then a happy smile flashed in the soft glow of the lights.

"I'll expect you up tonight at twelve; the apartment number is on this card," and with that she slipped the card and a cold little key into my hand. Before I could answer, she was gone.

I telephoned the Frenchman at his club. "This is Edward . . . I realize it's late, but it's important. . . . Yes, I'll wait right here for you."

Hardly five minutes had elapsed when he appeared. His person certainly showed that he had crashed. No more did he have yellow gloves and spats. He had aged quite a bit since the last time I had seen him.

"Boss, I'm very sorry for your — your —" I broke off, failing in my attempt to appear casual.

"Ah, yes, yes, I know," he said, and squeezed my hand. He tilted his nose again to the heights of an actor's vantage that enabled him to survey the situation to his own satisfaction.

"Your wife left this key for you," I said, handing him the card and key wrapped up in a two-hundred-dollar check. "I think you need a vacation."

Embarrassment

By Tommy Willis

Sometimes at night when all around me sleep,
My heart at peace, my mind in tranquil thought,
I sit up with a start, my soul in mis'ry steeped,
As I remember pained look my smartness brought.
With barbed tongue the day before I lashed
A friend from whom I drew no wrong.
My face suffused with blood, like fuel dashed
On flaming fire, my mem'ry flares ere long
Into a blinding glare. Embarrassed, I
Recall forgotten speech, I mispronounced
A word in presence of authority.
Then I lament my youth pronounced,
And yet I know that with maturity
I long for youth through backward glance and sigh.

NOTES OF A CENSUS TAKER

By James T. Flynn

THE National Youth Administration of President Roosevelt's "New Deal" has made possible the present survey of the negro population in this city. This particular phase of the N. Y. A. work is done by some of the students under the direction of Dr. Norton, Professor of Sociology, and it is hoped that this survey will enable us to know more about the condition of the negro in our midst.

We of the South feel that we know a great deal about the negro, because we have come in contact with him, in many cases daily, since we were children. Often we come to love the negro, and, as children, idolize him. I remember well the negro boy who played nursemaid to me during my early childhood . . . he made slingshots for me, saddled the horses when I wanted to ride, and furnished the man-power for my little red wagon. George, that was his name, could shoot marbles and spin tops better than anyone I knew, and it always delighted me when he won back the marbles I lost in my early gambling ventures. George accompanied me on my greatest adventure — starting to school. The first morning he delivered me safely to my teacher, and after school was out he carried me home. Until I was seven years old, George was my closest companion.

George was a typical negro boy — black skin, bright eyes, glistening teeth, and kinky thatch — who always had a shiny buckeye or a rabbit's foot in his pocket. On serious occasions, when much skill was needed, as in shooting marbles, George always rubbed his rabbit foot behind his ear — that brought good luck. When amusement was lacking, George was always able to entertain. He could "buck dance," sing, and tell stories, some of which equalled those of Uncle Remus. George no doubt came by this faculty honestly, because his ancestors came as slaves from the West Coast of Africa many years ago, and the race has not yet lost all of its old beliefs and customs. He was a cherished friend.

When I began this work, I thought that it would be dull and uninteresting, and I did not assume my duties with a great deal of pleasure; but the work has proved to be far more interesting than routine work. The negro still retains his peculiar emotional outlook. His peculiarities of thought, deed and language are amusing to even the casual observer. For instance:

There was Minnie Rogers, who refused to answer questions for the "central" taker, because "jus' las' year" the "central" taker came around and then went right back to the Court House and raised her taxes seventeen dollars and a half.

Just around the corner the writer found a young girl, presumably about fifteen years old, who could not utter an intelligible word. When asked a question, she merely grinned and shook her head, saliva trickling down her chin. She was an idiot. Here was one who is a burden to society and will continue to be until death.

Julia Knox was an intelligent, clean negro girl who had been to the negro school at Orangeburg, S. C. She had studied sociology there and had also studied as a nurse in one of the State institutions for the insane. This was not all, however, for there she had been taught beauty culture. Now she straightens hair for her kinky-headed sisters and reaps their quarters. I can smell singed hair yet.

Maria Thompson knows all of the professors at Wofford and feels that Wofford is her own institution. Her father made the bricks which form the front of our main building.

John Bullington wants to go to "Ethiop" to fight for "Hal Selass." He thinks that the United States should make Italy refrain from attacking Abyssinia. At any rate, war would be better than having no job. John has had no work for four years.

———, the County Agent for colored farmers, has just been married. He is going to live with his father-in-law until he is able to build (in-laws cause many divorces each year, but John thinks he can handle any situation that may arise). This negro came from New York twelve years ago and has been in Spartanburg since. He says that his work is interesting and that he and the farmers get along exceptionally well. John seems to be an intelligent negro, in whose hands the farmers will be safe.

Susie Vaughn is a diminutive negro woman. When asked about the size of her family, Susie said, "Boy, don' you never get married. I been married five times and none o' them is worth ten cents. I left my first husband in Louisville, and took a train for South Caroliner. If this one don' get rid o' this dog, I'se going to leave him. That dog (pointing to a bony cur lying on the porch) eats more than me an' my old man both." If experience counts for anything, Susie should know what she is talking about.

Upon knocking at one door, the writer was confronted by a woman and at least nine children. When asked about her husband, the woman replied with a grin, "I can't afford a husban'; it hard enough to look out for all o' these chillens. Those three," she pointed to three little black boys in the yard, "belong to my sister."

Evelyn Farrow, an old colored woman with prominent cheek bones and grey hair done in a pompadour,

has been a maid at Converse College since its doors opened. "We have some mighty fine girls over there this year, and some of them are mighty fine looking, too," she said proudly. (Need I say I agreed heartily?)

Sallie Mae Norman has just returned from a visit to New York. There, according to Sallie Mae, relief is given to all who ask. "Why, in New York, she (the social worker) comes around and asks what you want, and they give you all you want to eat, fuel, electric lights, and they won't even let you work; and they live in big, fine apartments," said Sallie Mae in describing the government relief work done in New York. "Why can't we get some of it here like that, instead of having to live in a old barn like this?" she wanted to know. (I suggested that she go back to New York.) Before going to New York, Sallie Mae was contented with her little house, which was much better than that of some of her neighbors.

Sam Black is eighty-four years old, and was sold at the age of five for three hundred dollars. He was born down in Laurens County on the Black Plantation and has many vivid recollections of his boyhood days. He can even remember when wagon trains were used to haul provisions to the upstate, how "pattyrollers" flogged the negroes when they went off the home plantation without permission, and how he had to get permission to go to the neighboring farm to see his gal. Sam regrets the changes that have taken place and wishes that he were back on Marse Black's plantation. "I didn't have nuttin' to worry about den, and old Marster got us clothes, and when the white folks got thru' eatin' us niggers got all we wanted to eat." Sam married the mulatto cook from the neighboring plantation (her father was Marse David), who had the prettiest straight hair and was the best cook in the county. "I ain' had no decent vittles since my wife died," sighed Sam. And so I left him lamenting the loss of his wife.

Sam Potter, another octogenarian, who had been a slave, lost all of his life's savings in a bank during the recent crisis. He and his wife had saved enough money to buy a home, but now all of his money is gone and his home is in the Home Building & Loan Association. He is rather bewildered and has come to the conclusion that he will die under some one else's roof. Life is real and life is sometimes cruel.

Down on "Baptist Side," a group of interested white women of the city have opened a small mission class. Once a week classes are held and the little negro children are invited to come and study the Bible. The attendance is good, and the little black-faced boys and girls gaze at the teacher with wide, astonished eyes (how much they absorb is not known), but when it is time to sing, they come out of the trance. They stand up straight, throw their heads back, and give vent to their feelings in a spell-binding way. It is a problem to keep song books. They disappear as regularly as the class meets. The women who are in charge of the mission do much more than teach the young; they advise the older folk, especially the young mothers. They are doing a good work among the colored people.

Mary Belle Ferguson's face was securely bandaged, and, upon inquiry, it was learned that Iris Mae Jones had slashed her with a razor. Mary Belle had been trying to "beat her time" with her "man." Again the female of the species protects her own (?).

Anne Chambers was an old negro woman who had a chronic attack of rheumatism which at times gave her a great deal of pain. She and her husband had worked hard and had been able to build a small house. They began married life in a small log cabin, "but I tol' my husban' not to worry, cause Abe Lincoln started life in one no better than this, and we ain't no better than Abe Lincoln. If my husban' hadn't died, we would have been well off today." Her husband died early in their married life, and Anne is today an old woman, with a mortgage on a house with a leaky roof.

The negroes are interesting, although their customs and habits seem peculiar to the whites; but it must be remembered that the negro is only about seventy years removed from slavery. When the negro came from Africa, he had a language and customs all his own; the results of his experience in slavery were both beneficial and harmful. Many of the slaves came into close contact with members of the household of the owners, often with the development of mutual understanding and affection. However, the most benevolent of the slave owners could not guarantee the future of his black dependents so long as they remained slaves, hence the negroes' family life lacked sacredness and security, and was likely to be broken up at any time. During the slavery regime, the negro had little chance for self-expression or self-reliance; since, it has been necessary to give him vocational training, and he has made wonderful progress in the subsequent years.

The negro is possessed of a quaint and homely humor and a certain picturesque sensitiveness — a curious exaltation of mind and temperament not easily defined. We should know the negro better.

A THANKSGIVING IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By Donald N. Foster

THANKSGIVING — what a day; what an occasion that *used* to be. Today, on Thanksgiving, we usually phone Jim and arrange to meet him at daybreak to shoot partridge. Perhaps this particular Thanksgiving, though, we might sleep late and then meet some of the boys at the club for a hasty lunch, followed by a nice brisk game of golf; or better still, we might while away our time by freezing to death on the grandstand watching the destinies of our favorite eleven. You would be astounded to know the number of American people that actually spend such a Thanksgiving as this — or one similarly devoid of the true Thanksgiving spirit.

Not so was Thanksgiving in the good old days. . . . Usually we all went down to Grandma's for the day. When I say all, I mean just that — all of the relatives — four or five country families with half-a-dozen children each. After the families had all arrived and kissed one another, the children were securely wrapped and sent out in the yard to play. The men and older boys made themselves comfortable around a large open five in the parlor, and the mothers, with their older daughters, lent themselves whole-heartedly to the gigantic task of preparing dinner. About twelve or twelve-thirty, some of the girls were sent out to call the children in and see that they were sufficiently clean to eat. After the youngsters finished, the men folk proceeded to wash themselves. When everything was in readiness, everybody went into the spacious dining room. Let me see now — I think there were usually one large table and three smaller ones, and each mother told her children where to sit. After everybody was in his place, the blessing was asked, and the meal began.

Nobody hurried — there was no need — they had the entire afternoon if necessary. One of those dinners was a real spectacle — something we rarely ever see today. When I tell you what we had for dinner, I'm not exaggerating one bit; if you don't believe me, ask your grandmother; she'll tell you better than I can.

A hollowed out pumpkin was used as a centerpiece, filled with apples, oranges, bananas, pears and grapes. Most of the dinner was on the table when the family was seated. The *piece de resistance* was, of course, the huge turkey, toasted to a golden brown, and stuffed with chestnuts or perhaps oyster dressing. Then there were home-made sausages, a country-cured ham, rice, giblet gravy, candied sweet potatoes, mashed turnips, macaroni, celery, home-made "chow-chow," sweet pickled peaches, preserves, cranberries, mince meat pie, pumpkin pie, lemon tarts, "floating island" (let Grandma tell you about that especially), chocolate and pound cake, and milk or coffee for those who wished it. Best of all, there was an abundance of everything.

After the meal was over, the dishes were left for the servants, and everybody went into the parlor to talk over old times 'til about four or four-thirty. We had to leave early then, because it took some time to get home in a wagon, and then, too, there were still the stock to be fed and the cows to be milked.

I repeat, today we have nothing that ever approaches a Thanksgiving of the good old days.

MUSCLINETHIOP

By P. C. Baker

Scene—*The planet Earth, where a marble game is in progress.*

Time—*1935.*

Characters—*Uncle Sam—United States.*
Benito Mussolini—Italy.
Hailie Selassie—Ethiopia.
John Bull—England.

And other representatives of the more powerful nations.

Mussolini (*stamping around, muttering, and waving his arms*)—I no lika dis. Ever' one has plenta da merbles. I no gotta none. (*His face brightens up.*) Perhaps I can borra soma desa marbles. (*Looks across the puddle at Uncle Sam.*) Sammy, lenda me soma da marble?

Uncle Sam (*raising his eyes*)—Benny, don't be foolish! I told you before if anyone wants to buy some, I'll sell 'em. Otherwise, no! (*Turns his back.*)

Mussolini (*looking towards John Bull*)—Oh, Johnny, willa ya lenda to me soma marble?

John Bull (*with a surprised expression*)—My word, Ben, I have jolly well told you faw the lawst time, I weel not give you any mawbles. You are jolly weel likely to win all mine from me if I do such a thing. (*Benito's face falls. He looks very disappointed.*)

Mussolini (*spying little Haile Selassie sitting in a corner with his pockets full of marbles*)—Hiya, Hailie! You gotta lotsa marbles, eh? (*His face brightens.*) Please giva me some.

Hailie (*with a defiant look*)—Mistah Benny, Ah've got plenty of mahbles; but, suh, I cain't give you all none. I'se gwine to keep 'em. (*He backs away in the direction of Uncle Sam.*)

Mussolini (*angrily*)—So! you won'ta geeve to me

(Continued on Page 24)

© 1935, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE PHANTASY OF THE MUD PUDDLE

By Carl Pugh

ONCE there was a king. He wasn't a very big king, and you doubtless never heard of his realm, but that's beside the point, for the king had a daughter. The daughter was awfully cute, and her name was Alese. Everybody loved her. She had suitors in abundance. The suitors somehow though didn't suitor. (This is a humorous article. That was Joke No. 1.) They were all fat and skinny and ugly, or something, and she just didn't like 'em. They pleased her father tremendously, but Alese found fault with the whole bunch. The Duke of Dunket was afflicted with purple nose, plural chin, and ponderous tummy. The Lord of Phiffleschink had an original bodily aroma, and his breath either fertilized or asphyxiated, depending upon the creature in contact. The Earl of Hinkledyke was on his last legs, and judging by his general appearance, his first ones weren't so hot. The Prime Minister's son, though he was a fraction less obnoxious, just stood around with his hands hanging on the ends of his arms, and his feet protruding way out front. Thus it is easily observed that the princess was justified in her disapproval.

Anyway, the king was annoyed at his daughter's contrary tastes, and he searched far and farther to find someone who would be to their mutual satisfaction. The king didn't give a damn, however, about his daughter's happiness. He needed an heir, and, as Alese was his only child, it was sorta up to her. But Alese didn't mind. She gave all her suitors the air. (Joke No. 2. Pretty good, eh?)

The king was a grouchy old devil. He hadn't laughed since his mother-in-law died, and he was very proud of how mean he was. He was always trumping his partner's ace and expectorating tobacco juice in the goldfish bowl. He once kicked a blind man in the stomach when he received the wrong change from the dime he had put in his cup.

Well, to get on with the story, the princess was walking down the street one day when she came to a great big mud puddle. A handsome young gentleman was sitting across the street in front of the pool room. His name was Oscar. He noticed the lady's plight, ducked his cigarette, and ran to her assistance. He had heard somewhere of a chap named Raleigh who had done rather well with the mud-puddle stunt, and, as he observed the distress of this charming and beautiful maiden, he was struck chivalrous. He began to unbutton his coat, but remembered that it was recently pressed and thought better of it. He took off his pants. This was nothing out of the ordinary, for in those days, of course, all cultured young men wore seasonal undergarments, and as it was winter he showed excellent judgment, for it was the only coat he had. The lady stepped across without mishap, and gave him her card, promised him more and better pants, and smiling coyly, went away. Our chivalric hero was all a-quiver. He forgot all about his pants. He remembered only the smile. He decided that he must certainly calm down and see her some time. (No. 3. Boy, is this extraordinary!)

Promptly at eight on the next P. M. he called at the palace. The butler gave him a pair of the king's old britches and told him to be gone. But Oscar hadn't come after pants. He wanted to see the princess, and after a little physical persuasion he gained admittance to the castle.

Alese heard the commotion and came in to find her friend of the mud-puddle peering anxiously about as he sat upon the couchant butler. There is such a thing as love at first sight. Cupid had taken aim at the mud-puddle. He now dashed in and fired point-blank. After the smoke cleared away, the princess knew she would no longer be troubled with Phiffleschinks, Dunkets and Hinkledykes. She had found her man, and she didn't give an X square damn whether her pompous papa liked it or not.

Upon the morrow, Alese presented Oscar at Court. The king took one look at the latest contestant and found an excellent excuse to brush up on some of his pet phrases. He also ad libbed a few new ones, and goose bumps arose upon Oscar, and he yearned for an exit. The king was very profuse. It took him twenty minutes to ask Oscar out. He informed his daughter that Oscar was literally to get the air.

But Alese didn't see it that way. She and Oscar conspired against the king. They fixed things sort of vice versa. (See No. 1.) They gave the king the heir.

WHAT FRESHMEN READ

By J. W. Crocker

READING maketh a full man. . . . And therefore, if a man . . . read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not." These words of the immortal Francis Bacon should be seriously considered by Wofford freshmen if they desire not to be cunning. At present, however, it seems that the freshmen choose to be cunning rather than read much. They spend an average of three

hours, twelve minutes in the library each week. But in spite of the little time spent in the library, in reading or study, the men of the first class read, all told, eighty-two varieties of magazines, ranging in quality and tone from the glitter and swift-moving romance of *True Confessions* and *Wild West Weekly* to the sophistry and profound intellectual reaches of *Scribner's* and *Atlantic Monthly*.

These and many other intimate facts relating to the literary life of the freshman class were gathered from a questionnaire given recently to the 149 members of the class by the English department.

According to the findings of this questionnaire, the most popular magazine is *Collier's*, being read regularly or occasionally by eighty-seven of the freshmen. Next in popularity is *Saturday Evening Post*, with seventy-two freshman readers. *American, Liberty, Literary Digest, Time, Reader's Digest, Cosmopolitan, Popular Mechanics*, and *Popular Science* ranked next in the order listed. *Harper's*, the only purely literary publication in the first dozen in popularity, ranked eleventh, with only sixteen readers out of the class of 149 Wofford freshmen. *Country Gentleman, McCall's*, and *Good Housekeeping* were given twelfth choice, each being read by fourteen members of the class.

Reading tastes varied, in some respects, with the members of the advanced and retarded sections. But in both sections, *American* was read by most members, with *Collier's* second in both classes. In the advanced section of twenty members, fourteen read *American* and twelve read *Collier's*. In the retarded group of thirty-one members, fifteen read *American* and thirteen read *Collier's*. In the first group, the *Reader's Digest* and *Saturday Evening Post* ranked third and fourth, with *Liberty* and *Literary Digest* tied for fifth place and *Harper's, Esquire, Time*, and *Cosmopolitan* ranking sixth with five readers in the section of twenty advanced freshman English students.

In the so-called retarded section, *Liberty and Cosmopolitan* ranked third and fourth in popularity with eleven and twelve readers respectively. *Popular Mechanics* and *Time* tied for fifth place with nine readers, and *Saturday Evening Post* ranked sixth with eight readers in the section of thirty-one.

In the field of novels, the freshmen yield to the call of the West, and give to the narrator of stories of the plains, Zane Grey, first place in popularity. Twelve students read in the past twelve months books by Grey. Gene Stratton Porter's works were read by nine of the first year men to give her second place in popularity. Dickens was third with seven readers. The novel read by the greatest number of men in the past year was Porter's "Keeper of the Bees." It was read by seven of the freshmen. Next came "The Call of the Wild," "Last of the Mohicans," "David Copperfield," with four readers each. Three of the men read "Lamb in His Bosom," "Show Boat," "So Red the Rose," and "The Scarlet Letter."

The frosh were fastidious in their selection of poets — at least the poet of their first choice. This can probably be attributed to the fact that very few of them read poetry at all. Only twenty-nine read poetry "more or less regularly." However, many who indicated that they did not read poetry listed their favorite poets. Tennyson was listed as the favorite or one of the favorites by eleven men to head the list. Longfellow was second most popular with eight votes; Poe, Kipling and Guest ranked third with four votes. Shelley, Bryant, Browning, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, and Stevenson received three votes each in the bards' popularity contest.

Some other interesting facts were revealed by the questionnaire: When asked to check the fields of knowledge in which they were most interested, sixty-seven per cent. of the freshmen checked science as one of their two chief interests; seven per cent. checked art; twenty-six per cent. indicated literature; thirty-five per cent. chose history as the field of knowledge most interested in. In the advanced group, forty per cent. indicated their preference for science, while in the retarded section, fifty-two chose this branch of knowledge. Literature was checked by forty-five per cent. of the advanced freshmen but by only twenty-nine per cent. of the men in the retarded section.

When asked about their preference for certain types of literature, the freshmen reacted in the following manner: Seventy-seven per cent. of the whole class preferred novels; sixty-six per cent. indicated their preference for short stories; thirteen per cent. chose poetry as one of their favorite branches of literature; nine per cent. liked essays; twenty per cent., history, and seven per cent. preferred autobiography.

No significant differences can be seen in the choices of the members of the advanced and the retarded groups. The contrast is between the intermediate sections and the two extreme sections. For example, twenty per cent. of the retarded group prefer poetry; likewise, twenty per cent. of the advanced group prefer poetry. On the other hand, only ten per cent. of the four intermediate sections indicated poetry as a preference. Eighty-five per cent. of the advanced group of students checked novels as their literary choice and eighty-one per cent of the retarded group checked novels; but only seventy-three per cent. of the intermediate sections preferred the novel.

Clearly, students read very little other than the stories in the magazines. The magazines heading the list in popularity with the freshmen are essentially fiction magazines. The majority of the students indicated on their questionnaires that they read only the stories in these most popular periodicals. Perhaps

(Continued on Page 24)

ISRAEL JONES RETURNS FROM COLLEGE

By Gary Culbertson

IT was just about 9:30 in the town of Froglevel, and all was awaitin' at the depot for the return of the prodigal son, the son of Sam Jones, who was the best tater-raiser on this side of the river. Israel was just returning from one of them "high flutin' colleges" way up north, just above Raleigh. Well, the train rolled in, and lo-and-behold you'd laughed yourself to death, there stood Israel with one of them scull caps on. Honest, Ma and Pa both was shamed of him. I ain't saying they wuz and I ain't saying they wusn't, but they kinda showed it by the spression on their faces.

When he got off the train, he said, "Hi, Pa!" Why, he ought knowed Pa wasn't high. Why, everyone knows Sam Jones ain't touched a drap since Sigh Clone Mac held his revival meeting in Joe Davis' barn. Now, mind ya, I wouldn't knowed Israel if it hadn't been fer the wart 'hind his left ear.

Well, we gets in the buggy and start for the house. "How's college?" says Pa. "Pretty hot," sez Israel. I knowed he wuz a lying, cause here it wuz in January; Pa had already killed two hogs! Course it couldn't be hot.

Oh, he just ain't the same boy. He's just one of them foreigners now. Kinder puts on all the time. Ever time he speaks, you can see his tonsils. Just goes around all the time saying "O. K." and "Scram!" Pa sez he's going to have him examined.

And another thing. Why, the other day he comes in the kitchen where Ma was grindin' some sausage, and he say, "Ma, the dames at college are wonderful." And then Ma sez, "Son, why didn't you send me the recipe." Well, I just tipped out of the kitchen, but I do bet them dames are good. And he is allways telling Ma to "skip it" this and "skip it" that. Why, he outa know Ma is might nigh 63; course she'd try to skip if he said so, but he oughta know Ma's too old and feeble for that.

Pa sez he thought he sent Israel to a college, but I think he muster missed it and gone somers' else. He says he's in a Ferternity. I asked Ma what that wuz, and she told Pa, and he said, "Well, he can just work it out, for I ain't able to pay no fine. Pa sez it just serves him right. I knowed that "sikerpeater" Pa got for him would get him in trouble.

When I grows up, I ain't going to no college, cause two fools in the family would just kill Ma and Pa.

AMERICA MUST DREAM AGAIN

By Billy Ritter

TODAY, after five years, we are still in the throes of the greatest business depression this world has ever seen—a depression with such far-reaching results that it would completely overpower the imagination if we were to attempt to trace them out.

In this country of ours, one of the richest in the world, wheat and corn are being burned, not because there is no need for this food—there is a need, the greatest need in our history—but because fifteen million men are out of work and lack the "where-with-all" to buy the necessities of life.

When this state exists there is something fundamentally wrong with our whole economic and social order. The economist tries to explain it as a problem of distribution, overproduction, overinflation, and the like; but he fails to see that in reality it is caused by the weakness of man himself.

For thousands of years man has been controlled by fear—fear of hunger, of cold, of thirst, of wild beasts, and of other men. Our instincts and our circumstances are unfortunately three hundred years apart. Our circumstances are that we live in a world of plenty—and yet our instincts are for us to grab all that we can for ourselves. This grabbing spirit has any number of modern synonyms. Some of them are excess-profits, super-expansion, over-centralization of wealth, and over-materialism.

Before the stock market crash we had piled up cash reserves, but we had expended our last drop of spiritual reserves. We had forgotten to pile up the proper values. If this were not so, why was it that when we had lost our money in speculating in stocks, numbers of us jumped off skyscrapers into eternity? We lack moral fibre, moral backbone. Can we imagine our sturdy Puritan forefathers taking their own lives when confronted with a similar situation?

As some one has aptly said, "The Romans worshipped their standard; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is only one-tenth of an eagle—a dollar—but we make all even by adoring it with tenfold devotion."

The panic revealed America's soul. More than this, it has shown us the true worth of the men that we have come to accept as our leaders, men such as Insull, as Mitchell, and as Kreugar.

When a nation has strong leaders, that nation assumes a place of leadership among the other great powers. Thus this misplacing of leadership in America has not limited itself to hurting our own people; it has retarded the influence which we might have wielded among the other nations of the world.

The rest of the world is not looking to America for leadership. The author had the privilege of doing considerable traveling in Oriental countries. I have met people of many nationalities, and I was old enough at the time to realize that they do not look to us for guidance. They see in us a people of high living standards, but not a people of high idealistic standards.

We must build up these idealistic and spiritual standards. We must learn to dream again, to recapture the spirit of that old dream which sent settlers across stormy seas to untracked forests in search of some mystic freedom; of that dream which pushed the pioneers westward, ever westward, over bison-dotted prairies, though countless human skeletons marked their progress; of that dream which has given, for the first time in the history of the world, universal free education, and which has sent almost a million young men and women each year to colleges and universities; of that dream which has elevated lofty skyscrapers as an emblem of man's achievement; of that dream which has put twenty million families on wheels and sent them laughing down a hundred thousand miles of happy roads; of that dream which has raised the common, lowly man to a new self-respect; of that dream which shall some day bring a real brotherhood for all.

The old dream has failed. America has lost her nerve. Her courage, for the first time in two hundred and fifty years, has slipped through her fingers. Her whole economic organization has been thrown into chaos. In awe, men speak of the "machine," the Frankenstein monster that America has created and that now is about to destroy her.

The only salvation from this threat that is hanging over her head is to take out of men's hearts the greed for material things.

What America needs today, then, is new symbols and new yard-sticks — symbols and yard-sticks other than the dollar by which to measure success.

We can still keep all that is best and finest in this precious "rugged individualism" of ours. We won't have to sacrifice one whit of our zest for the high adventure of life and the joy of accomplishment. We will simply let the individual strive for glory, for the respect of his fellow-men, for the beautiful satisfaction of self-attainment, for the sweet contentment that comes with service—but let him stop this cruel, grinding battle for money.

Let him be greedy for reputation and perfection, but not for dollars.

Let this roaring machine of efficiency assure him comforts and a secure old age, and then let him spend his years and his dreams in following kindlier desires than that of piling up money.

These are dreams, but dreams are another word for ideals. That's what America needs—a new set of ideals, ideals which will replace the old materialistic striving for possessions, for what we can have rather than for what we can be. America must dream again, but this time of a plan to make the common American the happiest man in the world.

IRISH EYES

By C. H. Porter

SOMETHING happened to Ronny as he awkwardly apologized to her for the collision in the hall. She laughed, a little hysterically, not knowing how to take him. Her frank blue eyes — they reminded one of the St. Lawrence's cobalt expanse—sized him up, and a humorous flicker of her eyelids seemed to express approval. Ronny felt very, very lank and frayed under her survey; but somehow he didn't mind, because she fascinated him.

It would be a romantic lie to say that soon they developed an intimate friendship. For Ronny was bashful with a bashfulness magnified by reflection upon the ludicrous manner in which he had made her acquaintance. He had never dreamed that so delightful a personage as she existed until caroming against her in the hall. Therein Cupid shot a poisoned arrow from which Ronny derived an unrequited affection.

So he believed. It stood to reason that anybody bumping into a perfectly winsome lady should not presume too strongly upon her forgiveness. Moreover, in accord with his innate Victorian notions, he should be formally introduced: "Mr. Payne, Miss Sullivan—Miss Sullivan, Mr. Payne . . . 'Delighted' . . . 'Delighted'" . . . And thereby hangs the beginning; the rest would be easy. If only he could break over and really get acquainted with her.

Though both were seniors, there was nobody to introduce them. They kept different company, had different class schedules. He was a fool, a mad fool, and realized it. But to crudely break his shell — that might spell disaster.

You see, this was serious; something that happened once in a lifetime. Ronny was positive that he had known her long before, in a hazy past. A sort of eternal, supernal devotion. Therefore, if by rights the lady *was* his — no doubt of that — the suspension, the

uncertainty of the present was outrageous. He sometimes wondered if THEN — in that glorious past — he had skipped his opportunity, as now. Skipped it by reason of an untoward fear. Fear of conventions.

The maiden waited, waited a long time; not perhaps for a knight in resplendent armor, but for a certain lad she considered approvingly to summon the courage to romance a bit.

Thus and so passed the school term, a series of heats and chills. The lassy seemed to chill, which made Ronny desperate. A fellow had to do something besides day-dream of his sweetheart when supposed to be studying. He *did,* discreetly; meanwhile despising himself for the discreetness. Apparently, to his strained perspective, two courses lay open, and Ronny pursued them both.

First, to pilfer a keep-sake of the beloved. He decided to loot her desk for one. Cautiously, one evening after dismissal, he stole into her home-room, and pouncing upon her desk, lifted its lid. Contents in keeping with her character. Prim was the word. Everything neatly arranged — the texts from the note-books and tablets, the pens from the pencils. Way back in the right-hand corner shone the full glory of a twenty-five-cent compact. He snatched it, glad to possess something which bespoke intimacy. It might have been a golden key with which to while away the hours in blissful day-dreams of her: something tangible.

Second, to picket himself near her home at night. Heart in mouth, he loitered in the block, a safe distance from the street light; a fellow couldn't be too orthodox these days — cops were alert to suspicious nocturnal prowlers. Albeit Ronny religiously performed his vigils, sometimes under a full moon or twinkling stars, other times caught shivering in a menacing thunder shower or windy sleet. But it consoled him slightly: bitter-sweetness of adolescent love. He wondered if, when she curled up so prettily in a plush chair or allowed her fingers to stray idly over the piano key-board, she ever thought of him or even suspected his wakes. One evening in particular when the lights glowed warmly from the parlor windows of the Sullivan residence, he beheld her dreamily engaged at the piano. A lilting, poignant quality permeated the throaty voice accompanying the chords; floating softly out on the crisp night air came a melody that transformed the cold, wary stars into friendly fireflies for Ronny:

"When Irish eyes are smilin'
The whole world's bright and gay . . ."

Why, that was his favorite! He often hummed it because of the vision of a humorous little flicker of Wynne's eyelashes it conjured. Suddenly a picture flashed across his mind:

Song hits of the '20's: "Yes, sir, She's My Baby," "Just Molly and Me," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," and scores of others — laughing, joyous lovers — sprightly dancing feet — song hits — their significance. Kids, a decade ago, his and Wynne's age, daring to be young, and free, and happy. . . .

He turned away, sick and lonely; started home. The stars were cold and wary again.

The Junior Prom promised success. Multi-colored decorations adorned the Country Club ballroom. On the fireplaces at each end of the room placards read: "Farewell, Seniors!" A June night, music, mellow lights, and nonchalant youngsters strolling about the premises, conscious of their age and reminiscent of happy bygone school days. This, then, was the end: a rollicking epilogue of a few hours to twelve years, unappreciated years. Yes, they were nonchalant: school kids who knew how to "put on the dog" by emulating their habitants of the Great White Way. "Seniors, farewell!"

It was his end, too. The finish of what lingering hopes he had cherished. "Tough sledding, old man," he viciously reminded himself. "Buck up!" At least the scenes of tonight would be firmly etched in his memory, for, of course, *she* was present. That was something — much.

A celestial Wynne, queen of the party, floated around the room in billowy splendor, her evening gown so like a constellatory train. A blue gown to match her eyes. And her cheeks dimly glowed; maybe she felt his ardent gaze. If so, she ignored him.

After tonight . . .

The band switched to one of Bing Crosby's hits. The sweep and rustle of lightsome bodies around the pavilion. Young folks of Ronny's and Wynne's generation laughing, forgetful. . . . There she was in someone else's embrace — Ronny sickened, overcome by gloom. All at once he needed air, God's fresh air, and solitude blanketed by merciful night. The room's atmosphere, laden with the sweet smell of jasmine, lavender, rose, and lilac, choked him. He hurried out the door, thankful for the cool breeze that licked his throbbing temples. A new moon poised on the eastern horizon, and threw into strange, fantastic silhouette the timber-line that stretched away from the green behind the club house.

He was alone. He sat down on the turf, back to the clubhouse. The gay noise of the prom beat upon his ears like the roar of distant breakers upon a seaside: murmur of happy voices, throb of jazz. The more lowly sounds of the countryside, too, assailed him: a wind soughing in the tree tops, the mournful howl of a hound, and an occasional purr of automobiles on the macadam that stretched away to the left. Did hours pass? Ronny couldn't say; time ceased, and he experienced the sensation of being wrapped in a coma. Far away the hum of voices persisted — happy voices. Waves of loneliness drifted over him like an engulfing fog. . . .

Irish eyes, he could almost feel them on him, see

them smile for him. Ronny must have believed himself very close to Wynne, for momentarily he forgot the voices, forgot she was in the club house, perhaps dancing with another. He stole a march on happiness — imagined her sitting on the grass beside him, nestling in his arms and admiring the phantasmigoria of the moon sifting through wisps of clouds. He was telling her things he always wanted to say, and she was laughingly sympathetic. Boy, this was the life!

Somebody, surprisingly near at hand, coughed. Ronny startled out of his reverie. Looking sharply about, he made out a girl with her back in his direction, apparently getting a fresh breath of air. Kindred soul. He could warm to anybody who, on this particular evening, came out for a fresh draught of air. One of the Smith girls, no doubt.

Recklessly for a soul reticent as his, he considered calling out a pleasant "Hello" — anything to relieve the inward turmoil. He needed company. H-m-m — He'd compliment her on her dress. Girls liked that. Let's see, what color was it? Blue? — Blue! Was it — no, it couldn't be her, not Wynne. Why, she was in the club house, dancing — the life of the party, so to speak. But his eyes did not lie. No, *that* figure was too familiar to be lightly forgotten.

He was afraid, hesitant. Something told him to fade away, make a graceful exit. He trod holy ground, and decency bade him clear out. Something else inside him rebelled, scoffed at his heretofore meek conduct: a primal something which cleared his brain of all the quixotic nonsense accumulated throughout the past year. "She isn't for you," this something said, "but at least you can play the man, not the rabbit. Now, go over to her and speak up. In a civilized fashion, of course, but play the part; maybe she doesn't care a fiddlestick for one Ronny Payne, but at least she'll admire your intestinal fortitude." Not these exact words, since some thoughts are too great to be thus clearly defined by words. Words express the ideas, not ideas the words. And Ronny had the idea. It stirred him as nothing had stirred him in a long time. He was free and glad. Free of despondent gloom.

He rose, slightly shaky, took a great breath, and advanced slowly toward her.

"A nice evening," he tentatively ventured in a husky voice.

She whirled, alarmed. Her eyes widened and her lips half-parted in recognition. In a minute, he thought, she would be on guard again, aloof and coldly furious at his intrusion, order him to be gone. The patrician tilt of her chin prognosticated as much. Too bad, but he had to play the man.

"Name's Payne, Rodney Payne, ma'am." He smiled mockingly. Do I presume too much in asking yours? The full, Christian name, of course?"

She stood proudly erect. Her eyes held his unwaveringly; they were candid, those eyes, and piercing. They read his very soul. And suddenly they lost whatever degree of frappé that occupied them; a bonhomie replaced their chill. Also mischief.

"Why, of course. Winnifred Benedictine Sullivan. Fellow senior, I believe. Delighted to meet you," and she extended a gloved hand.

He gallantly squeezed it.

"The color of your gown, Miss—"

"Wynne, for short," she prompted, with a warm smile.

"Thanks — Wynne. The color of your gown," he gravely resumed, "is charming. Matches your eyes. And much too charming to remain hidden in Stygian darkness. May I have this dance?"

"You may." And he proudly led her toward the clubhouse.

There was a young lady of Gaul
Whom great men never could stall.
It was Caesar's boast,
And Cicero's toast,
That they had been given a fall.

Caesar had gone on a visit,
And told her she was exquisite.
She slapped his face
All over the place,
And told him something explicit.

Cicero, coming from Rome,
Was soon sent scampering home.
He said with a sigh,
As he grabbed a black eye,
"Young lady, to me you shall come."

He went to friend Caesar,
And then in their leisure
They plotted and planned
To go back to Gaul's land,
And simply and swiftly seize 'er.

They found her at last —
She spoke quick and fast:
"By my sacred Genii,
You shrimp of a weenie,
You'll rue this day,
Forever and aye!
I'm the wife of Ben Mussolini."

THIS AND THAT

THERE IS, perhaps, no way of telling to what degree the attitude of a group of students toward one phase of college life is ubiquitous. It would make an interesting survey. Another subject worth considering would be the psychological reasons for one group of boys drawn at random from over a given section developing into an alert, active, and eager unit as a college student body; while others, selected from the same territory, lapse into almost dormancy from the viewpoint of concerted, cooperative action.

The ideal student, perhaps, would be the one who tackles with as much vigor and determination the tough math or language course as he does the tumbling pigskin, or with as much grit as he does the last lap of a two-mile run. The principle "work hard, play hard" is nowhere more appropriately applicable than to the young man pushing through college work. These four years may not be the "most formative period," but the momentum of a right start could certainly carry a long way into "commencement" upon the steep grade of post-graduation days.

Would an animated interest devoted to extra-curricular enterprises which are in harmony with the program and aims of the college tend gradually and subtly to deflect and center the attention upon them to an unwholesome exclusion of other activities that would make a well-balanced course? Or does the student body that supports the athletic teams, that upholds the rules of the student council, and is loyal to the spirit of the Alma Mater carry this fine ardor and intelligent interest into the part of college work that is of primary consequence to its own self?

There seems to be a number of factors which affect the conduct of a college group. The foremost of these we believe to be discipline, and this is especially true of the freshman class. There is no greater solidifying force than oppression. Even when there is disruption "in the ranks," it is quickly dispelled upon the appearance of a common "foe." The more freshmen are in subjection to upper-classmen, the stronger the bond of mutuality will become. In short, a "rat" should be a rat until the proper time comes for his release from his servile state. Our point can nowhere be more aptly demonstrated than in an R. O. T. C. unit. The snap, precision, and efficiency of a corps on the drill field can be expected to rate very closely in proportion to the manner in which the officers relate themselves to the men and the courtesy demanded. When discipline is lax, drill will be sloppy and impersonal. If the theory of the military corps could be applied to the freshman class, a sense of unity and the ability to work together efficaciously would soon be apparent.

In our military schools, where respect to upper-classmen is compulsory by military regulations and the newly-arrived are under some degree of control by the older members, this spirit makes itself quickly noticeable and the school builds a reputation for its enthusiasm as a result.

The energizing effects of such a policy would not rest alone in the first year class. Far from it. As they become sophomores, not only would they in their turn demand of the new men certain contributions to the maintenance of a healthy college attitude, but that same spirit which had been bred into them as their first experience in the "realm of higher education" would continue. When a man begins to pull because he himself wants to move something, and not just because he thinks it is the thing to do, that "something" will move, be it the morale of his student body or a rock in the middle of the road.

All of which is to say that this student publication is of the opinion that the ills of any college must be approached for healing at the freshman class, where the impetus for conduct for three later years is received, and we should like to make a few suggestions, without explanation or elaboration, believing that their results, if they should be carried out, can be seen after a fair consideration by the thoughtful reader with an eye to the betterment of his Alma Mater.

THE JOURNAL advocates:

First—That *all* freshmen be required (compelled) to wear rat caps on and off the campus.

Second—That first year men not be allowed to bring girls to any athletic game.

Third—That freshmen be required by Student Council regulations to sit in a reserved section at both football and basketball games, and that a committee be appointed by the Council for the purpose of enforcing this rule.

Fourth—That a "publicity-pep committee" be appointed for the purpose of arousing interest and enthusiasm for football games and other events of any importance by means of original posters, new songs and yells, by stunts or any method which may occur to their minds.

Fifth—That, in the R. O. T. C. unit, military courtesy be insisted upon by student and army officers.

Sixth—That the Student Council be an *active*

organization, making rules as it sees fit for the bettering of the school or for the enforcement of its decrees.

If these proposed regulations would help to mold student feeling and help all to work together with some degree of concerted action and a helpful cooperative spirit, then their adoption should be welcomed by all—even those whom they may seem to affect adversely.

R. S. B.

EXCHANGE

The November issue of *The Criterion,* of Columbia College, brings forth quite an array of poetry, the best of which is "Living Fire," by Susan Lumpkin. Miss Lumpkin seems to have captured a thought and found words to express it adequately. Most of the other poems are mediocre, being either trite or childish, except "Cinquains"; but, in consideration of the fact that each stanza contains only four lines, this department suggests a less erroneous title—why not "Quatrains"? The short story writers seem to run to moral touches in each brief story. This department seems to be somewhat neglected, Columbia.

Lander's *Erothesian* for October presents an abundance of material, with one research article of merit. The reference is to Nina Sparks' treatment of Emily Dickinson, which is indicative of careful and thorough reading. Possibly too much of Miss Dickinson's poetry is quoted, but all in all, the article is of high quality. The poem "Clouds," by the same author, is good also. But to the author of "Roman Diary" we address a question: where is your consciousness of time? Quote, "Yesterday we went to the funeral. . . . Roman burials are peculiar to *us"!!* At least, however, research was necessary before the "Diary" could be written, so don't take our criticism too much to heart. The play "All That Glitters" seems to have a climax all right, but this department found difficulty in following any trend in the direction of such a climax. Probably the play is an actual experience of the author, although we can't place her character in the play. The short story "So Carefree and Happy" depicts the development and growth experienced by the students in a college.

The P. C. *Collegian* in its first issue gives substantial promise of maintaining its order of excellence that made it first choice among the college magazines of the State. It is the best balanced of the magazines this department has reviewed. Its humor page is entertaining, indeed, and deserves commendation. The policy of the presentation of one new feature in each issue has borne splendid fruit in the sonnet cycle "To a Modern Maid." Both in mechanical form and in idea and phraseology these verses are excellent. Some of the lines are truly classic, and P. C. is fortunate in possessing a poet of the ability of Mr. Holman. "! ! ! ! !" gives the author's vocabulary full freedom and provides entertaining reading in the lighter vein. The story of the strikers is typical of the day, and the theme is well carried out in the writing. The tragic or fatalistic refrain of this feature is a pronounced example of the rather gloomy outlook of the magazine as a whole. The editorial "From Failing Hands They Threw the Torch" is a clear expression of current student opinion, with better expression than most students are capable of. We have one complaint: following our policy, we began the magazine in the middle at the Sonnet-Cycle, eagerly pounced upon the epigrammatic definition "Love is a subtle torture made by gods who envied mortal man his peace of mind." Cherishing this choice bit, we were shocked and hurt to discover in a topic discussion a citing by the *Collegian* of the self-same line. Please, Mr. Editor, let the readers find the cream of your publication. Aside from this selfish criticism, this exchange has only praise for *The Collegian.*

The Winthrop *Journal* for October features "Po' Chile," a play by Mary Louise Boyleston. The phraseology and homely veracity of the interpretation bespeaks a familiarity with the subject that only long observation could give. The plot is simple and well worked out in general, but contains a few incongruities. "A Prayer," by Caroline Crum, is couched in truly poetical terms, but seems to be more for poetry's sake than for the ethereal and fanciful thing that life is not. To the unknown author of "Crossroads" we offer our congratulations for a fairly successful treatment of a very difficult theme. The final harmony of Anne and her step-mother follows a cunning twist of the narrative.

Note—Copies of the above magazines, along with several others, have been placed at student disposal in the library.

WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.

Freeman Shoes for Men & Young Men

$5 - $6

WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
MORGAN SQUARE

PRICE'S
YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
THE HOME OF POPULAR PRICES
Smart Furnishings
"Polly" Thomasson and Roy Robertson, Representatives
123 N. Church Street Spartanburg, S. C.
(OPPOSITE KENNEDY PLACE)

Drink - Coca-Cola
IN BOTTLES

Worthmore Clothes Shop
QUALITY TO SUIT THE MOST DISCRIMINATING AT POPULAR PRICES
WORTHMORE CLOTHES SHOP
121 East Main Street

MUSCLINETHIOP

(Continued from Page 14)

some! Well, I willa taka dem! (*Makes threatening gestures at Hailie. Hailie turns to Uncle Sam and tries to put the marbles in his hand. Uncle Sam shakes his head. John Bull does the same.*) I showa you, Hailie. (*Benito rushes at Hailie and starts to bite him. Every one of the onlookers put on a shocked expression and back away. They get into a little group, mumbling and arguing. Hailie and Benito keep on fighting, with Benito doing most of the hitting.*)

UNCLE SAM (*stepping out of the group*)—Benny, stop that fighting! We have all decided that if you keep on that we will not even sell you any more marbles. (*Benito keeps on beating the little Hailie.*)

MUSSOLINI—I don'ta geeve a damn! After I getta Hailie's marbles, I no needa any more! (*Benito has Hailie up against a wall. With one hand he holds Hailie by the throat, his other hand is in Hailie's pocket after his marbles. Uncle Sam, John Bull, and their pals stand to one side with their hands in their pockets and their mouths agape.*)

CURTAIN

WHAT FRESHMEN READ

(Continued from Page 17)

Montaigne was right when he said, "If one shall tell me that it is to degrade the Muses to make use of them only for sport and to pass away the time, I shall tell him that he does not know the value of that sport and pastime so well as I do. . . ." But even at that, a waste of time is a waste of time.

It is well to form the habit of reading with a purpose in this age of speed and many activities. The reading habits of the freshman class apparently represent a great deal of mis-spent time and energy. One should read in the field of his chief interest, it seems. *But in spite of the fact that sixty-seven per cent. of the freshmen indicated science as a chief interest, only a few — about three or four — of these ninety men ever read scientific magazines.* It is true, they do read the pseudo-scientific publications, which is well enough if one wants to make use of the Muses merely as sport. But if one would get the most from his reading he must continually discriminate. Out of the ever increasing abundance of reading matter, one must choose wisely, and even then should keep in mind that "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. . . ."

EAT
FOREMOST ICE CREAM
IT'S HEALTHFUL

PROFESSOR STANBURY—Boys, are you passing notes back there?

REAR OF ROOM—These aren't notes, they're dollar bills. We're playing poker.

PROF. S.—Oh, pardon me.

◈ ◈ ◈

J. MCFADDEN—We had a gin-drinking contest last night.

FRESHMAN—Who won second prize?

◈ ◈ ◈

DENNY (school barber)—Was your tie red when you came in here?

SUCKER—No, it wasn't.

DENNY—Gosh, I must have cut your throat.

◈ ◈ ◈

PROF.—Young man, are you the teacher of this class?

STUDE—No, sir.

PROF.—Well, don't talk like an idiot, then.

◈ ◈ ◈

STUDENT—Is Tommy Willis in?

GREY MARTIN—No.

STUDE—Well, throw this poem in his wastebasket.

◈ ◈ ◈

"So you've been to Wofford, eh?"

"Yeah."

"How high can you count?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king."

◈ ◈ ◈

MAX JOHNSTON—Let's sit this dance out.

CASSY SMITH—I'm tired. Let's dance awhile.

◈ ◈ ◈

WOFFORDION—Hey, wake up. There's a guy in here stealing your clothes.

ROOMMATE—Why should I get up? You two just fight it out among yourselves.

◈ ◈ ◈

Isn't it amusing how some of our Seniors go out fit as a fiddle, and come home tight as a drum?

◈ ◈ ◈

The student stopped at the gate of Hades and showed his ticket. "Wait a minute," said Pluto. "This card says Heaven." "I know it," said the deceased, "but I just came from Furman and I want to make the change gradually."

FRESHMAN—Where's the Men's Room?

SENIOR—What's it to you?

◈ ◈ ◈

LIMESTONE STUDENT—Who said you could kiss me?

WOFFORD DITTO—Everybody.

◈ ◈ ◈

DEAN OF WOMEN—Did I see you grab that girl by the foot?

JOHN GRAHAM—Oh, no. Far from it.

◈ ◈ ◈

PROFESSOR—This examination will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows.

◈ ◈ ◈

"What sort of toothbrush do you want?"

"Lemme have a big one — there's three other boys in my room."

◈ ◈ ◈

The senior came in drunk. Somebody reported him, and the next day he passed the Bible instructor on the street.

"The Lord will forgive," quoth the reverend sir.

"He probably will," said the reprobate, "but He ain't on the Executive Committee."

◈ ◈ ◈

STUDENT—There must be a mistake. You've kept my shirt and sent me a dozen very ragged handkerchiefs instead.

WASHWOMAN—Why, them ain't handkerchiefs. That is your shirt.

◈ ◈ ◈

One thing about rushing season — the back-slapping doesn't stop after Pledge Day. It just moves farther down.

◈ ◈ ◈

SHE—Say, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?

HE—I don't know. I'll have to 'phone Mother first.

◈ ◈ ◈

HONEYCUTT—I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?

(No answer.)

HONEYCUTT—I said, I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?

SHE—I heard you the first time. I was trying to think.

And a Merry Xmas to You, Faculty Dear — @ ‡ Z & § @ † it!

MIDNIGHT INTERLUDE

(Continued from Page 4)

authoritative clique. But those who take the robes of praise from me must admit that I did start the ball to rolling. That means something at least, even though my co-worker did lull everything to sleep.

N. F.—But after you're once in a place and after you have placed your victim in a bottomless rut, isn't there any possible way of escaping from your deadly clutch?

OGRE—Well, yes, there is. I really shouldn't tell you about it, but you seem to be a pretty nice chap with political ambitions which will not permit you to do any crusading around here for fear of being defeated at the polls. So I guess it won't hurt to let you in on the know. It's like this: I have only one opponent who can overcome me. It was he who took my brother and enticed him to join his disgraceful circle. This enemy defeats me by reversing my methods and overcoming my work. But here, I've already told you too much. You've taken advantage of my good nature, and it's time for me to be getting away from your room.

N. F.—Just one more word, please, before you go. Who is this bitter enemy of yours?

OGRE—He goes by the stupid name *Progress!*

(*The Ogre suddenly jumps up and throws himself through the window. Just then a thick cloud envelops the moon, and a deathly darkness covers the room. All is quiet on the outside.*)

"HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT"

(Continued from Page 8)

the grass, she knew he was gone. Then she sobbed, her tears falling harsh and salty on the rose she had dropped at her feet. Savagely she ground the flower under her heel until the petals were torn apart.

But a sudden realization of the justness of his accusation overwhelmed her — and the indifferent moon sailed serenely on, not knowing or caring about the forlorn and drooping figure in the garden.

All Accessories for Men

BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP

The Assurance of Correctness

Good Printing

We invite your comparison of our work. You will find that our craftsmen are thoroughly trained to produce advertising literature that is paramount in quality. When you have problems in advertising or printing, call 362 or 363 and we will aid you in their solution.

BAND & WHITE, *Printers*
142 Spring Street Spartanburg, S. C.

DRINK
Tom's Golden Ginger Ale
Delightful and Satisfying

Bottled By
HARTNESS BOTTLING WORKS
PHONE 1996 729 S. Church St.

1854 1936

WOFFORD COLLEGE

Spartanburg, South Carolina

A Christian College for the Higher Education of Young Men

- offering -

BACHELOR OF ARTS — BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
and
MASTER OF ARTS DEGREES

Pre-Medical, Pre-Engineering, Pre-Law Courses
Courses in Education and Religion

Long and Honorable History of Educational Service . . . Strong Faculty . . . Large Library . . . Well Equipped Laboratories
Ample Dormitory Facilities . . . Voluntary R. O. T. C. Unit
Athletic Grounds . . . All Forms of Inter-Collegiate Athletics

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO HENRY N. SNYDER, LL.D., LITT. D., PRESIDENT

THE JOURNAL

Established 1889

Vol. 46 **SPARTANBURG, S. C., DECEMBER, 1935** **No. 2**

STAFF OF THE JOURNAL

Editor-in-Chief ..... Thomas Willis
Assistants ..... R. S. Bryant, R. M. Phillips
Contributing Editors..... Peter Moody, Charles Gilreath, A. P. Evans
Humor Editor ..... Carl Pugh
Staff Poet ..... Karl Slocum
Art Editors..... George King, A. C. Stackpool

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Robert DuBose
Assistant Business Manager..... Larry Hardin
Circulation Manager ..... John Hughston
Assistant Circulation Manager..... Rodney Padgett

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.
The Wofford College Journal is published five times a year by the student body.
Subscription rate, $1.25 per year.

Compliments of

SMITH'S

CUT-RATE DRUG STORE

142 EAST MAIN STREET

•

The Store That Saves You Money on Your Needs

THE ELITE

La Petite Elite

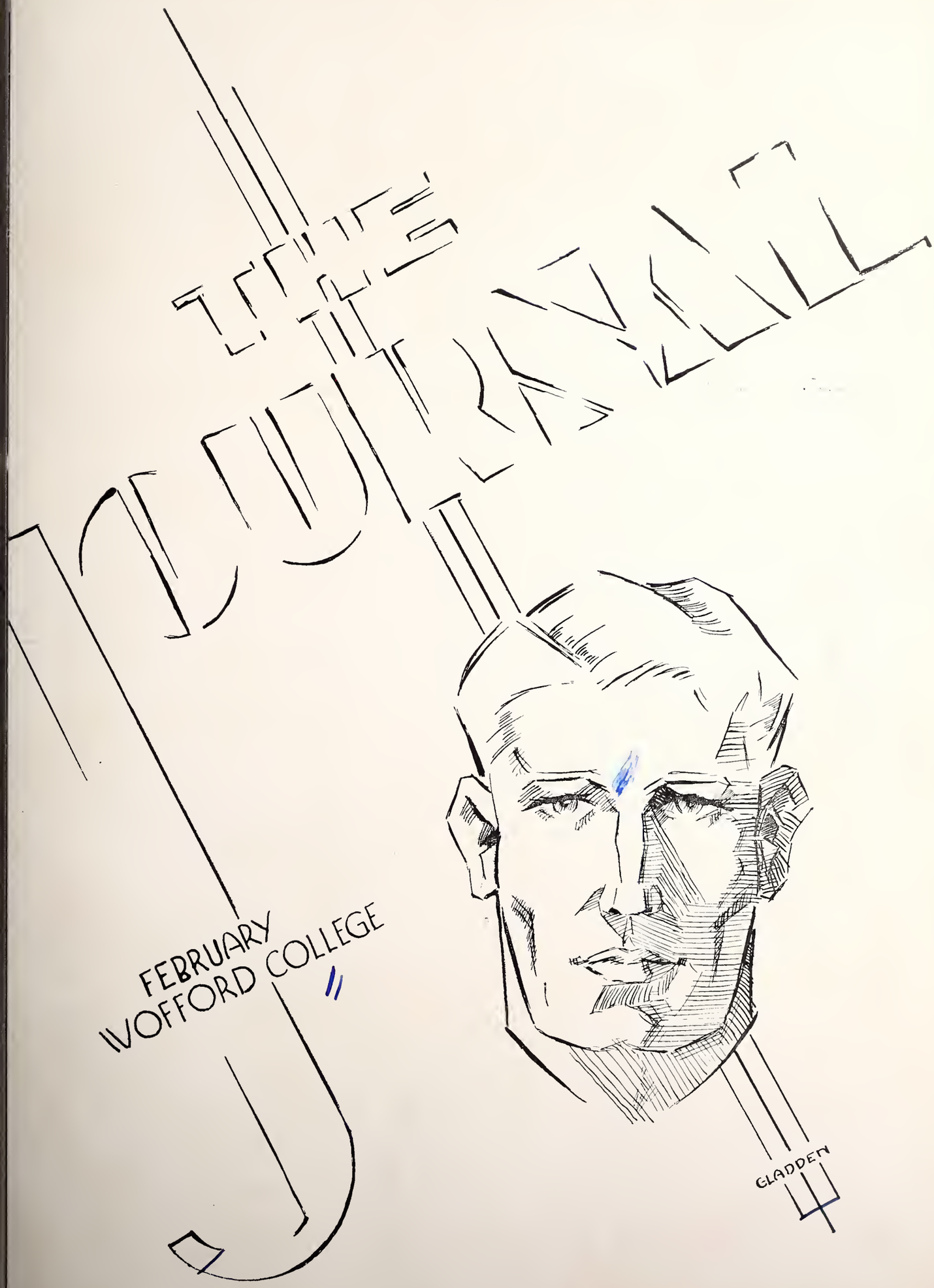
- and -

The Biltmore

•

The Best Places in Town to Eat

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
"Luckies are easy on my throat
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies, and Luckies' exclusive process is your throat protection against irritation...against cough


THE
TOURNAIL
FEBRUARY
WOFFORD COLLEGE
GLADDEN

What people are saying...about Camel's Costlier Tobaccos!

RAY STEVENS—Bob-Sled Champ **OUTDOOR GIRL**—Margaret Lynam **TOMMY ARMOUR**—Golf Champion **HOUSEWIFE**—Mrs. Charles Daly **FRANK HAWKS**—Daring Aviator

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS mean so much to others . . . we are sure you'll like them too!

CAMELS MUST PLEASE YOU— OR YOU'VE SMOKED THEM FREE!

READ OUR OFFER TO YOU

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

What these steady Camel smokers say is confirmed by new smokers everywhere, who saw our money-back offer to "try ten"...and took us at our word!

They try ten...smoke twenty. And go on, from pack to pack, to explore a new delight...as they sense the mildness...the coolness...the unrivaled flavor ...of Camel's costlier, non-irritating tobaccos.

Attractive trial offer

We believe Camels represent the ideal cigarette. And so repeat our money-back offer.

Try Camels. Compare them with others for bouquet, for throat-ease, for good taste. Time flies—get a pack today. Join those who say "those costlier tobaccos certainly make a difference!"

Costlier Tobaccos!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic— than any other popular brand.

STEP UP, PIPE SMOKERS
and try 20 pipefuls at our risk!

OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

This is about the remarkable "You-Must-Be-Pleased" offer...that is giving smokers a new idea of pipe-smoking contentment

We ask that you do two things...do them in your own interest.

Read the reasons we give *why* we are so confident that you will find a new smoking delight when you try Prince Albert. Then read the money-back offer carefully.

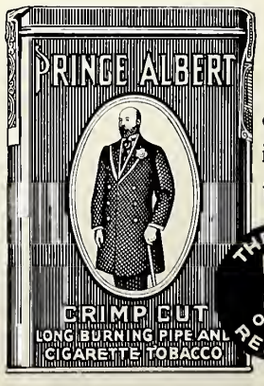
For Prince Albert, we use the choicest of naturally mild tobaccos—then they are manufactured under the P. A. bite-removing process that brings out the flavor of choice tobaccos in all their full, satisfying perfection!

Prince Albert is scientifically "crimp cut"—packs nicely, burns slowly and richly. You'll find mildness, combined with real man-style flavor—and around 50 pipefuls in the big 2-ounce economy tin. A more fragrant, comforting, soothing smoke you never tried!

College men like it!

Prince Albert was deliberately created for those who appreciate the ultimate in pipe smoking. We want more college men to know and enjoy Prince Albert. And we are so sure that P. A. will speak for itself that we make a positive offer of money back if not satisfied.

Time flies—try P. A. without delay. Get it at your dealer's now.



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

© 1936 R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

CONTENTS

◆

COVER BY GLADDEN

	Page
Joseph Augustus Gamewell (Biography), John Hughston, Jr.	4
On Going to Sea (Two in a Series of Essays), Pickett Lumpkin	6
Refrain (Poem), Ralph S. Bryant	7
Resurrection (Short Story), Harold Ward	8
Life is a False Face, Charles E. Gilreath	10
Longing for Spring (Poem), "Bob" DuBose	10
Southern Types in O. Henry's Stories (Essay), Cecil L. Heckard	11
Diary of a Humor Editor, Carl Pugh	13
The Gods Are Against Me (Short Story)	14
The Calhoun Society (Essay), Peter Moody	15
Conservative vs. Liberal (Essay), Kempson DeLoach	18
Reticence Unbound (Short Story), C. H. Porter	19
Poetry	22–23
Jepthah's Vow—Harold Ward.	
Autumn—Ralph S. Bryant.	
The Chase—J. H. Mason.	
I Sought for Love—"Bob" DuBose.	
Release—George E. King.	
I Have a Rendezvous with Kate—J. W. Crocker.	
Initiation—R. M. Phillips.	
Editorials	24
Book Review	26
Exchange	27
Phoolishness — Carl Pugh	32

ON GOING TO SEA

By Pickett Lumpkin

1. LET ME GO TO SEA

LIKE THOUSANDS of boys before me, I left home and went to sea. For centuries the phrase, "to go to sea" has swept men on to adventure and romance. It is the mysterious power of the sea and the desire to know what lies beyond the horizon that has filled the navies and merchant marines of all nations. Venetian boys, as they sat on the bales of merchandise on the ancient wharves, knew that urge. The tow-headed English lad, slipping from his attic into the grey of the early morning, was answering the call of the sea.

As I sat on a hatch on the deck of the S. S. Exminster, my back and arms aching from handling the stern ropes, I felt that I had the whole world before me and all of it to gain. The ship rolled quietly down the river, slowly past pier after pier, and the immense Delaware River bridge stretched before us with a majesty that awed me. When I looked over toward the Jersey coast, melancholy engulfed me, for over there was the quiet of my home. From that home, my mother with tears had begged me not to go. But my father, as I left, merely shook my hand and said, "Be a man!" Thinking, no doubt, of the Greek proverb, "When one goes to sea, one forgets he is a man."

The sight of my fellow sailors added to my melancholy and filled me with foreboding. How could I make friends with these men, so different from any of my previous associates? Yet I must make friends of them, since they would be my sole companions for the next three months. They were individual looking only in the difference of nationality. Their tattoos, scars, dirt, and sameness repelled me and made them even more unapproachable. The dregs of humanity! Vice-ridden! Could I be one of them and still not one of them—Be a man?

A Swede sitting humped over near me on the hatch, his blank gaze fixed on a passing tanker, was coiling a piece of rope between his dangling legs. I turned to him and asked, after several futile attempts to muster the courage, "How long will it take us to reach New York?" Never changing his slouch, he only grunted ignorance. My heart sank and I felt deadened all over. I turned to the river, but it had lost its beauty and grandeur in the falling darkness. Ominously and insidiously the water seethed about the ship and seemed to want to drag me down into its depths and blackness.

Then two bells rang and we went to supper, unwashed. No one looked at me, nor even asked me to pass a dish! They talked of "Tom's Place," of Casa Blanca Lil, of Black Sea Mary, of God knows what! (I did not try to enter a conversation for the first time in my life.) Here were men whom I did not understand and who resented my presence as an outsider. I almost wished I were coming back instead of just leaving. Still wanting to see the world, I wished the process were behind me. But, I consoled myself, three months is not an eternity and will end some day!

As it was now completely dark, some of the seamen turned into their bunks with blue sheets, and the lights were put out in the fo'c'sle. Others played Rummy for bottles of beer with some of the "black gang" in the mess-room. Tired and blue, I walked up midships, filled my bucket with water and washed the best I could in it. Feeling refreshed, I went out on the poop deck and watched the bay and the coast lights. Out of sight of my ship-mates, I began to thrill to the adventure again. It was some comfort to think of all the thousands of boys who had done this very same thing through centuries gone by, and of the thousands of boys who would like to be in my place. Eight bells struck, and as the watch changed I heard the lookout cry, "Lights are bright! All's well, sir!" With his words still ringing in my ears, I crossed my fingers, took a deep breath of salt air, and arose to turn into that bunk with the blue sheets.

---

2. I BECOME A UNION-MAN

EVER SINCE I was old enough to think about economic and social problems, I have been an ardent supporter and friend of labor. I had often pictured myself in adolescent day-dreams as a fiery labor organizer who would carry the banner of the workers through the length and breadth of the land. Consequently, I had taken it for granted that I would immediately fall in with, and even hoped eventually that I might become a leader of, any group of workers with whom I might become associated. With that background of thought, I looked forward to living and working with my fellow sailors on the S. S. *Exminster*.

Imagine the earthquake which shook my self-complacency to its very foundations and sent my pet theories crashing to the earth when I found that I was both hated and distrusted by the first real laboring men I was cast among.

Mental agony is often more intolerable than physical hardship. The hard work and long hours were made bearable by a mental state which was akin to a feeling of martyrdom and persecution. But the prospect of living for a long period of time among men who dislike you, and from whom there will be no possible escape to other companions, is a condition which is in-

WOFFORD COLLEGE LIBRARY
NO

tolerable and inducive to insanity. The stress was even increased by the realization that these were men with whom I would have liked to be friends in spite of their ignorance, crudeness, and petty prejudices, faults which I believed I understood and could satisfactorily explain and almost justify.

But I said nothing! I did not even attempt to convey my pro-labor views to them. It would have been futile to do so, and they would have scorned me as a company-man crawling on his knees before them, seeking their favor. Pro-labor and democratic statements which I had been making all my life would have sounded insincere and unreal even to me, for as I stood among these men I felt myself an outsider, with no common touch with them. Maybe they were right that I was a scab and, worse yet to my mind, perhaps a reactionary in my fundamental make-up. Was I just a "parlor-pink" who in the sheltered unreality of campus life had fostered ideas which were not my true attitudes of life? Could I have accidentally started down a wrong road in my youth and convinced myself as I went along that it was the right one by constantly repeating over and over that it was? Here was a crisis in my thinking when my essential ideas were to be put through a trial of fire.

. . . . . .

I thought, however, that I would make one gesture that could not be misunderstood and should clearly reveal my true feelings. It was to join the Seaman's Union without any fanfare and let my attitude be judged accordingly. But I soon found that it was not so simple as merely paying the membership costs and signing up, now that the union had forced recognition by almost all the steamship companies. The union now had an agreement with the American Export Steamship Corporation which required that the company hire only union men. Thus a union delegate could hold me off the ship, and this he was determined to do. The position of the union seemed to me to be very unfair. They held that no one could go to sea without a union book, and no one would be allowed a union book unless he had been to sea. This barred the doors to me and to any other new man.

Rebuffed here, I lost my enthusiasm for joining the union, but now I realized the absolute necessity of joining if I wished to make the trip. Determined not to lose my chance to go abroad, and fearful of having to return home defeated, I mustered the courage to take my trouble to the mate. He said he would speak to the delegate and "see if I can talk any sense into his thick head." He must have had some influence on the delegate, because the next morning the latter came to me. He grudgingly accepted me as a brother worker and sneeringly pocketed my five dollars. Feeling not at all inspired by becoming one of the brotherhood of labor, I wished the world were a little different place in which to live.

Refrain

(With Apologies to "In Flanders' Field")

Down live-walled streets the brass horns blow;
Policemen hold men row on row
Who flock to see the band go by,
Who lift their voices to the sky,
Who in parades see only show.

We are the live. Short years ago
We rose to view the wreck below,
Pledged and re-pledged to war no more,
And live like men.

Take up the quarrel with the foe?
Oh! There's the voice we seem to know.
Our hearts within are beating high
And all but lost is one low sigh —
An aged mother's misty eyes
Sees Flanders' Fields.

—*Ralph S. Bryant.*

RESURRECTION

By Harold Ward

NOT A SIGN of dawn that morning. Every day Jim Fisk became more morose, more desperate. He wondered if he would ever be in bed at sunrise again.

The tin basin was ringed with dirt from past washings. Myrtie used to clean the vessel, but now she was much like her husband, who didn't care. In eight years they had adapted themselves to many things. Filth! Everything was dirt—and Jim Fisk began to think that ten thousand miles of dirt was between him and oil. Oil! The slippery stuff had given him a hell of a time, and he hadn't made a strike yet. Eight years! Enough to make a man crawl; enough to make him a miserable debtor, and a cowardly, unhappy man. It had been enough, those years, to make Myrtie and himself no longer bride and groom, nor man and wife, but just two grimy people, unsympathetic to each other. He wondered why he didn't quit. Debt! Curse debt, and the hopelessness of starting over again. He was no longer fit to mingle with crowds, nor to meet their competition.

Fisk finished bathing. He wasn't clean, but bathing was only a formality anyway.

"I'll take my breakfast now."

His wife was scraping the eggs from the skillet and didn't hear him. A year before, Myrtle would have echoed her husband's voice, but since then so much had happened. How she had fought against Jim's despair—only to lose, because his gloom had come to her. Lately he had cursed her, and it was worse than a blow. Why, he no longer loved her—and Myrtie was afraid. She covered her fear with silence, because she neither had the courage nor the inclination to fight Jim Fisk. Fisk hated silence. There was enough silence anyway, without Myrtie's taciturnity. He resented the shame she stirred in him, and he fought stubbornly against it.

"Did you hear me? I said I would take my breakfast!"

Myrtie wiped her hands on a flour-sack apron, and answered him diffidently.

"Yes, I heard you, Jim. Breakfast is ready now."

"Well, why in the hell didn't you answer me? You never say much now, and you may think I'm the devil to keep you in a place like this—but it's hard on me, too. It's killing me, I tell you."

Myrtie picked the bacon plate up with a damp rag, setting it on the table.

"I'm sorry, Jim. Maybe I was thinking of something else. As for staying here—I wouldn't mind, but—"

"Yes, *but* there's no oil here. Is that it? Let me tell you something about oil. I don't give a tinker's dam for oil. I wouldn't stay here for a million barrels a day. This place! God, it's lonesome!—and you don't help a bit. There are just two drill men with me now. They're always talking to each other, and never to me, and some day they'll bury a wrench in the back of my head. But I owe money—I don't know how much. There's nothing I know but oil. Anywhere else I'd be waste timber. Yes, *I* brought you out here. It's been a deuce of a life all right, and I've ruined all the chance you ever had of being like other people. You hate me, I guess, and—"

Myrtie's hand on his stopped him. Her eyes were filled with sadness.

"No, Jim. No, I don't hate you. We've gotten a little fed up on each other, I think—but I don't hate you. Sometimes love needs a change, and we haven't given it any."

She brushed his dust-dry black hair from his eyes, resting her cheek against his forehead a moment before he could rise from the table. He pushed her away, taking his thick gloves from off the shelf and his hip boots from a corner. He left the hut, trudging his course across the endless sand.

Fisk's boots kicked up little puffs of sand before him. Now there was a trace of dawn, and he could see the barren country spread out around him. There were a few cottonwoods, like umbrellas, and no other trees. The birds didn't like the place, and Fisk couldn't recall the last mocking-bird he had seen and heard. He didn't like it, either. His drill men were unfriendly, and the people in Blackston were like the drill men. But when they quit—and that wouldn't be long—Jim Fisk would be lonelier still.

When Fisk came to the supply shack, he saw Morse, the chief drill man, sitting with his back against the building, smoking a hand-made cigarette. He hadn't opened the cabin. Fisk's mouth, under the beard, was straight and hard.

"Up there, Morse! There's work to do. Where's Callahan?"

Morse sat still, but he answered the question.

"He's home in bed."

"In bed! Oh, my *Lord!* The man's sick at a time like this?"

"He ain't sick."

"Then why in blazes isn't he working?"

Morse grinned. The man was more sardonic than humorous.

"I wouldn't know, Mr. Fisk. Maybe—and this is

just my idea, understand—he'd rather work for pay than not. He's got a family."

Fisk couldn't speak. He was beaten—just plain licked. His helplessness was absurd even to himself, who couldn't smile. Then—

"Yes—of course. Maybe I can pay you and him soon. Right now let's get at the drilling. It'll be hard with just two of us."

Still Morse didn't move.

"I'm like Callahan, Mr. Fisk. I can't work like this either." He handed Fisk the keys to the shack.

"It just ain't possible to live on credit all the time. Besides, there's no oil here. The drill dipped water and went through rock. Since then the points ain't been wet. We've gone all over this country lookin' for what ain't here."

Fisk didn't open his mouth. He was almost frightened, and he knew his voice would crack if he spoke. Morse walked across the sand, and when the dust and darkness hid him, Jim opened the door. Sweat and grime covered his face, neck and naked shoulders. The drill was already in its socket, but it was still hard work. The valves were rusting, and the structure shook when the drill began eating into the rock. And then the sun came, the heat beating upon him. Soon the sweat got into his ragged beard, trickling down his neck. A shudder ran through his body, his shoulders shook, but still he held the drill.

. . . . . .

There were only two people in that dust-strewn world—Jim and Myrtie Fisk. Jim fought for oil, and Myrtie battled despair for both of them. She was beaten, and the realization of the fullness of her defeat was terrifying. After Jim left for the drills, the second part of her day began. She was glad to be relieved from the actual caustic force of her husband's personality. Myrtie peeled potatoes, sliced the bacon—it was the only meat they used—and thought about herself. She didn't sing while she worked. It wasn't that she was tired; there just wasn't anything that could be helped with song. Lately Myrtie had gotten into the habit of talking to herself. Her voice relieved the monotony of solitude.

"I've got to do something. Like this, we will go crazy. He may even kill me." And looking, she saw the squalor of the house.

"This place is so dirty. I never thought how bad it is before."

There was a yard broom. She had made it from some brush, and after she had swept the yard once, she had thrown it under the house, not using it again. But now she went to find it. Myrtie knocked the sand out against the side of the house.

"I'll sweep the floor. Maybe if I tidy up the place, Jim will notice it. We've got to be decent. We mustn't be like field hands any longer."

But she didn't believe Jim would care if she never touched the place. He was so different from the man who had married her more than eight years before. Jim Fisk had been gay, happy—and a good man. Myrtie hadn't noticed his gradual downfall. It had been suddenly impressed upon her—the first day he cursed her, and said she was a silly, blundering idiot. After that there were other scenes, each worse than the one before.

"Damn him! Maybe he's right. Maybe I do hate him! Oil is all he thinks of. And he worships oil because it's his only chance. Coward! He's selfish. He ruined me, and—" She stopped. She didn't know she could be so searingly indignant.

Myrtie recalled another incident. She sprained her ankle just after they came out to Wyoming. He had picked her up tenderly, took her in the house and put her in bed. Jim didn't go to the drills that day, nor the next, nor the next. She had wanted to get up, but he was insistent. He cooked the meals and he asked Morse to bring some magazines from town. He had read to her for hours at a time—and he didn't like to read.

"He was good then. There never was a better man than Jim was then. Anybody would change some—it's been hard. And he isn't a coward. Anyone but a courageous man would have broken. If oil is his only salvation, he's fought for it. He doesn't lose easy."

Myrtie swept the house and washed the basin. It was time to get dinner, but the wood had to be cut first.

"We've both gone down a lot. I haven't helped him much. He's been inconsiderate, all right—and that was bad. But I've caused him to be that way. Oh, God, help me to do better!"

She picked up the wood. Myrtie was frail and the sticks were heavy. In the house, she opened the stove door, put some paper in the bottom of the grate, then the wood, and soon a fire blazed. Myrtie whistled at her work.

But Jim didn't come for dinner. Myrtie wasn't surprised—sometimes he had to be late. The sun passed the five o'clock mark, and slowly descended until it kissed the sandy plains. Myrtie remembered that Jim had never been away so long.

"I must go and see. Jim may be hurt. Those men—Morse—I'm afraid—"

It was hot, and she needed no coat. Her dress, long and drab, lapped up the sand with every step. The sky was purple and gold, and dusk brought the dark shadows close to the earth. A sudden fear of darkness made Myrtie walk faster. Everything was so quiet, and the cottonwoods, dark on her right, reminded her of huge people.

Then she looked up, and Jim was close to her. He was hidden in a misty cloud of sand, raised from his

(Continued on Page 26)

LIFE IS A FALSE FACE

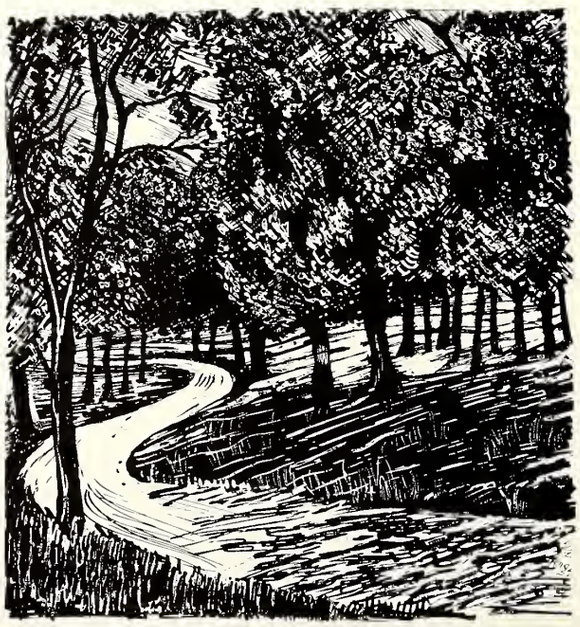
By Charles E. Gilreath

SMILING, laughing, excitement, expectation of pleasant events, all wrapped about one living thing. Days come and days go, life is sweet. Pleasures are numerous; worrying thoughts are pushed aside like finished magazines. Mistakes are forgotten. All is past, and only one knows of the hours of self-hate that torment the mind while you live in outward appearance careless, laughing your way through life. Life the fictitious tale—true yet misleading. The smile—what lies behind it? The lips smile, the eyes long, but only the mouth is understood.

The clown in life and on stage, two people, yet one, and neither knows the other. The public—that ever-quizzing group sees only one. Yet he is happy in his work, forever concealing, running from some deed which harms no more, and still the past sting haunts. Will no one understand? More friendly to those who know him least, hating the one who has the key.

All is past, the sky is clear, and then like a monstrous dream, a bolt of lightning, it all comes back, brought by some misfortune. The sky is muddy, life is bitter, two at the game side by side and then it happens—we know not why. Cursing the gods of fate, blaming one and then the other and finally consoling himself by snapping at the stimulus and the reminder.

Subdued in thought, reminded of pain, the worst of all—thinking for hours of nothing but—it could have been. One sad misstep, a life of grief, is there no end? Will it never heal? Never till death comes and ends both the real and the fictitious with one blow. Yet death ends not the eternal struggle. There remain images and, worst still, real reminders, the most hated of all. The endless task, the double plot, the smile and the frown, the memory and the forgetting, go on and on and always the words, why was it so? Despising the one who brings to mind more than the thing itself. Truth—it makes, breaks, and kills, but—can never be killed itself. Man—that insignificant morsel of dollar chemicals—what is his picture of you worth when only God knows the true?



Longing for Spring

I long for the balmy breath of spring,
When the sunlight brighter shines;
And Mother Earth with each growing thing
Is as green as the stately pines.

I think with joy of the length'ning days
That dispell the wintry cold,
When the sunlight on each blossom plays
As their petals all unfold.

'Tis then that the heart leaps with delight,
And the world seems a good old place;
And the soul of man takes a daring flight,
As his joy sets a swifter pace.

When the bird flies forth to find his mate,
And with her to build his home;
So the man goes out to meet his fate,
When the glad springtime has come.

—*"Bob" DuBose.*

SOUTHERN TYPES IN O. HENRY'S STORIES

By Cecil L. Heckard

IN ANSWER to a challenge by a fellow author, O. Henry wrote a story of Nashville, "The Municipal Report," in which he, speaking to a negro, says, "Do you see those hills over there? Well, I was born and raised on the other side. You ole' fool negro, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?" In one of his letters he says, "I was born in North Carolina—and can't get to loving New Yorkers."

William Sydney Porter was born September 11, 1862, in Greensboro, North Carolina. At the age of fifteen he left school to go to work in order to help support his family. O. Henry's education, however, did not end, for he studied and read when not working.

He was hardly out of his 'teens before he went to Texas. He was a victim of consumption, and it was to regain his health that he left the quiet town of Greensboro for the ranch in the Southwest.

O. Henry was not the person to stay very long in one place—he soon left the ranch and went to Austin. He did not tarry long in the State's capital before moving on to Houston, where he became a reporter for the Houston *Post*.

After O. Henry's marriage in 1887, his life ran smoothly until 1895, when he had to resign his job as reporter for the *Daily Post* in order to go to Austin to stand trial for an embezzlement which took place while he was at work there—1891-1894. He evidently had the intention of standing trial, but while on his way to Austin he must have decided circumstantial evidence was against him, for he continued on to New Orleans and later went to Central America. O. Henry planned to build a home there, but returned to the States in 1897 after learning that his wife, whom he loved dearly, was seriously ill. He gave himself up to the law and devoted his time to the taking care of his wife until the time for his trial. His trial was short, and he was found guilty, although he was later proved innocent. His wife died in 1898—immediately after her husband's imprisonment. After O. Henry's liberation, he went to New York, where he began to write in earnest. He knew and understood people, hence it was easy for him to find characters. His own life had been adventurous and he drew abundantly from his own experiences. He remained in the city for eight years, and was there when he died—1910.

Most of O. Henry's life was spent in the South. It was not until after his imprisonment that he went to the North. The time he spent in New York seems to have changed him, for after his second marriage, and while he was living for a short time in Asheville, he became "homesick for the big town." He complained of "too much scenery and fresh air." However, in his letters written while in New York, he expresses the desire to be back in the South; he became tired and lonesome—"and I want to be where I can holler, 'Hello, Aunt Emily' to the mayor's wife." In a letter to a lady friend, he tells her that she should be happy "revelling in rural felicity and eggs and fresh air and country scenery" instead of being "cooped up in the city, with nothing for entertainment except roof gardens and murderers." He often missed the friendly attitude of the people of the South, as is shown in one of his letters: "Well, down in Texas we are sort of friendly, you know, and when we see a fellow five miles off we holler, 'Hello, Bill'. In Texas the folks freeze to you; in New York they freeze you."

O. Henry was familiar with every section of the country—he had lived in practically every section of the country. It was not, however, until after his release from prison that he picked the city to be his home. He was determined to forget his old life and start anew. His personality changed—no longer was he the care-free, joking Sydney Porter of the South, but O. Henry, the author, of the North.

O. Henry did not attempt to preëmpt any one section of the country, but his portrayal of the South is interesting. It has been said that genius knows no geography, and this may be true; but humor does know climate. O. Henry was distinctly a humorist, so where could he best find humor except in the South? The South has in it that quality of humor which is needed to make a well-rounded personality.

His stories of the South present the same South around which romance has grown. He describes the Southern country as a section where the towns are small, and far between. His description of one village in Virginia, which is found in the story "Best-Seller," is an example of his humor: "There were about fifty houses and four hundred negroes in sight. The rest was red mud, mules, and speckled hounds." He, however, very often wrote of the "green mountains, rising high into the clear, blue sky"; "the beautiful, blue, shimmering lakes"; "the majestic splendor of the Cumberlands"; "the home in the dells, the fields, and woods, and meadows below—." The South was to him, as it has always been to many authors, a place of quiet, peace, rest, and romance. Many times he mentions the South as a place where those who are ill and seeking a place to rest go. He himself returned to the South—Asheville—and its healing climate to recuperate when he became ill.

The Southern towns of O. Henry's are never very

large, with the exception of Nashville and Atlanta. He usually pictures them as towns with one street, on each side of which were a few dusty frame buildings. The streets in these towns are usually very narrow and dusty—dusty when the weather is clear, and very muddy after a rain.

The old pre-Civil War mansions of the South are O. Henry's choice when speaking of a home. He always chose "the big white house on the top of a hill." A vivid picture of this kind of house is given us when he writes in "Best-Seller": "They went in a gate on top of a hill. It nearly took my heart away when I looked up. Up there in the biggest grove I ever saw was a tremendous house, with round, white pillars about a thousand feet high, and the yard was so full of rose bushes and box-bushes and lilacs that you could not have seen the house if—." At another place in the same story he says, "Look at that mansion. It has fifty rooms. See the pillars and porches and balconies. The ceiling in the reception-room and the ball-room are twenty-eight feet high." These large houses were always surrounded by a fence of box-wood or great hedge. They were always named as the one above was named—"Elmcroft," or some similar name. O. Henry did no more than other writers have done when he exaggerated as to the size of the homes. There were very few with fifty rooms, although there were many grand old mansions which appeared as stately on the outside as "Elmcroft" did. He used the enormous size of the house to get across some humor, as is the case when he refers to "Elmcroft" as the "World's Fair main building," and "After about three-quarters of an hour, an old negro showed up" in answer to his knock.

The inside of these old mansions was usually bare—mainly because the owner would not have it changed, but clung to old traditions; or, more likely, because he was not financially able to improve his home. O. Henry likens the inside of "Elmcroft" to a "wormy English walnut." He says, "There wasn't enough furniture in it to fill an eight-dollar flat. Some old horse-hair lounges and three-legged chairs and some framed ancestors on the wall were all that met the eye." In "The Rose of Dixie," he says this about the libraries of the home: " . . . it contained 10,000 volumes, some of which had been published as late as the year 1861." The library had in it a "massive white-pine center-table." In "A Municipal Report," he describes the reception room as being "a mile square—nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white-pine book-shelves, a cracked marble-top table, a rag rug, a horse-hair sofa, and two or three chairs. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket, but they were not there." Had O. Henry never been in any of the more common Southern homes? Surely, but he was a humorist and these afforded him a chance for humor; then, too, these old aristocratic houses are the ones around which the romance and mystery of the South is built.

Whatever may be said about the negro, no other character holds any more prominent place in the literature of the South than does the old, black-skinned, ever-faithful servant—the negro, who was so often affectionately called "Uncle." O. Henry's character, "Uncle Cæsar," in "The Municipal Report," was such a negro. He pictured "Uncle Cæsar" as having a heart of gold—as one who was unfailingly devoted to his mistress—one who would lie, cheat, steal, and even commit murder if it would protect his mistress. This kind of negro in literature is the old former slave. The negro of O. Henry's time would not have been such a character. "Uncle Cæsar" was an old negro—"older than the pyramids, and had grey hair, and his eyes were losing their power of sight." He possessed a "massive and saturnine face," a "thick, long, gorilla-like arm," and a ready grin for those of whom he was not suspicious. He was "over-dressed"—his coat was of old Confederate grey in color, and reached to his ankles. "The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frayed and tasseled magnificently." This kind of negro is no more—if so, very rare. After the Civil War there were many slaves who decided to remain with their former masters. The negroes have a heart, soul, and emotion, and O. Henry proved it so through the character of "Uncle Cæsar."

The Southern lady—the blushing, backward young girl—comes in for a lot of consideration in literature. The Southern girl is supposed to be a more delicate, fiery, and dependent girl than those of the North, where the young ladies are not controlled so strictly by their parents. [This is the Southern girl of literature fame.] The sense of protectorate is strong in the man; therefore the dramatizing of the dependence of the young girl in literature. Then, too, romance is connected with the lady and also with the South.

The young girl in O. Henry's story, "Best-Seller," is the typical Southern girl as she is pictured by the Romanticists. She comes from the blue-bloods of the South—a very proud, passionate, and fiery creature, who likes to enjoy living, but who would, under no circumstances, openly forget the codes of etiquette, as is shown when the young man attempted to speak to her without first being introduced formally. O. Henry says of this venture of the young man, "She looked at me as cool as if I was the man come to see about the weeding of the garden, but I thought I saw just a twinkle of fun in her eyes." The young girl is always under the rule of her father—"If he knew that I was talking to you over the fence, he would lock me in my room." You have seen the young girl of O. Henry's.

His older Southern ladies were hospitable, courteous, quiet, and proud—somewhat like the Southern

(Continued on Page 25)

DIARY OF A HUMOR EDITOR

By carl pugh

Dec. 2.—Met an old friend uptown today. Noticed he was on crutches and asked him how he broke his leg. Said he threw a cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it. Couldn't find a convenient manhole, so left his body lying in the gutter.

• • •

Dec. 5—Drove in a filling station and asked the man if I had a flat tire. He was just getting ready to tell me it was only flat on the bottom when I threw the monkey wrench.

• • •

Dec. 7—Noticed Jack was suffering from a severe cold. Asked him about it, and he responded that he had slept in a livery stable last night and was a little hoarse. May his spirit rest in peace!

• • •

Dec. 10—Overheard someone say he was going to boarding school to study to be a carpenter. He must have escaped during the confusion, for I think I shot the wrong man.

• • •

Dec. 12—Somebody in the dining hall asked if the seeds in his apple were supposed to wiggle. Couldn't find my knife and got fined for breaking the dish.

• • •

Dec. 15—"The optician's daughter, after two glasses, made a spectacle of herself." I was really sorry he said that, for he had a wife and children.

• • •

Dec. 17—Was glad to hear the last absent-minded professor joke today. Read that he went in his room, put his pants to bed, and hung himself on the bedpost.

• • •

Dec. 19—Someone stated that people have more fun today than anybody. Was forced to sacrifice three innocent bystanders, but finally got him.

• • •

Dec. 22—Heard the intimation that mistletoe certainly was the berries. Luckily, I had my .38.

• • •

Dec. 26—Joe said Santa Claus didn't know which hole in his stocking to put the presents in. They said he certainly did look natural, and had loads of flowers.

• • •

Dec. 28—"It's better to be broke than never to have loved at all," said Henry. Incidentally, they were his last words.

• • •

Dec. 30—Read the following in morning paper: "When sizing up a new girl, one should notice her height, thickness, and breath." Couldn't find out who wrote it, so I set fire to the newspaper office.

Jan. 1—Some unsuspecting smart alec asked the referee if he knew a foul only when it wore feathers. The game stopped till the ambulance came and took him away.

• • •

Jan. 3—Billy said that Mussolini's elevator boy certainly must raise the duce. As yet they haven't found the body.

• • •

Jan. 4—"My father," said Jimmy, "was an undertaker—one of those old Southern planters." I know his friends will miss him, for I didn't.

• • •

Jan. 5—"He was just like a father to her, but she disliked having a paw around her. Then, to her dismay, she found that her sugar-daddy merely had diabetes." I wasn't listening at first; but when I finally saw what was going on, he never knew what hit him.

• • •

Jan. 6—" . . . he was so tall he had to stand on his tiptoes to put his hat on," said he. They seldom beat me to the draw.

• • •

Jan. 7—First Wit: "Good-natured alcohol." Second Wit: "Aged in the woods." First Wit: "Bottled in barn." Fine work—got two birds with one stone.

• • •

Jan. 11—"This country has several good five-cent cigars. The trouble is they cost fifteen cents." He hasn't been seen since.

• • •

Jan. 16—Asked a lad if he was a college student and received the reply: "No, I go to Wofford." Seeing the look in my eye, he fled just in time.

• • •

Jan. 19—Deep snow today. Taxi driver told someone next to me in the back seat that the fare was twenty-five cents. He responded that he didn't want to buy the car. The driver explained to him the risks incurred by driving in such weather. Somebody up front remarked that "only the brave deserve the fare." I stepped out on the running-board and grabbed the wheel just as we were going over the bridge. If it keeps snowing, they won't be found for weeks.

• • •

Jan. 22—Some humeromaniac in the café looked at his doughnut and remarked that "the whole is greater than any of its parts." Hot coffee can leave horrible scars. It did!

• • •

Jan. 25—"Who wrote Dante's 'Inferno'?" asked a friend of mine, now deceased.

THE GODS ARE AGAINST ME

By Two Together

THE SKY was blue; the little white clouds that flecked it were quiet. So were the few figures in sight; those on the golf links across the brook, and those lounging in the awninged chairs in front of the swimming pool.

"Quite different from Shanghai," I thought. "In fact, the very peacefulness is getting me." The hot sun reminded me of the sand hills of Asia—and I listened for the crack of a distant rifle—but heard, instead, some debutante splash into the pool. Lack of excitement to one who has lived excitement for twenty-seven of his twenty-eight years, as I had, is unendurable. I regretted for the thousandth time the impulse that had caused me to marry Margaret a year ago. Of course, Margaret is an ideal wife, I suppose—but after all, a man doesn't want someone forever reminding him to put on his rubbers and take an umbrella, especially not if he watched his own nose freeze in Siberia and weathered torrents in the Malay peninsula. The hardest thing of all, though, I remembered, was having to pass up all opportunities for romantic adventure. Maybe I could have stood that if Margaret had been like me; but she thought expression of love was silly—no children were in her scheme of things. And more than that, her bosom friend, who must have been forty long ago, but says she's thirty, is the tale-bearer of our little town (where Margaret's great-grandfather had settled). Why, that scandal-monger well-nigh wrecked Tom Pearson's home when an auto salesman was trying to interest his wife in a car. She could make scandal of two birds meeting in the same tree.

So I was regretting my state for the thousandth and one time when I noticed a woman walking uncertainly in my direction. Idly I wondered who she was—a little less idly I observed that she was beautiful—not so idly, however, did I notice that she was furtively gazing in my direction as if she wanted to approach but was afraid of appearing presumptuous. My interest became active when I noticed that she had overcome her trepidations and was coming my way with hesitant step, but none-the-less determinedly. I had time to give her a quick survey before she reached me. She had attained that timeless age that women inevitably acquire between twenty-one and somewhere. Young in the sprightliness of her step, and girlish coquettishness of her beauty, but mature doubtlessly in her ideas. Oh, well, we shall see. She was speaking to me before I had time to rise from my seat.

"I know you'll think me presumptuous." This a little breathlessly, but with an earnest look in her brown eyes. "But I've got to have someone to help me. I've been annoyed ever since I came here two days ago by a man who follows me everywhere I go—at lunch, at dinner, he's always at an opposite table staring at me, making my vacation an ordeal rather than relaxation which I came here for. You must think me terrible to come to you like this, but—"

"No, no," I hurriedly interposed. "I'm glad you came to me. As a matter of fact, as you were talking, I conceived an idea as to how we may rid you of yourer, your, shall we say—unwelcome admirer?"

"Yes," she smiled, flashing a set of teeth that would do credit to any toothpaste advertisement. "You save me an embarrassing explanation. You see, I've never seen this man before, and I hope I never shall again. But you said something of a plan, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes."

By this time she was comfortably established beside me, sipping one of the mint juleps I had especially prepared for the afternoon that I planned to spend in undisturbed lethargy. Tense upon her approach, she was gradually assuming an air of sureness which mounted to the complacency that the idle rich seldom lose. My own brain was seething with conjectures as to her motives. My first opinion was that she was entirely sincere; her uneasiness and faltering speech, the abruptness of her approach, completely excluded doubt for the first few moments. But the smugness of this woman in distress as I began to unravel a simple plan for ridding her of the unwanted suitor aroused my suspicions. In any case, whether a lady in distress or just a woman using the ingenuity of her kind to produce adventure, there was nothing for me to lose. Above all, either motive on her part furnished a release from the boredom to which I had unwillingly resigned myself.

As soon as the plan with all details was completed, she left without even telling me whom I had the honor of aiding, for she saw "him" coming. I went up to my room and dressed in travelling clothes, got a couple of empty grips, and waited until time for dinner.

At the appointed time, I entered the salon of the hotel, looking very conspicuous in my travelling clothes, in sharp contrast to the meticulous dress of all the formally attired occupants. Even more attention was drawn in my direction when a beautiful woman, dressed out of a low-necked evening dress, came eagerly in my direction and greeted me much in the manner of a newly-wed who had been out of sight of her groom for a few days. Completely oblivious to the stare of everyone around us, we wrapped ourselves in an animated conversation, apparently reviewing to each

(Continued on Page 28)

THE CALHOUN SOCIETY

By Peter Moody

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

MY PURPOSE in writing this essay on the Calhoun Literary Society of Wofford College is to portray the college literary club when, as the only extra-curricula activity on the campus, it flourished and enjoyed its hey-dey. I believe the Calhoun to by typical of those societies of yesterday which are fast dying out in colleges and schools all over the country. These clubs are no longer, as the college catalog states, "regarded by both students and faculty as an indispensable part of the machinery of instruction"—other interests such as athletics have claimed and taken over that part of student life that the literary societies once held. Now, the literary clubs are carried on by a very few who are as yet unwilling to let go of them either because of tradition or because they believe that through the society, they may improve themselves.

In my study of the Calhoun, I found altogether too many interesting things to be written into a short article. Consequently I have narrowed my field to include that period only up until about 1885—this being in my opinion not only the most interesting but also the most important period in the history of the club. Nevertheless, I have even now left out many things and have rambled considerably in attempting to phrase the article. However, the results of my investigation were, to me, very interesting, and so I hope they will prove to you.

HISTORICAL

Exactly two months after Wofford College was opened on August 1, 1854, a group of students met together and drew up a constitution for a club, the preamble of which reads as follows: "We, the undersigned, desirous of perfecting* ourselves in the useful arts of public speaking, and of cultivating fraternal* feelings, agree to form a society for the discussion of literary subjects and adopt the following Constitution and By-Laws, which we promise to observe and obey. This society shall be called Calhoun Literary."

Much interest was taken in the new society, officers were elected, committees appointed, and a large membership (seventy-five by 1855) was soon attained. The weekly programs "on literary subjects" proved to be regular hot-beds of oratory. Soon the society adopted the plan of meeting twice a week, once on Friday night and again on Saturday morning. Not long after its founding, the Calhoun decided to establish a library and petitioned the faculty for use of a room. The faculty "granted the room lying directly under the college library, with the condition that should another society be organized we share said room with that society." This library proved to be a very commendable undertaking, and the number of books grew by leaps and bounds. Volumes such as "The History of England," "British Poets," and "Irving's Works" were circulated freely and efficiently among the students.

Several resolutions, each seemingly more strict than its predecessor, were passed making "the proceedings of the society *secret*, also the initiation fee and motto of the society." Very rigid parliamentary procedure was carried on, and fines were numerous. Each member was assigned a certain seat and desk in the society hall, and no changing of seats was tolerated. A badge was soon adopted—"a gold badge of a palmetto tree with two shields resting against its trunk, the shields having on them the intials of the name and motto of the society. Each member was compelled to buy a badge and wear it at all meetings and "public functions."

Thus got under way the Calhoun Literary Society, a society that bears the name of South Carolina's greatest son and a society whose past history Wofford College has every right to be proud of.

DURING THE WAR

Special mention, I believe, should be made of the society's history during the War Between the States. It was not until the closing years of the war that the society ever ceased to be very active. Regular meetings were held and prescribed programs presented. However, the war so upset things that from February 22, 1862, and during the remainder of that school year, "since neither the Calhoun nor the Preston (another society organized on the campus about 1856) had a sufficient number to carry on their operations *constitutionally*," the two societies formed themselves into a new club, *Pro-tem*. The Calhoun was organized again at the reopening of the college the following fall.

This year (1863) seems to have been one of dire results for the society. The minutes are replete with the phrases "as there were very few members present" and "as there was no quorum." A quorum of twelve members was required in order to present a program. One bright spot occurs, however, when the secretary writes as follows on October 25: "Though it was a rather dismal day, the majority of the members were present, and the debate was carried on with more animation than usual."

Several interesting resolutions were brought up and

*I am not sure of these words, the pages were so badly torn.

passed on during these first years of the war. I will mention only two. The first concerns a report drawn up on the death of members of the society. It reads as follows:

"It is true at all times that 'in the midst of life we are in death,' but this sad truth has been doubly impressed upon us since the beginning of this bloody war. On every hand, the brave, the high and the noble sons of the South are offering up their lives on the altar of their country. The announcement of every victory to our arms, though it causes the hearts of all to leap with joy and exultation, also brings with it desolation, bitter weeping and inconsolable grief to thousands in our bleeding land. While so many others have been called to mourn over those they love, we have not escaped. The Calhoun Society has lost many of its noblest and most gifted members. It has been said that 'Death chooses the most shining marks,' and most sadly has it been exemplified. The names of—[here followed several names—eighteen members of this society lost their lives fighting under the Confederate flag]—are enrolled among those who have been cut off in youth or early manhood that their land might be free." The remainder of the report consisted of expressions of sympathy "with the families of these young heroes" and the happy fact that "in so many cases we may confidently hope that the departed loved ones rest in heaven, where the sound of the drum, the shriek of the trumpet or the clashing of arms in the deadly conflict can never disturb their eternal peace and happiness."

The other resolution was a motion unanimously adopted "that all monies accruing to the society as fees, fines or library funds, be laid aside by the society (except so much as is necessary to defray incidental expenses) for the purpose of assisting to erect a monument on the campus of Wofford College in memory of our gallant brothers who have fallen in their country's service." It was also determined that the money should be invested in Confederate interest-bearing bonds. Of course, the defeat of the Southern armies ruined whatever chance there was of having the monument built.

During the war, the society went back to the old form of meeting only once a week. At first they met on Friday night, but hearing "the president of the college say to some of the students that if we had the society on Friday night, we would have a recitation on Saturday morning, the society then changed its meeting to Saturday morning."

In 1864-'65, the Preston and Calhoun again were forced to meet together as the "Consolidated Society," and it was not until 1866 that the dissolution took place and each society again became a separate group.

In 1867, the Calhoun drew up a complete list of the members who had died in the C. S. A., had resolutions of sympathy sent to the family of each, and decided that each who had fallen be awarded a page in the records "sacred to the memory of him who had died in defense of his country."

PROGRAMS

And now let us glance at the meetings, the programs given, and the procedure of the Calhoun Society when it was unquestionably a "literary society." First there would be the calling of the first roll, then the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, initiation of new members, inauguration of officers, calling for query, essays and debate, miscellaneous business, rendering of excuses, performance of monthly orator, appointment of new query, calling of last roll, and finally the adjournment.

Among the high spots of the year's work were the inaugural and valedictory addresses given by the presidents of the society. Also at each meeting the feature talk—usually a six thousand word affair—was the monthly oration by some member. These orations were worked up very carefully and delivered in a most eloquent manner. Also the society had senior orators who performed at the "December Exhibition," "May Exhibition," and "Commencement Exercises." In the records we find a full account of these exhibitions, containing the names of these orators and their many subjects, such as "Instability of Human Greatness," "Conscience," "Perge Ultra," "Consequence of Marathon," "No Crop, No Crown," "The Philosophy of Beauty," and a host of others equally as interesting.

One of the most important proceedings of the year was the term election of officers. The officers of the society were the president, vice-president, first critic, second critic, third critic, secretary, corresponding secretary, treasurer, librarian, and censor morum. Each of these offices was considered a high honor, since the literary society was practically the only activity in which the students had a self-governing body, so "campus politics" must certainly have been as rampant during those long ago years as it is now.

Perhaps the greatest arguments took place under the heading "Miscellaneous Business." Many resolutions, some of them good, some bad, were constantly being brought up, argued over, and accepted or rejected. We have already discussed some of these. A heated argument about whether or not the members be allowed to smoke in the meeting hall finally ended in a negative decision and the young-bloods were forced to abstain from "the weed" while discussing literary topics. Another motion was once brought up, resolving, "That any member appearing in the hall under the influence of intoxicating liquor be expelled." This motion, when voted on, was rejected, the feeling probably being that a gentleman "could hold his liquor" and drink where he thought appropirate. Also under *miscellaneous* was announced the death of any member. Resolutions of sympathy were then always drawn up,

published in local papers, and a copy sent the family of the deceased. Here is an extract from one of these reports which "mourns the premature death of him who was wont to assemble with us for the purpose of mental, moral and social improvement, whose hopes and prospects were then as brilliant and as buoyant as ours, but which have been blighted in the springtime of life as the early flower is sometimes smitten by the frost."

The debate, of course, was the main-spring of the program. Before the war and afterwards for some time, twelve men participated on the debate, six on each side, and there were also four essayists. In 1863 these numbers were halved. Many and varied were the queries chosen for discussion, as the following brief list of subjects will show:

1. Did Julius Cæsar deserve the fate that befell him?

2. Who was the baser character, Benedict Arnold or Cataline?

3. Which have done more for the world, men of thought or men of action?

4. Which is better, city or country life?

5. Are the mental capacities of the sexes equal?

6. Which has greatest influence on mankind, woman or money?

7. Which was the greatest commander, Cæsar or Napoleon?

But "boys will be boys," and the fines for breaches of decorum were numerous. Twelve-and-a-half-cent fines were imposed for "chewing" in the hall, leaving the door open, sitting directly in front of the fire, laughing audibly, staying out for "physical necessity" for over fifteen minutes, and for passing between the secretary and the president. Twenty-five-cent fines were imposed for "spitting on the floor," not paying proper respect to president, and for being absent from either roll call.

HONORARY MEMBERS

To me, the most interesting thing I found in this study of the Calhoun Society was its list of honorary members. The club began at a very early date to vote in prominent men as honorary members. On September 1, 1855, when the great South Carolina author, William Gilmore Simms, gave a lecture in the Wofford chapel, the society voted him an honorary membership, and after the lecture Dr. Simms came up to the society hall, met with the boys and thanked them for the honor they had conferred upon him. At about this same time the society voted in Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States. Many of these men wrote back letters of acceptance to the secretary. These were supposed to have been filed, but many are missing. However, here is one that came to light in one of the old society albums:

Lexington, Va., 5 Feb. 1867.

Sir:—

Your letter of the 25 ulto. informing me of my having been elected an honorary member of the Calhoun Literary Society of Wofford College, S. C., has been received. I beg through you to express my thanks to the members of the society for the honor conferred on me.

Very respectfully yours, your obedient servant,
R. E. Lee.

Other prominent honorary members whose names appear on an old list of the society were:

Hon. James L. Orr	Anderson, S. C.
Hon. W. C. Preston	Richland, S. C.
Ex-Gov. J. H. Adams	Richland, S. C.
Judge J. B. O'Neal	Newberry, S. C.
Prof. James H. Carlisle	Spartanburg, S. C.
Ex-Gov. J. H. Hammond	Redcliffe, S. C.
Hon. R. Tombs (later governor of Georgia)	Georgia
A. H. Stevens (vice-president Confederacy)	Georgia
Hon. F. W. Pickens	Governor Repc So. Ca.
Gen. Wade Hampton	Columbia, S. C.
Hon. Jefferson Davis	Memphis, Tenn.
Hon. B. F. Perry	Greenville, S. C.
L. L. C. Lamar, congressman	Washington, D. C.
Hon. M. C. Butler	Edgefield, S. C.

In the constitution of the society, there is a clause providing that, by impeachment proceedings, a member may be expelled. So far as we can discover, only one honorary member was ever expelled—this was W. W. Holden, prominent North Carolinian, who was governor of that State shortly after the Confederate war. Mr. Holden was voted in as an honorary member on February 18, 1860, but after the war, due perhaps to his leanings toward the "carpet-baggers," he was expelled from membership by the members of the society.

CONCLUSION

I wish to conclude this discourse on the Calhoun Society by making an earnest plea that the records of the society, the minutes, so carefully written in the most exquisitely shaded penmanship imaginable, the numerous letters such as General Lee's, and the roll books of the society, be put away in a proper place and preserved forever. I have failed to mention other important relics of the society, two signed letters of John C. Calhoun, a copy of the Ordinance of Secession, and several fine portraits. All of these are to be found in the neglected Calhoun hall, which with little expense could be made into an interesting museum.

CONSERVATIVE vs. LIBERAL

By Kempson DeLoach

THE unsettled conditions in our country during ing the past three years have been reflected in the national government more than in any other American institution. Since the government is the greatest single business of the nation, it is small wonder that the forces which have thrown private business out of equilibrium have produced their results in the "balance wheel" or "governor" of the vast machinery of private enterprise.

After a restriction of powers immediately after the World War, the government began its expansion under the conservative leadership of Coolidge and Hoover; and especially during the term of the latter, when the Reconstruction Finance Corporation began its useful career, did the government begin to shed its *laissez-faire* shell and emerge haltingly into the broad field of business. The inauguration of Roosevelt brought with it immediate expansion into all fields of business activity. The banks, agriculture, and nearly every other form of business was forthwith brought under government supervision through the N. R. A., A. A. A., and many other government agencies.

Every great change brings out the definite alignment of those sponsoring the change and those opposed to it. Each side always has a foundation for arguments which are thoroughly sensible and logical, and both arguments are necessary if the proper course is to be followed. The liberals and conservatives, despite their denunciation of the doctrines of each other, fill a necessary place in the government, for one acts as a check on the radical tendencies of the other. The harm comes when the parties stoop down to personalities and exaggerations to make themselves heard and believed.

The alarm of one side over the other is quite natural, for certain temperaments always exaggerate perils in the future. When the X-ray was invented, there was a panic among people who believed that they would lose their privacy and freedom to snooping neighbors who would use the X-ray to peer through window shades and even walls and clothing. An English merchant advertised X-ray proof clothes for modest ladies. This same type of fear is carried over into the reasoning of people on government, and it precludes the formation of a safe and sane decision which considers well both sides of the question. An unbiased consideration of the writings of an exponent of each side is necessary for the arrival at a conclusion in the light of the facts and arguments presented by both sides.

Stuart Chase, the author of the recent book—*Government in Business*—is an outstanding example of the liberals who advocate an extension of what has already taken place under the Roosevelt regime. David Lawrence, a veteran newspaper man, and author of *Stumbling Into Socialism*, a book disproving New Deal theories, has raised the cry of government regimentation, calling upon the American people to return to the constitution and the conservative views of the "American Fathers." Both are men well qualified to present the arguments of their respective side; and they do it with much spirit and effectiveness, both from the standpoint of propaganda and factual argument. Says Stuart Chase:

"I favor the use of collective forms now so abundantly in evidence to save economic democracy through a guaranteed subsistence budget to the last family in the United States by all or any reasonable means. Nothing is impractical when economic conditions become sufficiently distorted. We shall be handicapped for years in this country because of the curious fixed animosity towards ourselves collectively considered, which has been innoculated into our very spinal cord for a century. Emotional advocates of private business as a kind of religion cling to the frontier line of 1850, but the march of events has overruled them. . . . Public business in the United States has thus developed under a tragic handicap. The tasks of its advocates has been like trying to prove to 'hardshell Baptists' that hell is a pleasant place in which to live."

David Lawrence presents the view of the rugged individualists, and warmly condemns government intervention in the field of private enterprise:

"If the individual is to be responsible for his own welfare, if he is to be self-reliant, earn his own living, and put forth his best efforts to earn without depending permanently upon a dole or upon government paternalism, then shall we have again the fundamental system which America has given to the world, with the greatest achievement in high standards of living that civilization has ever known. . . . The latest efforts on the part of the New Deal is a forerunner of state socialism. They aim to set up important national industries under public ownership, and for a time to allow private ownership to go alongside of it, but under severe limitations and drastic regulation. Ultimately the private industries would collapse and the state would intervene as the master of them all. . . . The president's reference to horse and buggy days furnished a good headline in the press. One man in Alabama wrote, however, that he would prefer a strong horse and a good buggy to an automobile without brakes or steering gear."

One of the main basis of discussion has resulted over the possibility of construing certain provisions of the constitution in two ways. "The powers not delegated to the United States, nor prohibited by it to the States, are hereby reserved to the States, or to the people," states the constitution; but the language used in apportioning that power lacks decision. The constitution provides that the United States shall guarantee to every State a republican form of government, but it leaves the constitutional lawyers in the dark as to just what is a republican government. Some might argue that the national government was neglecting its responsibility when it did not intervene and destroy Governor Johnston's playhouse. "No person may be deprived of life, liberty, or property without *due process* of law." Many New Deal arguments have centered around this sentence. Numerous instances of the two-fold meanings which are present in the constitution can easily be found—one glance at the decisions of the United States Supreme Court will show that. "You have made a good constitution," said someone to Governeur Morris, who played a prominent part in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. "That," replied Morris, "depends on how it is interpreted."

The liberals are arguing that to be a serviceable constitution it must allow them to save the day by an expansion of national power commensurate with our problems. The conservatives are arguing that permanent recovery will come only when there is a halt called on the recent expansions. David Lawrence has laid definite plans for the formation of a constitution party, the main plank of which is to be adherence to the constitution as it is now. "The way out," Mr. Lawrence says, "is for a group of patriotic leaders of one of the major parties to unite under its banner and under a new label all those elements which would subscribe to a declaration of basic principles, embodying the new creed. . . . The constitution of the United States is indeed a charter of principles. It is no more obsolete than the Ten Commandments, though, to be sure, its tenets are broken in the same spirit of abandon as are the rules of morality."

"The first requirement of a progressive society is a progressive constitution," said Daniel C. Roper, secretary of commerce and Wofford graduate. "This is the very essence of democracy. This is the great heritage which is ours today, set forth by our forefathers 148 years ago. This is the principle which is embodied in today's fundamental challenge—Forward with the constitution!"

Stuart Chase voices his views rather militantly: "The courts can no more set aside what has been done than they could set aside the war legislation of 1917—which was shockingly unconstitutional—or set aside the million cubic yards of cement in the government dams. It is extremely probable that future historians will regard the interpretation of the American constitution in the twentieth century on all fours with the learned debates in the tenth century as to how many angels could dance on the point of a needle."

Thus back and forth the opposing sides give arguments which contradict each other. In the light of such it is difficult for even an enlightened citizen to make up his mind, and the masses are left to be the political prey of the side which can "pull the most strings" or "cuss" the other the loudest. The question is not in the long view of deciding between the conservatives and liberals, but a matter of educating the citizenship of the country. Government cannot be very successful unless it is dominated by a ruler or ruling party, or unless it gets the understanding and interest of the population it is governing.

RETICENCE UNBOUND

By C. H. Porter

SUNLIGHT cleared the Hollow of a thin mist, and revealed the myriad glories of a May morning. Bees commenced their busy humming in wayside clover; golden butterflies fluttered over daisy beds; and field birds twitted their cousins who winged at random through the umbrageous terraces of the steeply encircling slopes. Tree and bush were festooned with sparkling, dewy cob-webs.

Everything responded joyously to the ascending day: everything except the windy barren of Joe Gilchrist's thoughts, which were impervious to the healing balm of God and Nature alike. Sheer desperation seized him. The smouldering embers of his repressed anger seemed to fan themselves into a blaze of impotent rage.

Stern realization of the gross injustice of things stripped him of the last remnant of gentility, and, in a spurt of bestial fury he lashed the jogging mare into a lurching gallop which banged the milk cans under the buggy seat, and spun the wheels in a crazy momentum that threw back little dust clouds upon the rutted country lane threading the foot of the eastern hills.

He had just fled the scene of a painful domestic quarrel to which he, as apprentice farm-hand, was an unwilling outsider. The agony of the situation intensified unbearably when he conjectured what foul in-

vectives that covetous, worming kinsfolk were at the very moment probably heaping on the head of Gertrude, his idol, and the only one of his aged employer's household for whom he cared a rap. She needed instantaneous protection: aid in heroic measures that he had so often imagined himself giving, should the present dilemma ever occur—but now that it had occurred, he was positively unable to render the prayed-for assistance. Joe wished mightily for the confidence of some unbiased person who could and *would* help her.

With his mind a whirling chaos, the youth reached the railroad depot in time to unload his delivery of milk for the 8:00 o'clock express. Equally unaware that he was the only mortal in Freeport who lacked an exuberant satisfaction because of fair weather, and that in giving vent to his seething spirit he had solicited the amused attention of a lone stranger who had alighted from the train, Joe viciously slammed heavy cans down on the platform's planking, and heaved empty ones back under the vehicle's seat. Only the casual query, "Can you direct me to the J. K. Brendel farm?" heralded the stranger's approach, and temporarily snatched away the youth's gloom.

For a split second, Joe remained dumbfounded. While his tongue refused to function, his eyes missed no detail of the gentleman's immaculate attire and congenial bearing. He liked especially the crinkly grin.

"Yeah, I'm from there," he managed at length.

"Hired man?"

"Yeah."

"Could you oblige me with a ride back?"

Again Joe paused to consider. The man was, no doubt, that salesman for ploughs that old man Brendel had mentioned. Old J. K. was in no receptive mood today; and Joe questioned very much whether the peddler's infectious smile—so like Gertrude's—would win over the old reprobate as easily as it had himself. An ingenuous admiration caused him a growing perturbation of this individual's account.

"Mister," he said, with child-like simplicity, "I wouldn't go out there if I was you. The old man's too mad to buy anything right now, but you can come along if you've a mind to."

"Well, son," smiled the stranger disarmingly, "I'm not selling anything; nevertheless I have an idea Mr. Brendel would be glad to see me."

"Oh! Sorry," apologized Joe. "I didn't know you was a friend of the family's. Jump in then, an' I'll drive you out there right away."

The drive back was a long one, at least three miles, and the heightening day grew excessively warm. Aside from the grate of wheels in dust and the warbling of birds, almost nothing broke the monotonous silence. Joe Gilchrist maintained a strange taciturnity: out of respect for his passenger, and to weigh the man's qualities. The latter, apparently unused to country stillness, abruptly said:

"Any special cause of the quarrel you mentioned awhile ago, son?"

"Well, since you're a friend of the family, I reckon there's no harm done in tellin' you how the land lays. Let's begin with myself, so you won't find nothing wrong with the way I'm a-goin' to tell this. First of all, I'm goin' on 18, an' had three years of high school under my belt before I decided to learn farmin' under the wing of Mr. Brendel—everybody calls him J. K. like you heard me doin' while ago. Well, I don't know what got it in my head that a feller had to be a farmer to be a man, but I disspelled that there notion after the first three months of learnin' how.

"You see, I'd got mighty homesick an' come to hate everybody in the Brendel family—your pardon, mister—except Gertrude, who is J. K's. youngest daughter by a second marriage. Both his wives is dead an' he's livin' on the old place with two of his maiden daughters: that's Gertrude an' Martha.

"Like I said, I'm only hired help, an' sorta dispensible at that. But never mind. P'raps a hired man shouldn't worry none over what don't concern him. But the hitch is, this particular row *is* my business, else I'd have left the farm long ago. This here wrangle is all over Gertrude, an' she's the only reason I've stuck around this long. Figgered I might be able to help her some day, but now that she's up to her neck in trouble—all caused by jealous relatives—I can't do a thing for the gal, so soon's I get this plug back in a stall, I'm packin' my duds an' pullin' out.

"That's more'n enough about me. At this exact minute the poor gal has more trouble on her hands than Noah. An', as I said before, it's because of laws an' in-laws which is ungodly afraid that she'll cop more of the dodderin' old idiot's wealth than they will when he kicks the bucket. They are just waitin' around like a pack of wolves.

"It's a fact the old boy—J. K., I mean—is or *was* terrible fond of Gertrude. Lookit the way he despises Martha with holy roller airs an' mousy ways when he barks an order to her. No, sir, it's Gertrude was next to his heart. From daylight to dark it was always 'Ger-*trude*, git me this', an' 'Ger-*trude*, fetch me that.'

"Everything's changed now, mister. The kinfolks managed to poison his mind agin her, an' did a royal job of it. Mebbe they think they're justified in slinkin' around with their filthy lies, because they run the business end of the farm. But they're not. Not by a damn sight when you consider the way old J. K. has put the screws on poor Gertrude. It's his outstandin' threat that if she ever gets married, why he would cut her off from every last penny comin' to her. When I first heard about it, it seemed the last straw, because even

if Gertrude could forget she is ten years older'n me all in my favor, it wouldn't do a bit of good, because my family's poor as a church mouse.

"Well, this ungodly tribe of in-laws kept his threat in mind, when they commenced a-schemin' for her downfall. Th' rest wasn't awful hard.

"They found their excuse in a little incident which happened about seven years ago. The old gent's wife was still keepin' pace with him, an' one fine summer he took the notion in his head to go a-vacationin' out West sommers.

"Well, Martha an' the wife tagged along, but Gertrude decided to go down to Pittsburgh an' try an' land a job as stenographer or somethin' o' the sort. She mustn't have been so very successful, because she come back to the farm just about the same time the other three breezed in from their little pleasure jaunt.

"The kin-folks got busy right away an' cooked up a cock-an'-bull story about exactly how *they* calc'lated that she had fared whilst in the big city. They spread it all over the country that she'd met some gigilo which had left her in a bad way an' then skipped out. As if that wasn't bad enough, they added that she'd done away with the kid which must have been hers so's she could put up a respectable front when she returned to Freeport.

"Mister, that made my blood boil, because, just between you an' me, we know way down deep that she was O. K. an' they had to have some excuse for all their smut.

"It's plain as the nose on your face why she didn't up an' call 'em liars. I mean, by producin' a husband from somewhere. Even if she could, old J. K. would have cut her off quicker 'n a wink, which was just to all that scummy crew's likin'. As it was, she had to keep quiet, single—which I know she is—or married.

"Well, Gertrude ought to have been made for a queen or titled lady. She can act dignified an' pretend to laugh at that which hurts her most. It takes real bravery to do that, mister, an' she's got it. She's needed it, the bravery, for th' past six years, what with all the community gossip, which the kin-folks has kept fanned to a fare-ye-well, in hopes it would reach the ear of old J. K.

"But maybe there's more truth than poetry in the old sayin' that the ones most involved in an affair is the most ign'rant of it. So it's been with old man Brendel. An' mebbe that's why Gertrude's been able to laugh in the face of the 'hull bunch, just waitin' till she could collect what was comin' her an' clear out.

"Well, things come to a head about a week ago. The old man got awful sick an' ever'body thought he was goin' to die of an attack of pneumonia that he caught from goin' out to the wood shed without his rubbers on one rainy day. He's just the tremblin' shell of a man, nigh on to 80, an' weak as they make 'em. But he didn't die. No, sir, not him. Too much cussedness left in his old hide.

"You can imagine what a scare that threw into all of 'em. Soon 's they recovered their breath, which must have been this mornin', ever' last one of 'em come up to the house, an' spilled their spile. 'Twas somethin' awful, mister, the way they raised the roof.

"I just got to shiver when I think of how awful horn-mad old J. K. was. It sounded like the blowin' of Gabriel's trumpet an' bellerin' of Bulls o' Bashorn all rolled into one when he got up enough strength to teeter for'ard on his kitchen rocker—that's what he sits in all the time—an' bore right into Gertrude with a weas'ly glare an' bellow, 'Woman, what have you to say for yourself'? He forgot to say, 'Ger-*trude*.' Oh, they worked it slick, that wormin' pack.

"She took it standin' straight up, pale as an ash, an' never replyin' a word. Ought to have put them to shame, but they just kept right on grillin', tryin' an' tryin' to get just two self-condemnin' words out of her. I couldn't stand no more, so lit out for town. That's about all, but I wonder what's goin' to happen to her. I'll go nuts if she ain't rescued somehow from the bunch of 'em."

Joe had lapsed into a dismal quiet after his story, and the stranger made no remark save to urge him to drive faster. As the buggy swung around the bend of the road paralleling the house, both of them jumped to the ground, leaving the mare to her own command, and started down the path.

The doors and windows of the old residence were thrown open, screen-protected, to the May weather. Side by side, the man and youth tip-toed upon the porch, intent on the noisy voices within.

" . . . she's gone upstairs to pack," someone was saying, "and mighty good riddance, too."

"Silence," rasped the cracked voice of an old man. "She's no daughter of mine, and I won't have more mention of her."

At this juncture, the stranger rapped lightly on the screen. A flushed and timorous-appearing little woman, whom he guessed to be the much-talked-of Martha, gave him admittance.

Joe remained outside, pondering what he had heard. Well, he thought, the stranger had got there too late, even if they had suddenly shut up. Gertrude was to go. A quick scheme formed in Joe's mind. What was to stop his offering her assistance? They two were on the same footing, at last, and he was ablebodied. It all made him immensely happy. From now on, *he* would fight her battles; and perhaps he would eventually make more dough than old Money Bags ever dreamed of.

He became impatient for her appearance at the

(Continued on Page 29)

POETRY

JEPTHAH'S VOW

Proud Jepthah's warriors sang a merry song,
And he sang louder than the rest. From all
The burnished helmets danced the jagged light,
Reflecting the last near-dead embers from
The great camp fire. And Jepthah rose to mount
His stage, a white and gritty dune of sand.
Red wine ran dripping from his rusty beard
And dark became the ground below his feet.
He raised his leathern tankard over head,
And swore a vow to God, who had that day
Shown him a victory, that he would make
An off'ring immemorial, that who should first
Come to the gate, a gift to God would be.
Again they sang, with voices beating hard
Against the stars, and Jepthah clear above
The horde, nor knew that on the morrow from
The gates would come his own dear child to greet
Her warrior-father returning from afar.

—Harold Ward.

AUTUMN

In a burst of blazing color,
Like the splash of gorgeous color,
With extravagance that thrills us,
Comes the autumn down upon us.

Then the glorious leaves fall softly,
Like a cradle fall they rocking,
Rocking gently Nature's children
To a peaceful winters rest.

To the wooing of the west wind,
To its low and lonely sighing,
Yield the sleepy forest dwellers
And are quickly lost in sleeping.

—Ralph S. Bryant.

THE CHASE

In kennel sleeps the faithful hunting hound;
By day he trails the fox at master's call.
The mare resides within the near-by stall,
Where leaves afford a bed upon the ground.
'Tis sleep that drowns the thought of painful fall.

Within, the hunter's beardy sun-tanned face
Denotes that boorish feeling of exhaust
Which sportsmen feel when at the greatest cost,
They swear they'll bring the fox home from the chase,
But find that each attempt at game was lost.

The sly red fox had shown defenses brave
Against united speed of horse and hound,
'Til he his secret mountain den had found,
Within the crevice of a woodland cave,
Where Safety clad him in her soothing gown.

—J. H. Mason.

I SOUGHT FOR LOVE

I sought for love
Within a home where all was gay and glad
And wealth was there and none seemed ever sad.
I passed behind the veil that hid their souls
And seeking love, where naught was there but ghouls;
I found it not.

I sought for love
Where women sold their lives for wine and song,
And gave themselves to all the beastly throng.
I found there, beauty, life, and passion, too,
And husks of women's souls — but love so true?
I found it not.

I sought for love
Along the lower walks of life; where hope
Has never given up, but seems to grope
And reach for higher things. I found a soul
Of purity divine; her love, my all.
I found it there.

—"Bob" DuBose.

RELEASE

White-capped nurses,
Moaning relations,
Deep-eyed doctors,
Fast-dying patients—
Unaware of us spirits as we
Float down the corridor.
Why should they hurry so?
They bump into us.
Why should they moan so,
And make such a fuss
Over our dead bodies?
The smell of carnations—
Ether—
Disinfectant—
Hospital soup—
One last whiff as we float
Down the corridor—
Happy to be free from
Hospital smell—
White-capped nurses—
Moaning relations—
Deep-eyed doctors—
Fast-dying patients.

—*George E. King.*

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH KATE

(Thank You, Alan Seegar)

I have a rendezvous with Kate
In some wisteria-scented lane
When moonlight comes with golden rays,
And stars look down with envious eyes.
I have a rendezvous with Kate
When nightfall brings the cricket's cries.

It may be I shall take her hand
And walk with her along the lane,
And whisper thoughts of tender love.
I have a rendezvous with Kate
On some rude path by moonlit rill,
When nightbirds call from far off hill
And first bright stars peep down above.

God knows 't were better to be dead
Covered with dirt and packed well down
Than suffer agony of heart
Which sure'd result if Kate forgot.
But I've a rendezvous with Kate
At nightfall in some secret spot,
When moon beams come with golden light
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail her, nor would you.

—*J. W. Crocker.*

INITIATION

(A la Hiawatha)

On the north side of the city,
Where it rears its tow'rs immortal,
Mecca of conservatism,
Intaminatis, Wofford College.
Hither come the gay young heroes,
Laughing youth of Carolina;
Joyful at the pleasant prospect
Of a college famed by Carlisle.
Brave and clean they meet A. Mason,
Chat with "Heinie" unembarrassed,
Undismayed at J. K. Davis,
Pay their room rent and tuition.
Thence they scatter to their quarters,
Hard by freight trains' smoke and thunder,
To be pounced upon by Juniors,
Sophomores, and haughty Seniors.
"Here I give my trusted word-bond
To participate in hazing
Never, never, I do swear it"—
This the oath required by Freshmen.
But this pouncing makes them ponder
On the pledge they signed beforehand,
Makes them hearken with amazement
To the booming voice of power:
"Ho there, Freshman! hie thee hither.
Quickly, quickly, ere my wrath rise.
Stir thy lagging feet to movement.
Much you'll rue delaying answer.
Bend thy form above this chair back,
Lean far over, stretch thy pants tight—
So I may, with this coat-hanger,
Trim thy buttocks, soft as hog-fat;
Cut the fat from off thy backsides,
Frail thee with this weighty woodwand,
Till the friction burn thy breeches,
Till the tears fall down like raindrops.
When thy suffering epidermis
Shrieks aloud and writhes in anguish,
You'll depart and take behind thee
Flesh that's bloody, but unbowed."
As the voice foretold, it happened.
And the Freshman, sore, departing,
Went, as best he could to lie down,
Chest and stomach to the mattress;
Lay, reflecting on his fortune —
Knew himself too weak to bear it —
Saw the sun run out of heaven,
Chased by dark clouds to his covert.

—*R. M. Phillips.*

THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK

WE FULLY realize the editorial pages of the two publications on this or any other campus should not be devoted to simply swapping and extolling praise of each other. But when an edition of the campus newspaper such as the last appears, it justifies acknowledgment and commendation from this source. The junior edition of *The Old Gold and Black*, under the supervision of Mr. Moody, presented in no uncertain terms the possibilities in a college bi-weekly.

Some scorn the staleness of the news articles that infrequency of publication of a paper appearing only twice a month necessitates. Perhaps there is room for complaint on that score: no one cares to read of a "Y" program written up a couple of weeks after being rendered. This is no fault of the editor. He must use the available news, even though it is somewhat antiquated, to fill up his columns. However, the lively, pithy comment of the news articles, the constructive criticism of the editorial page, and particularly the "Campus Column" of Mr. Lumpkin outline a wholesome course for this publication to follow.

S. P. U.

YOUR WRITER casually asked a student what he thought of The Student Publications Union. "I don't know much about it, except that the faculty is trying to get control of the whole business," was the reply. Being puzzled at this answer, I inquired of various other students their opinions on the matter. Various ludicrous, unenlightened, or partially enlightened answers were given. Only one was found who readily explained correctly the whole thing, and that one was a freshman.

This editorial is not written to make any elaborate explanation or clear up any false ideas that students might have gathered, such as the one mentioned above. We merely want to lament the fact that there are many misinterpretations of the purposes of the Union and the motives that prompted its establishment.

This staff hails this organization as the one extra-curricula activity that can and will be worth the paper its constitution is written on. It is a forward step towards raising the standard of the publications for which we should be and are grateful to the faculty committee on publications.

We make the following unqualified suggestions to the S. P. U. which we would like for everyone to consider:

1. The salaries of the editors of the three publications and the business manager of the *Bohemian* should be stated to them before they accept their positions.

2. The business managers of THE JOURNAL and *The Old Gold and Black* should receive their remuneration through commissions on all advertisements solicited by them, rather than receive a fixed salary. We consider ten per cent. (10%) commission sufficient reimbursement for any services they might render.

3. The editors of the publications should be vested with full authority over their respective staffs, with ability to hire or fire at their discretion, except that they be compelled to notify the board prior to any dismissal.

4. *The Old Gold and Black* should be made a weekly publication.

And while we're passing out bouquets, why not give our native State a pat on the back? That naturally leads us to the center of its activities, the legislative halls, giving us a birdseye view of the fight between the "aristocrats" and the "plebes." Out of the melee has come one (as far as we can see, only one) sound piece of legislation so far in this session: An appropriation to the Medical College of South Carolina which literally saves it from the rocks. Threatened with reduction from Grade "A" to Grade "B" rating by the American Medical Association, which meant certain extinction, its trustee applied and received the necessary aid miraculously enough. The gentleman who recently swung the jawbone of an ass (in the confusion getting his name mixed with its owner) apparently wasn't interested in this legislation, being too much engrossed with carrying out such all-important enterprises such as certain clauses of his campaign speech.

Though we write this weeks before our eager public devour these pages, still we are certain that nothing new will have turned up that we can praise ere you read this.

YE ED.

Southern Types in O. Henry's Stories

(Continued from Page 12)

colonel in the fact that they would not give up old traditions, but clung to them reverently. In "A Municipal Report," O. Henry describes such a one: "Azalea Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the Cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen." He goes on, "She was a product of the Old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep, and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope"; and, "I could perceive that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and dress she had, not much else, I fancied."

O. Henry's attitude toward the women was the attitude of Sir Galahad. Many were the women he had helped to become ladies once more; the troubles of young girls were his troubles. It hurt his very soul to find a girl who had been forced to a low level of life. Those who mourned most over his death were the girls he had aided. He died penniless and a man broken in health and spirit; but many were the prayers and thanks to God for having sent them such a man as O. Henry, that went up to heaven from the lips of the girls he had helped.

What character occupies a higher place in humor than the old colonel of the South? These proud, bragging, swaggering old men who lived in the past, living over again the old life of the South—reluctant to face the oncoming new South and wanting to keep the old? How those grand old men clung to the past! Such a character affords a splendid chance for humor, because often he is very ridiculous in his actions, ideas, and even dress. However, it must be remembered that what may seem humorous and absurd to one section of the country may be perfectly natural and easily understood in another section. These characters may have seemed ridiculous to the Northerner, and do to the Southerner now, but in O. Henry's time these characters would not have been so out of place in the South —surely all these magnificent old fellows had not disappeared by 1900!

In "The Duplicity of Hargraves," O. Henry has created a typical Southern colonel "—the old-time Southern colonel, with his absurd grandiloquence, his eccentric garb, his quaint idioms and phrases, his moth-eaten pride of family, and his really kind heart, fastidious sense of honour, and lovable simplicity, is the best delineation of a character role on the boards today." O. Henry described Major Talbot: "Major Talbot was of the old, old South. The present day had little interest or excellence in his eyes. His mind lived in that period before the Civil War, when the Talbots owned thousands of acres of fine cotton land, and slaves to till them; when the family mansion was the scene of princely hospitality, and drew its guests from the aristocracy of the South. Out of that period, he had brought all of its old pride and scruples of honor, and antiquated and punctilious politeness, and (you would think) its wardrobe. Major Talbot wore a broad-brimmed hat and a long frock coat, of which the corners would sweep the floor whenever he made that wonderful, archaic genuflection he called a bow." The Major's dress is described: "An immense area of plaited, ravelling shirt bosom, and the little black string tie with the bow always on one side."

The unique language of the Major's and his readiness to become angry is shown: "Mr. Hargraves, you have put upon me an unpardonable insult. You have burlesqued my person, grossly betrayed my confidence and misused my hospitality. If I thought you possessed the faintest conception of what is the sign manual of a gentleman, or what is due one, I would call you out, sir, old as I am. I will ask you to leave the room, sir."

Then, there is Colonel Telfair in the story, "The Rose of Dixie," who is equally as facetious in his ideas that all good comes from the South; who would have nothing whatsoever to do with anything that was Northern. He took the attitude that nothing but evil could come from the North. Colonel Telfair was an imposing man to look upon—"You could not forget the long, carefully brushed, white hair; the hooked, high-bridged nose, slightly twisted to the left; the keen eyes under the still black eyebrows; the classic mouth beneath the drooping white mustache, slightly frazzled at the ends." Again O. Henry exaggerated his character no more than the other writers, but all of them had a tendency to exaggerate when they chose the Southern colonel for a part.

O. Henry did not attempt to sectionalize his stories, and always protested when his stories were interpreted as mere studies in localism; his varied experiences in Central America, the West, his associating with all kinds of people during his life-time enabled him to write about different sections of the country with skill. His life had indeed been a romantic one, even though it had been crowded with many disappointments, and he had enjoyed life until the last few months, during which he lost most of his old love of life. A few days before he became fatally ill, someone said to him: "Your heart is in your Western stories." "My heart is in heaven," he replied. He had not the least idea of making his stories appear sectional. He merely gave himself wholly—his mind, heart, and soul—to his readers.

NORTH TO THE ORIENT — By Anne Morrow Lindbergh

"ONE COULD sit still and look at life from the air; that was it. And I was conscious again of the fundamental of flying, a miracle that has nothing to do with any of its practical purposes—purposes of speed, accessibility, and convenience — and will not change as they change. It is a magic that has more kinship with what one experiences standing in front of serene madonnas or listening to cool chorales, or even reading one of those clear passages in a book—so clear and so illuminating that one feels the writer has given the reader a glass-bottomed bucket with which to look through the ruffled surface of life far down to that still permanent world below." In such words does Anne Lindbergh describe her great love for flying in her recent book, "North to the Orient." This book is a travel narrative which tells the reader of the flight she and her famous husband made in 1931. After the most minute details had been attended to and Mrs. Lindbergh had painstakingly learned to be a third-class radio operator, they set out from New York in their plane, the "Sirius," and flew over the vast unpopulated lands of the midnight sun. She shows us the life of people in Aklavik in northernmost Canada and at Point Barrow in Alaska—how the inhabitants wait for the boat which comes only once a year to bring news and supplies from "outside." Thence over Bering Sea, they arrived in Russia and made their way to Japan and China. Mrs. Lindbergh's descriptions of Japan are especially good. Very touching is the Japanese poem which she recalls about the mother whose little boy has died—

"How far in chase today
I wonder
Has gone my Hunter
Of the dragon fly!"

We wonder if these lines came back to Mrs. Lindbergh when she too lost her son. She tells us some things we might learn from Japanese friends: simile, such as thinking of a wet stone as being "wet as a new-peeled pear"; metaphor, so we might see a little boy as "a hunter of the dragon fly"; and finally, symbolism, such as the "bamboo for prosperity, the pine for long life, the plum for courage, because the plum puts forth blossoms while the snow is still on the ground." After seeing the most beautiful pagoda in China and the wall around Nanking and having assisted in flood relief operations, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh took a boat for America.

"North to the Orient" is the work of a logical, intelligent mind, and the interest of the reader is held throughout the entire book. Mrs. Lindbergh is unusually gifted in her choice of words and has the admirable talent of depicting the impressions people made on her rather than the impressions she and her husband made on people. R. W. THOMSON.

RESURRECTION

(Continued from Page 9)

feet—and Jim Fisk was not plodding, nor were his shoulders bent over. He was very straight, and he ran to meet his wife. Myrtie knew his arms were around her, and wondered at his kisses—tender—reminiscent of other years. She had seen his bright eyes, and she wondered vaguely if his day had been spent like hers. But suddenly he pushed her back, and while he held her at arm's length, his fine black head raised, and he laughed deeply, joyously. His laugh was infectious, and Myrtie laughed to see him laugh.

"Oil, Myrtie! Why, I found oil today—barrels of it. There'll be no more of this place for us. Oh, Myrtie, we can be like other people again." Suddenly his arms dropped to his side, while the fire became ashes in his eyes.

"But can you ever love me again, Myrtie?"

She smiled. Her cheeks reflected the redness of the sunset—her eyes were gay.

"I've been loving you since this morning, Jim."

EXCHANGE

The December issue of the Converse *Concept* is again excellent in the poetry selections. The shorter verses are better, as a rule, than those longer ones; witness: "To All Lovely Vanishing Things," and "Araignée," by Mary Alice Pickens, and "Tree In Winter" and "Camouflage," by Grace Beacham. Worthy, also, are "Compensation," by H. Harvin; "Mood In Gray," by Margaret Charles; and "For M—," by Marjorie Andrews. Miss Andrews' story, "A Younger Montressor," is the best prose work in the issue. A little more damp chill, Miss Andrews, and we who love Poe would have been right at home. "A Cat and a Red Counterpane," by Emily Ball, contains elements of an excellent character portrayal, but fades away into a tragic climax in lieu of remaining a sketch. We wonder whether the digressing raindrops in "Father of Waters" travelled upstream to Missouri by auto, rail, or plane.

The Citadel *Shako*, Autumn Number, is, beyond a doubt, the best college magazine in point of make-up, quantity, and quality of selections and balance, that this department has reviewed. We like the notes about the authors and heartily endorse the prevalent mode of having each contributor write within his knowledge or experience. There are so many excellent features that we cannot commend them all. Gordon Jones' "On Poetry and Art" certainly employs mellifluous phrasings and brutally descriptive expressions. And we wonder, in reading Ed Lowman's "Cain's Wednesday" with a great deal of pleasure and due deference to the skilfully worked-out conversation, whether our Carolina negroes really sound like that or whether Mr. Lowman has read too much Julia Peterkin. "Why We Behave," in its involved construction, still presents a clearer, less confusing view of the problems undertaken than most of our professors have done. Robert Walden seems to have a corner on poetry. "Dirt Farmer" appeals to us more, although we hesitate to condemn "Indirect Answer" and "And Love Becomes Remembering," along with that other "prose poem," "The Desperate Solitude," simply because their import and purpose escapes our unpoetic souls and minds. Frankly speaking, his metaphors and similes and non-translateable sentences carry us swiftly, not into unknown seas exactly, but into seas that are known but uncharted. We charge the editorial writer with erring in choice of subject—why not present the economic problem and solve the Negro problem as a step to clearing up the greater evil existing? But, enough! Gladly we commend the *Shako* staff for a fine issue.

The P. C. *Collegian*, in the winter edition, presents a good assortment of readable, entertaining fiction and near-fiction. "After These Days" ends like a *Harper's* or *Atlantic Monthly* story; "Delusion" is rather Poesque, in that it only strives to create an atmosphere; "Debut" has a cunning twist; while "Vendetta" leaves us doubtful of the logic employed, if any. Hugh Holman obliges again with several fetching verses, and Stuart Campbell writes well and learnedly of books he has read and where they are tending (or should we say whither). The anonymous confession is interesting indeed. Now you must say who 'twas. Jack Gasque must have a kindred soul, for his humor strikes our fancy, too.

The December Winthrop *Journal* is pleasing as a whole, and some features are worthy of note. "They Called It Suicide" is well and completely written, with interesting exposition of thought processes. The short, short story is also good. "Cudder Driver," as a word painting, introduces a new type of person to us; while "Mary Hamilton" deserves commendation for a fairly satisfactory treatment of a necessarily little known period. "Rendezvous With Dreams" almost got us—just how does one's mind work in evolving such imaginings? However, the excellent poetry selections provide the manifest value of the magazine.

The January *Erothesian* is quantitatively weighty, possibly too much so. Had the editor used a bit more "waste-basket" discrimination, the size would have been greatly reduced, but the quality of the magazine greatly improved. However, there are a few articles that show careful research and investigation and are noteworthy for their information and interest, to wit: "Ingenuity Plus in Old Philadelphia," "Popular Contemporary Interpreters of Shakespeare on the Stage" and "Greater Love Hath No Man." In Jamie Fuller's "Autumn Sabbath" and "To Music" we find what this department has long sought, but seldom finds—Poetry in the true sense of the word. Miss Allen demonstrates ability and enthusiasm over "The Composition College." We like also the manner in which she handles the Exchange.

All Accessories for Men **BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP** *The Assurance of Correctness*

THE GODS ARE AGAINST ME

(Continued from Page 14)

other everything that had happened since our separation. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed with satisfaction that a dark man left a nearby table and wormed his way out of the dining room. As my eyes travelled slowly back to my companion, they stopped suddenly—horrified—I was looking into the leering eyes of my wife's bosom friend, the town gossip.

"What's the matter?" queried my companion. "You look like you'd seen a ghost. He's not coming back, is he?"

"Y-y-yes," I stammered. "I thought for a minute he was coming back to—" I broke off lamely.

I've faced sputtering machine guns, flashing similars, lumbering, maddened elephants with their little black eyes blazing, but I couldn't summon the courage to meet the gloating eyes of the little minx whom I knew was at that moment forming the words for a telegram to Margaret. I kept my eyes fixed on the woman sitting next to me. I tried to shut out thoughts of Margaret, heart-broken, upon hearing the news of my apparent unfaithfulness. Forcing a smile to acknowledge my companion's gratitude, I began debating my future to myself: should I return home and attempt to explain the situation to my wife, placating her as best I could? That would be next to impossible. And even if I succeeded in such an explanation, I couldn't live in that small town with tongues wagging about my unfaithfulness until my life and that of my wife was completely demoralized. The easiest and the only safe way out of this predicament is to try to start a new life, or continue my old life where I had left off upon meeting Margaret.

"This woman," I thought, "this woman who smiles at me so engagingly, she could help me begin that old life I so often long for and now have an opportunity to attain."

"Now that your trouble is out of the way," I said aloud, "let's get acquainted. Who are you, where from, whither bound?"

Her answers came short and fast. "Elsie Wharton—New York—it remains to be seen." With that she raised her brows and gave me another enticing smile.

That fitted very neatly with my plans. I continued to build my ladder of thoughts right up to the top of the highest of my Spanish castles—Freedom. *My* soliloquy was over: I was *not to be* longer bound by the fetters of marriage. My riptide was over; I chose the new love rather than the old. The old love stifled me, strangled from me the free air that was so essential to my happiness. This new devotion gave me back my old self-confidence, intoxicated me like champagne, with endless possibilities.

We parted with promises to meet each other at the breakfast table and to have a round of golf later, at which time I planned to discuss her future and mine. It was difficult for me to get to sleep that night. My

(Continued on Page 29)

WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
Freeman Shoes for Men & Young Men
$5 - $6
WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
MORGAN SQUARE

PRICE'S
YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
THE HOME OF POPULAR PRICES
Smart Furnishings
"Polly" Thomasson and Roy Robertson, Representatives
123 N. Church Street Spartanburg, S. C.
(OPPOSITE KENNEDY PLACE)

Drink -
Coca-Cola
IN BOTTLES

Worthmore Clothes Shop
QUALITY TO SUIT THE MOST DISCRIMINATING AT POPULAR PRICES
WORTHMORE CLOTHES SHOP
121 East Main Street

RETICENCE UNBOUND

(Continued from Page 21)

door. Suddenly the drift of the conversation beyond caught his ear.

" . . . Mr. Brendel," the stranger was quietly saying, "my name is Padgett Brown—here's my identification card. Doubtless that means little or nothing to you; no, I'm not a salesman. Allow me to introduce myself in proper relation"—here Joe, who was by this time peering through the screen into the parlor, could see him gesture with a sweeping movement of his hand —"Allow me to introduce myself as Gertrude's husband."

One could have heard a pin drop, things became so very still.

"Yes," reiterated Brown, advancing toward the old man, "her husband. We were properly—and, may I say, most happily—married just four weeks after I met Gertrude in Pittsburgh. I've learned what she's had to contend with the past six years"—this scathingly to the assembled relatives.

Gertrude had appeared at the foot of the stairs, dressed for traveling, her valise in her hand, and her eyes dimmed with tears.

"Darling!" softly called her husband.

Joe did not stay to see the rest. Instead, he walked off the porch, with an alternating current of despondence and joy permeating his thoughts.

THE GODS ARE AGAINST ME

(Continued from Page 28)

conscience? No! My nerves were tingling, my whole body alert, eager for the new day.

. . . . . .

The next morning I was at the breakfast table twenty minutes before the appointed time. But even after fifty minutes had elapsed there was no Elsie. I started to call her room when a porter handed me a note, which I nervously unfolded and read:

> "Doubtless your intentions were the best, but your little scheme for ridding me of *that* man has almost ruined my life, at least a few days of it. Even as you read this, I am on my way back to New York to attempt to smooth over the bedlam that broke loose when *my husband* found through his *private detective* that I met you like a lover in the dining room of my hotel.
>
> "However, he is soft-hearted like all old men are, and I can dissuade him from divorce proceedings, as I have done for years, but this time it will be much harder, for which I have you to blame."

My head aches, I am sick at heart. I am suddenly too weary to stand. If I only had Margaret here to stroke my hot forehead with her cool, soothing hands.

EAT
FOREMOST ICE CREAM
IT'S HEALTHFUL

Compliments of
SMITH'S
CUT-RATE DRUG STORE
142 EAST MAIN STREET
•
The Store That Saves You Money
on Your Needs

THE ELITE
La Petite Elite
- and -
The Biltmore
•
The Best Places in Town
to Eat

Phone 253

ARTEX CLEANERS

ODORLESS CLEANERS

"Like New When We're Thru"

213 Magnolia St. Spartanburg, S. C.

GREENEWALD'S

(INCORPORATED)

•

SPARTANBURG'S BEST
CLOTHING STORE

•

Complete Outfitters to Men and Boys

The DuPre Book Store

•

Students Cordially Welcomed

194 E. Main St. Phone 70

BEARD BROTHERS

THE HOME OF BETTER CLOTHES

108 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

Compliments of

DIXIE SHOE WORKS

(M. T. GWINN, Proprietor)

FINE SHOE REPAIRING

◆

113 N. Church St. PHONE 1871 Nolan Harrelson

WALLACE D. DuPRE

Automobile Supplies

•

Phone 65

138-140 W. Main Street Spartanburg, S. C.

We Make Loans on Anything of Value

CAROLINA

LOAN & LUGGAGE SHOP

● ● ●

115-117 W. Main Street

We Carry a Complete Line of Luggage

WHEN YOU SEE

Square Deal Holmes

You Think of

BETTER WATCH MAKING

Crystals Fixed 25c 105 Magnolia St.

FOR BETTER SIGHT

You'd Better See

DR. R. E. BIBER

144 E. Main St.

Flowers From Fred's

Montgomery Building
Spartanburg, South Carolina

•

College Representative, Fred Gentry, Jr.

Good Printing

We invite your comparison of our work. You will find that our craftsmen are thoroughly trained to produce advertising literature that is paramount in quality. When you have problems in advertising or printing, call 362 or 363 and we will aid you in their solution.

BAND & WHITE, *Printers*
142 Spring Street Spartanburg, S. C.

DRINK
Tom's Golden Ginger Ale
Delightful and Satisfying

•

Bottled By
HARTNESS BOTTLING WORKS
PHONE 1996 729 S. Church St.

1854 1936

WOFFORD COLLEGE

Spartanburg, South Carolina

A Christian College for the Higher Education of Young Men

- offering -

BACHELOR OF ARTS — BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
and
MASTER OF ARTS DEGREES

Pre-Medical, Pre-Engineering, Pre-Law Courses
Courses in Education and Religion

●

Long and Honorable History of Educational Service . . . Strong Faculty . . . Large Library . . . Well Equipped Laboratories
Ample Dormitory Facilities . . . Voluntary R. O. T. C. Unit
Athletic Grounds . . . All Forms of Inter-Collegiate Athletics

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO HENRY N. SNYDER, LL.D., LITT. D., PRESIDENT

twenty twinkling twitters composing carl pugh's phenomenal phebruary phoolishness

"Why did you sign Mae West's name to your algebra exam?"

" 'Cause I done 'em wrong."

◈ ◈ ◈

Mickey Noble—How did you like that last kiss?

Lushus Luttle Limestone Lass—I didn't like it, thank you.

M. N.—But kisses are the language of love.

4 L's—Then stop your baby talk.

◈ ◈ ◈

H. S. Moorehead—How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?

She—Not many, but quit calling me "Dizzy."

◈ ◈ ◈

"Gosh, my nose itches! What's that a sign of?"

"Eczema, ringworm, seven-year-itch, and lots of things."

◈ ◈ ◈

Greek Prof.—I believe you missed my class yesterday.

Wofford Wheeze—Oh, no, sir. Not in the least.

◈ ◈ ◈

1st Sophomore—How do freshmen keep those funny little caps on?

2nd Likewise—Vacuum pressure.

◈ ◈ ◈

Fatigued Frau—I had to walk all the way home last night.

Condoling Cutey—For goodness sake!

F. F.—Yes.

◈ ◈ ◈

Wofford Wobble—Shall we waltz?

Ponderous Puella—It's all the same to me.

W. W.—Yeah, I've noticed that.

Dr. Lowance (after long problem)—And thus X equals 0.

Freshman Mathematician—Aw, hell. All that work for nothing!

◈ ◈ ◈

"I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the Winthrop student as she did "the rumba" at the student body meeting.

◈ ◈ ◈

Captain—Boys, the ship is sinking! Is there anyone aboard who knows how to pray?

Rev. B. Sides (eagerly)—I do.

Cap't.—All right. You pray. The rest of us will put on life-belts. We lack one.

◈ ◈ ◈

" . . . Which reminds us of the washwoman they called 'Lifebuoy' because everybody owed 'er."

◈ ◈ ◈

Doorkeeper (to late-comer at W. C. Glee Club concert)—No, madam, I can't open the door during the singing. Half the audience would rush out.

◈ ◈ ◈

Customer (with three weeks' beard)—Do you think that old razor will do it?

Barber—Yeah, if the handle don't break.

◈ ◈ ◈

Courageous Freshman—What are you going to do when you leave Wofford?

Gerard Davidson—I'm going to do newspaper work.

C. F.—Don't you think you're too old to sell papers?

◈ ◈ ◈

"So you married a girl because she saved your life?"

"Yeah, she persuaded her father not to shoot me if I'd marry her."

◈ ◈ ◈

Bill Houck—I heard something nice about you today.

Unsuspecting Frosh—Yeah?

B. H.—Yes, somebody said you resembled me.

◈ ◈ ◈

"I see you have a new roommate."

"No, I bought this tie myself."

◈ ◈ ◈

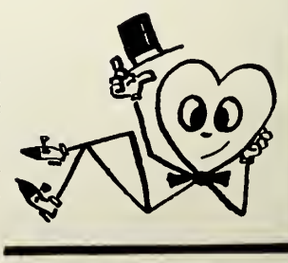
Duke of Pickledick—Odds bodkins, knave! How did you get across the moat and into my castle?

Court Phool—'Twas easy, sire; I caught the gate guard with his bridges down.

◈ ◈ ◈

Wilson Moore—You better marry me—eligible men are scarce.

Cute Little Thing—I suppose I could offer that as an explanation.



THE JOURNAL

Established 1889

Vol. 46 **SPARTANBURG, S. C., FEBRUARY, 1936** **No. 3**

STAFF OF THE JOURNAL

Editor-in-Chief ..... Thomas Willis
Assistants ..... R. S. Bryant, R. M. Phillips
Contributing Editors ..... Peter Moody, Charles Gilreath, A. P. Evans
Humor Editor ..... Carl Pugh
Staff Poet ..... Karl Slocum
Art Editors ..... George King, A. C. Stackpool

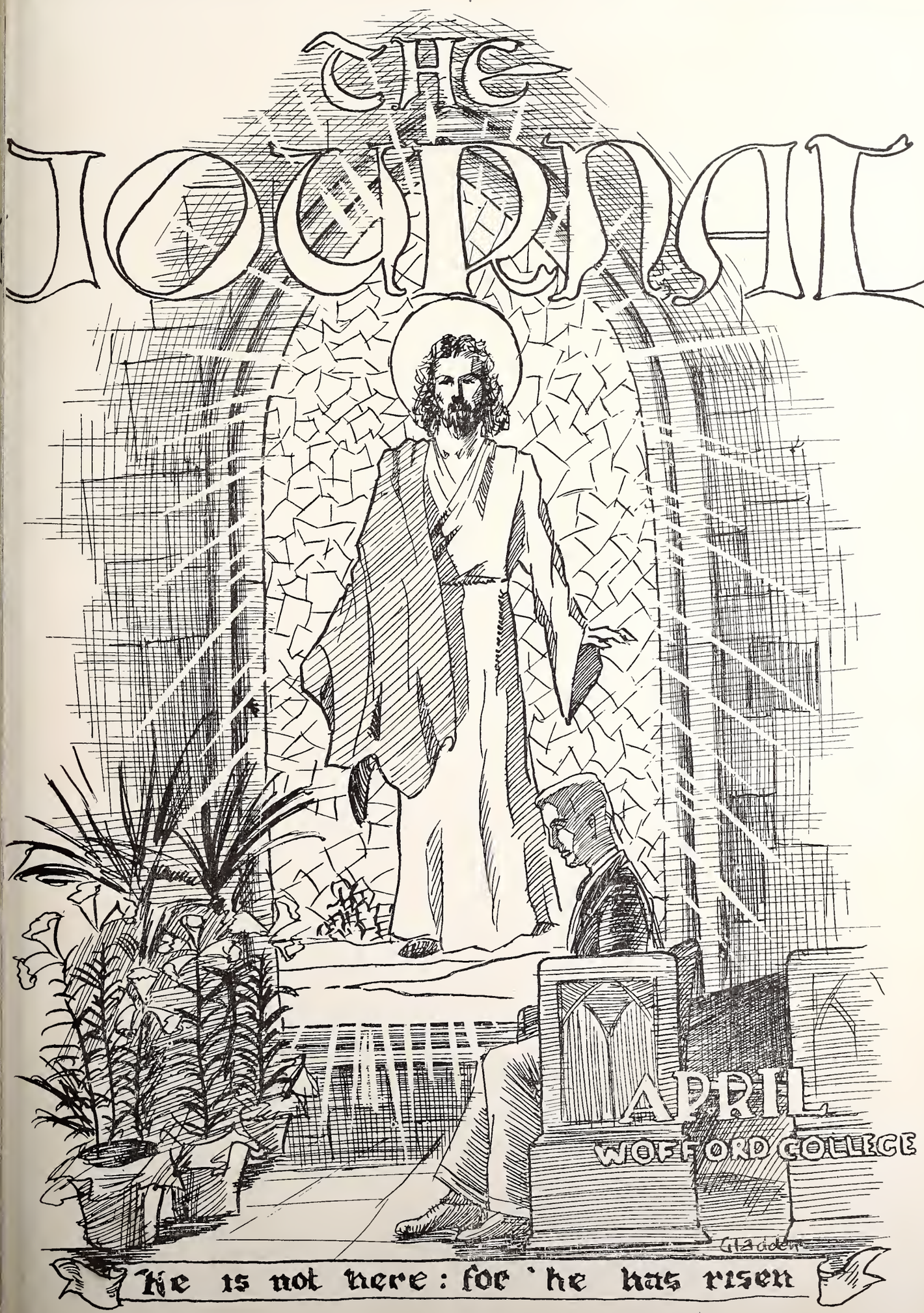
BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Robert DuBose
Assistant Business Manager ..... Larry Hardin
Circulation Manager ..... John Hughston
Assistant Circulation Manager ..... Rodney Padgett

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.
THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published five times a year by the student body.
Subscription rate, $1.25 per year.

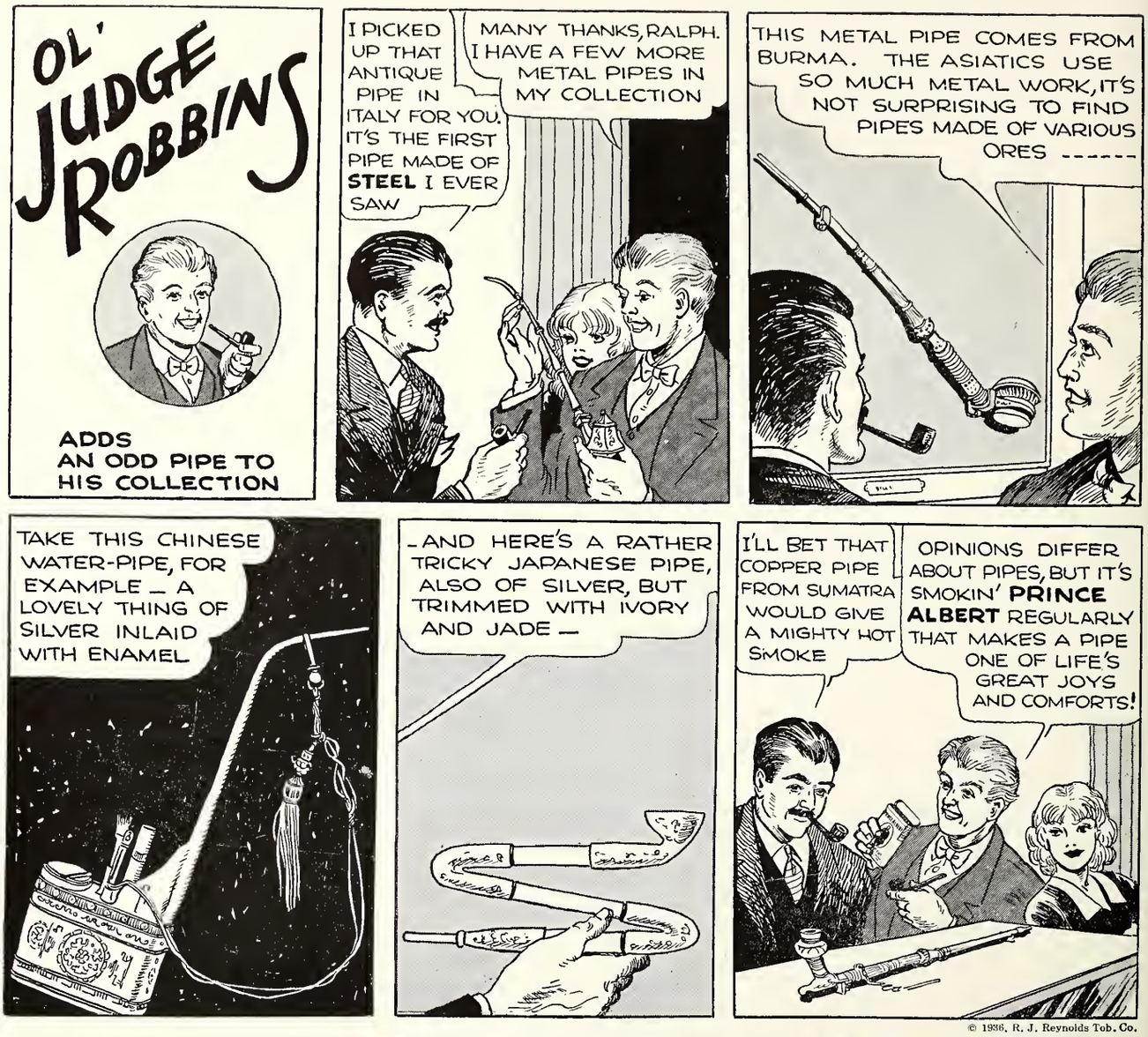
© 1936, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE JOURNAL



He is not here: for he has risen

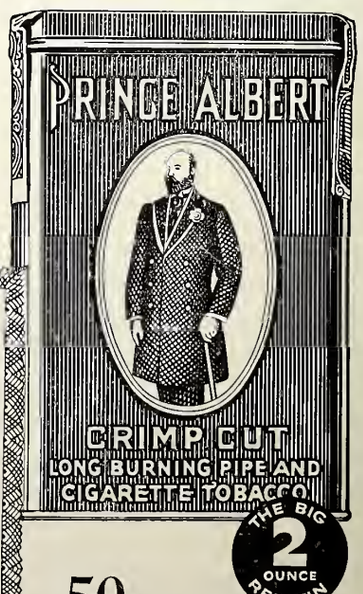
TWA
TWA
THE
LINDBERGH LINE
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies are less acid!
Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%
Luckies – a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"
* RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

THE BEST "BREAK" A PIPE CAN GET

Pipe smokers who make pals out of their pipes agree that Prince Albert is *the* tobacco for breakin' 'em in—and for forever after, too. P. A. is tobacco at its friendliest—cakes nicely in the bowl—smokes sweet and cool and satisfying. P. A. is "crimp cut" for slow burning—does not bite the tongue. The big red tin holds 50 pipefuls. You needn't risk a cent trying this princely smoke. Just take advantage of our no-risk offer. And P. A. is swell "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes.



OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

CONTENTS

◆

Cover—By Bill Gladden

		Page
One Life—How Live It? (Essay)	Virgil Ward	4
The Man I Might Have Been (Poem)	Lathan Mims	5
To a Cotton Mill Worker (Poem)	Peter Moody	6
March: A Month O' Sundays (Short Short Story)	Anonymous	7
A Double Character Sketch (Sketch)	Peter Moody	8
Sentence Character Sketches	Peter Moody	8
On Falling From a Tree (Sketch)	Kempson DeLoach	9
Christianity (Sonnet)	Ralph Bryant	9
Spring (Poem)	C. R. Spell	10
Winter (Poem)	R. M. Phillips	10
The Reckoning (Short Story)	Harold Ward	11
Hue Said It (Farce in Three Acts)	Carl Pugh	14
"Mi Wimmun" (Poem)	J. E. Stallings	14
Highways (Poem)	G. E. King	16
Tobacco (Sketch)	Harold Ward	17
Samuel Dibble, Wofford's First Graduate (Biographical Sketch)	Aylette P. Evans	18
Augusta, Georgia (Sketch)	Peter Moody	19
Spring Again (Poem)	James Crocker	19
To Mother (Poem)	Edward Page	19
The Heart Is No Bargainer (Sonnet)	G. H. Davidson	20
To ——— (Sonnet)	James Crocker	20
Wind Symphony (Sonnet)	Peter Moody	20
To N. S. (Sonnet)	C. R. Spell	20
Sonnet To Love (Sonnet)	Lathan Mims	20
Opportunity (Sonnet)	Ralph S. Bryant	20
Creation's Unity (Poem)	Ralph S. Bryant	21
Life With Nature (Poem)	Sheldon M. Dannelly	21
Uncle Newt Bigbie Springs a Spree (Sketch)	Gary Culbertson	21
Editorials		22
Exchange		22
Phoolishness	Carl Pugh	28

ONE LIFE — HOW LIVE IT?

By Virgil Ward

SURVEYING the personalities of men past and present, we become aware of a rather definite duality of character that has been and is being preserved throughout the human race. As nature in her physical aspects fulfills the law of compensation, of cause and effect, so also we find her continuing a like principle in bestowing personality upon men, thus serving to balance, in the abstract, the same equation she does so magnificently by contrasting the seasons.

Quite distinctly and separately do we find man's personal qualities setting him apart in two classifications, the members of each possessing alike the sincere and positive virtue of attempting to pass this life to the utmost advantage, and with the greatest ultimate good to those whom they leave behind. Their differences lie only in method of setting about the resolution of their aims. Reducing numbers to singularity, we may call the first of our subjects the Non-Conformer; the second, the Disciplinarian.

The Non-Conformer is a philosopher. He accepts and rejects according to his own will; he praises or derides as his intellect dictates. In him we find the whimsical, meditative man that was Sidney Carton, that is Branch Cabell; not bound by social custom, not restricted in thinking to man-constructed ideas. The Non-Conformer judges vice and virtue by his self-derived theory of right and wrong.

Contrasted with Emerson's "Man Thinking," we have the Disciplinarian. Delving into the philosophical no longer than to discover its vague infinity, he resolves his services to man into contributions toward the well-ordered being of the lives and institutions around him. He makes laws; he obeys them. Intelligence guides his activities into channels of practicality. His personifications were Ben Franklin and Andrew Carnegie.

Let us concentrate our attention, for the present analytical purposes, upon these two men alone, preserving at the same time, if we may, the chief institutions of man—exchange, church, school, and other manifestations of our complicated civilization. We shall follow them through the three stages in the lives of men. First, childhood, which period let us define (elliptical though it may be) as that portion of our life in which we live without apparent purpose, and during which we are under the guidance and supervision of others; second, adolescence, the spiritual and mental, as well as physical melée of man; third, maturity, when objectives and motives emerge, if they do, well formed and positively defined.

That which follows may be resolved more or less easily into a series of equations showing the products of our two personalities multiplied by their age reactions. We may pass briefly over the childhood period, where it is easy to imagine the Young Disciplinarian conforming to his parents' desire that he "take" music, that he not play with Jimmy of the back-alley, and that he behave in Sunday School; the youthful Non-Conformist, naturally curious, almost skeptical, rebelling at school, withholding himself strangely from his playmates, and behaving as the typical "problem child."

The next is the most interesting period in the life of any man. Here we find a nearer kinship between Man-Thinking and Man-Conforming than at any other time in their lives. Each is inclined at times to rise or fall from the highest to the lowest peak represented by the standards of either class. Concerning Church, concerning State, neither is sure. The Disciplinarian finds himself now listening intently, absorbing ideas of the atheist and sympathizing with the communist. No less a paradox is the Non-Conformer seriously considering the ministry as a profession or politics as a diversion. Queen Indecision rules supremely this tremulous bridge over which budding man must wend his way to maturity.

Manhood—nature's goal. As lawyer, doctor and foremost business man we now witness our Disciple of Order. He has become a typical man of affairs—lodge member, church member, councilman to the mayor. Where is our Champion of the Abstract? We must search more closely. Here? No, There; that quiet, unobtrusive little man with the spectacles. Is he a teacher? Yes, he preaches too. But his chief delight is to console his fellow-man. He it is who sits by the side of the road and serves as friend to man. Children marvel as he relates his allegories with a wistful, far-off gleam in his eye. His is a life of love and simple pleasure.

Now that we have seen suggested the different paths which men follow, the question and problem that needs solution is the determination of the most worthy, absolutely, both to the individual and to the people with whom he has relations. In one the philosopher striking into the field of the abstract for rules by which to govern his living—in the other the cold, emotionless and worldly-minded product of civilization. Has he who with gentle sadness contemplates his brother, consoles him for his weakness, and seeks out the beginning of the evil in which to sow his reform seeds—has he accomplished as much as or more than one who accepts men as matter, acting with them arbitrarily, as nature acts with all her physical components?

That the solution of this problem is difficult is chiefly due to the fact that no absolute and effective reform by which we may judge is ever instituted. Civi-

lized beings build upon what is left from the preceding generation, not only the good, but the evil also. True, there come times when certain maledictions are stamped out, but generally there is a greater number of lesser evils which arise, serving to more than counterbalance the good thus effected. Our Non-Conformer attempting philosophical and absolute reform never gets far enough by himself to make a distinguishable foundation for other like upbuilding. Our Disciplinarian, more or less accepting the rules of society as they exist, naturally does not eradicate evil. After his life is lived, the same evils that breathed before him still flourish, indeed aided perhaps by numerous unconscious minor and immediately unimportant detrimental institutions of his origin.

Is life too short? Is transmission so ineffective? Must we always continue thus? Our resolution of the problem certainly has little weight except as an intellectual contemplation; for the human lack of moral stamina will not permit, except upon too rare occasion, that one comprehend, and from this comprehension mold a model life. However, what may come from the study of varying personality, and what may be of definite and material desirability, is a new, more tolerant attitude and respect for those among us who seem not to fit in natural harmony with events that occur around them.

The analysis we have just followed is based solely upon the assumption that such an increased realization and appreciation of respective individual values will be the first definitely perceivable step toward the supreme of all worthy attainments—to make of humanity, in this recklessly competitive society of today, an unselfish brotherhood, an organization of people with a feeling for the principles of love and sacrifice, and with a broad, warm sympathy for those who, like themselves, have been launched arbitrarily upon the swirling panoramic waters of life.

The Man I Might Have Been

I.

In the moonlight,
In the after glow of an evening by the fireside,
I often sit and wonder—wonder why I've failed my pride.
Or have I failed?—
That I wonder, too. Was I wrong in being human—
In not supplanting the Divine?
Well, if I've failed,
Dear God, let not these feet keep on slipping—
These hands forever erring;
But set them right again for life's eternal game—
Or else I die in shame.

II.

When first I came to light of day,
I had the best in life's own way,
A mother—dear as Heaven can be—
The whole wide world was good to me.

But as I grew and years did pass,
Saw I the world through darken'd glass;
Stood, mocked, scorned, defied—
The God whose laws I'd pledg'd to abide.

Said I: "It boots not what I say,
For in the end there is no pay;
Only a jest for those denied by fame—
Something only for us in name.

And while I stray'd from His own flock,
And still had yet a chance to knock,
Doubting Him once and for all—
I turned my back to His kind call.

III.

But the more I continued to deny,
The more I realized living a lie;
And saw, red stained by mine own sin,
A vision of The Man I Might Have Been.

Something was lost — that I had to face —
Something which has nothing for its own place;
And its dying voice heaped to a din
Warned me: "You're killing The Man You Might Have Been."

IV.

So now in the moonlight,
In the afterglow of an evening by the fireside,
Sit I and wonder — Resolved to turn again to Him
Whose loving care knows no fear.
Oh, can He be that just?
Can He forget, forgive, the age-old curse —
And rid even me of all this pain?
Or is it all in vain?
But hush you, conscience calls,
I hear a calm still voice
Flowing from Heaven like water over falls.
Telling me — begging me —
"Turn now for 'tis late, and be —
The Man You Might Have Been."

—*Lathan Mims.*

TO A COTTON MILL WORKER

(Free Verse à la Sandburg)

By Peter Moody

Your shoulders are humped and your head is bent; your dull dead eyes are spiritless and your mouth is just a hard straight line in a yellow face under the blue lights in the mill.

You are diseased and unhealthy looking, standing there in your faded overalls, with one suspender loose. Your voice is cracked, and your throat and lungs are lined with cotton.

Every night the whistle blows and you plod home to swallow your bread and beans, comb the cotton from your straggly grey hair, wash your wrinkled face, and then lie down on your hard, unclean mattress until the whistle's blast calls you back to your machine in the mill.

In these close, four-room green and yellow houses, filled with soot from the mill's smokestack and dust from the road, you breed countless children, dirty and ill-fed, who will grow up to take your place in the cotton mill.

You are narrow-minded and ignorant, you with your six years of schooling. And you are afraid, afraid of your bosses, afraid of being laid off.

You are desperately frightened by knowledge. Therefore you shun it, and are content to stay a coward.

Recreation for you is in talking baseball and in seeing, on Saturday nights, some cheap Western movie full of guns and rope and horses and fights. And your pleasure is wasting your nickels in the drug-store slot machine.

On your day off, dressed in your shiny cheap suit and dingy white shirt, you come down to the village square and sit in the sun in front of the company store and spit tobacco juice on the sidewalk from between your decaying yellow teeth.

You gossip with the other factory bucks, and miss the clamor of the mill.

You join a union and pay your dues. And you attend meetings where loud-mouthed bunk-shooters shout lies at you and yell against the stretch-out, and tell you that if you strike and lose your jobs, you will no longer be poverty-stricken. And you believe them.

These mealy-mouthed hypocrites tell you that you are the salt of the earth and the bulwark of the nation, and then grab your dollar contribution "to the cause" and put it in their pockets,—while your children go without shoes.

On Sundays you put on your red tie and go to church with your consumptive wife. And, while she goes in and sits on the left side of the narrow wooden church, you stand outside, you and your cronies, and spit tobacco juice. And then you go in and sit on the right side away from your wife.

You hear the preacher speak of Christian living and high ideals. What do you know of high ideals, you broken, sixteen-dollar-a-week mill hand?

Listen, lint-head,—you are just another poor, illiterate, cotton mill worker. You stand with a thousand others just like you for five days a week, eight hours a day, running and watching and nursing and tending a power loom, all for forty cents an hour.

What do you know about life?
What do you know about music?
What do you know about art or literature?
What do you know about love?
What *could* you know about anything?

You are dead!

You died on your sixteenth birthday when you went to work in the cotton mill.

MARCH: A MONTH O' SUNDAYS

ANONYMOUS

THE following are excerpts from a college boy's journal:

March 1. Just rolled in from the Fashionplate. Saw the cutest-looking waitress tonight. She must be new. It's plain to see where I change tables.

March 8. Boy, she slays 'em, does Daisy. Learned tonight that that's her name. She has the warmest, friendliest smile — like sunbeams on pearls. And possesses the chassis of a Venus. She made me feel right at home. Only I wished that it was just she and I alone, away from the hum of the restaurant.

I bet waiting on tables gets mighty tiresome.

Wonder if she can dance?

March 15. I'm going to town, lad. With Daisy. I held her hand for every bit of three minutes. She acted as if she liked it as much as I. Maybe at last I'm making a hit with her.

Just must have a date with her soon. Now the question is, whose car can I borrow? Merriday *might* let me have his. Or Jones. But I doubt it. If she was a Nu Phi girl, I could double date her in Gregor's V-8.

That reminds me. I'll need a new clothing ensemble for Easter. Hope Daisy likes me in the duds I'm set on buying,—the Homberg, and everything.

Oh, boy! I wish there were some way I could date the girl.

March 22. Things have happened thick and fast lately.

Best of all, I see where Daisy and I get together on matters. The folks sent me a fifty to scrape together that spring outfit I've planned on.

By close figuring, I'll need only half of it for clothes. The rest — well, NOW I can date Daisy, even though I don't have a car.

Boy, I certainly was worried for a while, though. Since she lives 'way out in the country somewhere, it would cost fifty cents a whack to see her home in a taxi. Add to that sixty cents theatre costs, and it's so very plain to see where that other twenty-fiver comes in.

I could stay up all night thinking and writing about her. She's done things with my heart. I never felt this way concerning another girl. And I entertain very serious doubts as to whether she can dance. I always swore I'd never marry a girl who couldn't dance, but in Daisy's case such a consideration seems so foolish. It also occurs to me where even thinking of matrimony with less than twenty thousand to start on would have seemed crazy.

But now all I want is a good job in an orchestra somewhere, and Daisy to have and hold. I'd quit school mighty quick on that basis.

Daisy, old girl, you're sure going to answer some questions mighty awful soon.

March 29. It just goes to show. Here I was planning to do things and be acceptable to the girl, when a glance at things in general sent my plans phlooey.

I dropped in at the Fashionplate tonight, and when Daisy came around for my order, it was my intention to date her for another show, and then — but lo, and behold, the lass seemed terribly upset. A little questioning disclosed that — well, I waited around until she was off duty, then saw her home, while she told me everything.

Her old man has suddenly died, and since there are no boys in the family, she and her mother didn't see where they could make a go of it,—what, with having been swamped with bills, etc. Worst of all, their house is mortgaged, and a payment of seventy bucks is due tomorrow, of which Daisy has only twenty in hand.

Well, I listened; and the more I listened the madder I got at the Fate which could doom such a fair and innocent girl as Daisy to a life of pineywoods poverty. Finally an idea struck me.

That fifty! What would I be doing with an Easter ensemble or anything else while Daisy stood in such need? It struck me rather forcibly that *here* was a chance to show whether I loved her.

I lost no time offering her that money. She looked dumbfounded, then quickly declared it was impossible to accept. And *I* declared it was the only sane and sensible thing for her to do: furthermore, I says, "You know I'm nuts about you, Toots, so *please* take it just to show that you believe me a little."

We were arrived by that time, and I was successfully standing on the third step — she would have invited me in, she said, only the shock of the mortgage had shattered the poor old lady's nerves. She looked so small and frightened standing there, and something 'way down deep in me went right out to her — she needed protection. But she would accept nothing. I had to urge her for a third time to take the money.

Suddenly she bent down and planted a lush, burning kiss on my lips.

"Walt, you're a hon," she said.

"And just to show you that I *do* believe you, I'll take it. But I'll pay it back later on," she added.

"Aw, that's all right. Here."

And I got out the wad and gave it to her.

Well, that's that. It just goes to show.

(Continued on Page 25)

A DOUBLE CHARACTER SKETCH

By PETER MOODY

THEY buried John Everest yesterday with as fine a funeral as was ever given a man whom the the world terms a success — a man of prominence and power. The church was filled with the flowers which the grave's mound was too small to hold. Thousands came to see John buried, for he had been a well-thought-of man. I listened yesterday to many of the men who attended the service. They all called him "my friend," and spoke of him as a paragon of honesty, kindness and right living. I heard some of the women who had known him talking also—they recalled how brave and handsome he had been; how gentle in his treatment of others.

Perhaps John Everest's life had meant that to those people. But Anne, his wife, who sat dry-eyed throughout the service, knew him for what he really was — a vain, weak, greedy man. She had married young, her parents anxious to give her away to the rich, popular, young Everest. And Anne, in her pretty, girlish innocence, was too infatuated and enchanted with his charming manner and pretty speeches. For a while she thought she loved him,—but only for a while. The first night John came home drunk and cursing, she was surprised and terribly bewildered. She attempted to calm and soothe him, but, in a fit of savage anger, he swung and cruelly bruised her with his fist. That was six months after their marriage, and she was horribly frightened — mostly because of the baby that was on its way. John never apologized for that blow, and Anne never outgrew that fear of him for the rest of their twenty years of married life.

Fearful but faithful, she patiently tended him time after time—made ice packs for his raging alcoholic head, undressed him, put him to bed, endured his abuses, listened to his vulgar and insane ravings. That was why she sent the boy — they had but one child — away to a private school when he was so young. She wanted him to grow up away from such an influence, and to feel proud of his father.

John succeeded in business. He made a lot of money. People liked him because of his good looks and keen wits. They never saw him in one of his frequent drunken stupors. Anne alone saw him then, and she carefully shielded and guarded his weaknesses from the sight of other people. No one ever knew how he treated her, and she never complained, not even to John.

She wouldn't leave him either—I asked her once to go away with me, for I loved her madly—that was before I married Alice. But she said no, because of the little boy who was growing up into a fine, straightforward little chap and just like his mother. Even when John went up to the State capital for a week on what he called business but really to live with a red-haired manicurist, and then came home drunk and bragged to Anne of his exploits, she stuck by him, though God knows how she stood it.

No, she never complained until shortly before his death she came to me and told me these things. Somehow she had discovered that John had swindled old man Nevers out of his pension money. She never knew until then that he hurt others besides her. She seemed willing enough that he expend his pent-up emotions and hatred on her, but she cried when she told me about old man Nevers, and from that moment I believe she hated John as much as I did. But on account of her boy, who was graduating from some northern prep-school, she didn't expose John. None ever knew except us—even old man Nevers never found it out.

Last week John Everest suffered a heart attack, and two days ago he died—thank God for that!

SENTENCE CHARACTER SKETCHES

By PETER MOODY

OF A YOUNG MAN

HE was a self-made member of the younger degeneration — a handsome sot who scorned all save those whom he might use as stepping stones to the goal of his greedy ambition.

OF AN OLD LADY I MET ONCE

Mrs. Rutledge was a sweet, white-haired old lady of the "before-the-war-south" — a lovely flower blooming forever in the peaceful garden of *memory*, nurtured by the pleasant waters of the stream *Recollection*.

OF A COWARD

The way he slunk into the corner with his small black eyes darting forth fear from his bullet-shaped head revealed that his life had been one of color — a deep yellow color.

OF A "CHURCHMAN"

One knew him for a mealy-mouthed hypocrite, even before one's eyes wandered from the showy diamond stick pin in his red tie to the golden crucifix hanging on his watch chain.

OF A HARLOT

She waited patiently on the windy corner, her straggly peroxided hair trying to escape from beneath her cheap gaudy hat, and her synthetic mouth set with hard straight purpose — the very picture of decayed girlhood.

OF A COTTON MILL WORKER

Dirty, greasy, and grey-haired with the factory lint, he tended his roaring machine, only raising his head every now and then to look with spirit-dead eyes at the wall clock and to emit a stream of tobacco juice from his yellow-dyed teeth.

ON FALLING FROM A TREE

By KEMPSON DELOACH

THE call of the woods is no less vivid to the hunter than the "call of the wild" was to Jack London's Buck. There is a kinship of spirits between the woods, the dog, the man, and his trusty gun. Some of the same predatory nature necessary for the existence of primordial man prompts his civilized offspring to cast off social restraints in a reversion to the old instincts of stalking the prey and making a kill. Some of the same thoughts which passed through the savage mind of the ancient slayer as he quietly, deceitfully, and unrelentingly sought out his prey and joyfully made the kill must be entertained by the more modern hunter, spending hours of fatiguing effort in seeking to kill a few harmless animals which he doesn't need at all for food.

But ancestor or no ancestor, I knew that something was calling me to the woods and fields that morning in February when the crisp weather was making my blood tingle, and my loyal hound was radiating the canine enthusiasm for the hunt. It was an irresistible call, and soon I was trudging toward an oak forest with a gun over my shoulder, and my dog covering all of the surrounding territory for traces left by the small animals of the woods. An occasional bark sounded encouraging, and it wasn't long before the deep bass voice of the hound broke the stillness with the steady monotone, telling me that something was up a tree which my dog had thought worthy of investigation. I ran in his direction, and was drawing close when my noise of approach frightened the small grey squirrel into seeking safety in a hole in the tall tree in which he had been "treed." I had just enough time to train my gun on him and shoot. The squirrel faltered for just a second, and then fell into the hole, leaving its tail sticking out to inform me that all I had to do was to climb the tree and secure my prey.

Tall, about two feet in diameter, and not a limb on it for twenty feet, the tree was a challenge to the best climber, but I felt myself capable, and was not to be daunted until — but I'm getting ahead of my story.

Taking off my shoes and sweater, I made ready to accept the challenge which the squirrel offered. After one last estimation of the distance and position of the squirrel had been taken, I grasped the tree with both my hands, pressed my knees against the tree, and began my climb by the dual process of pushing with my knees and pulling against the ridged bark with my fingers. Picture my position — clinging to a tree over two feet in diameter, which my arms could barely reach half way around, pushing and pulling toward my squirrel twenty feet up, while below the ground threatened with jagged rock and several stumps.

Keeping my eyes glued to the sky above, I slowly climbed inch by inch to what seemed to me two-thirds of the way, and, looking down, it did seem that far, but judging by the distance left, it was only half way.

I began to feel a little tired in my fingers, which hadn't gotten any relief from the strain. That is just a passing fatigue, and anyway it isn't so far to the top. Two feet more — but a little sick at the stomach. My hands are getting weak, my knees are shaking, yet they are my only means of support to the limbless tree which I couldn't reach around. I look down, my head gets dizzy, and the stumps and rocks stand out in sharp relief against the brown bed of leaves. To fall may mean — I can't think of it. Take your time, and be a man. But I can't, I can't —

Then for just a moment I clung there, realizing the fate that awaited me, and yet calm and composed, and then I let go. It was just such a feeling as I have had when as a little boy, desperately trying to keep my eyes open in church, I finally closed them and my head fell into my mother's soft lap. I have heard that a man who had been rescued from drowning after he had lapsed into unconsciousness said that just before losing consciousness — between the time of a cessation of struggles for life and the passing into an unconscious state—all is peace, and an indefinably pleasant feeling pervades the whole being. That same experience is what I underwent just before I fell, and even when falling, or directly afterward, I wasn't unnerved in the least. As I lay in the soft bed of leaves with a jagged rock on one side and a stump on the other — not even scratched or bruised in the least from my fall — I looked up through the trees at the blue sky, and silently thought of the great protecting Spirit.

CHRISTIANITY

But let me take my wearied soul away
To think, in some sequestered place, of life;
And finding there its aim, secure from strife,
I'll serve my Master 'til eternal day.
Remote, secluded, there in quiet I'll see
Man's harassed life; I'll closely study men
To learn through them the truths of God, and then,
I'll be prepared to live religiously.
"Alone you'd try to find life at its best?"
An unheard voice asks softly, then resumes,
"The one who grows the biggest soul consumes
Himself in service, never seeking rest;
The mortal soul which most like God would be
Will find in men their opportunity."

—*Ralph S. Bryant.*

SPRING

The first mad windy days of March are here,
And everywhere the tree is nodding to
Each mate in mocking bows of ancient grace.
A new warm breath of Spring is felt, and these
Same trees that bow in mock politeness put
Now on the bud of new awakening life.
A sweet mad happiness now fills the air
And drives the sluggish, idling winter blood
In ever quickening pulses through the heart
That long has lain in Winter's icy grip.
New life, new hope, new promise of the fast
Approaching glory of the Spring that drives
The last dull trace of Winter from the Earth,
And gives a future promise of a time
When deep blue skies and starry nights will touch
The gay green mantle of the Spring with soft
And tender breezes from the glowing South,
And love will pulse its cry of ecstasy.
A show of green, a splash of gold, a dip
Of purple here and there, as now the first
Brave gaudy flowers of the Spring appear.
Oh, March: They call you lion of the year,
But here I hail you herald of the year's
Most happy month. For now you bring the time
Of April's fleeting showers and the shy
Sweet buds that beckon with such tender grace
From every wooded hill and peaceful knoll.

Now April comes, the brightest month of all
The year, with soft meandering breezes from
The South that sweep o'er hill and stream and field
And waft the perfume from a million sweet
And blooming flowers through the fragrant warm
Spring air. The month of sudden showers dark
That coming unexpectedly and free
And giving water to the roots of dry
And thirsty plants which, shaking, tremble with
A golden load of blooms. The deep blue arch
Of April sky spreads overhead in vast
And endless majesty. A pale white sail
Of milky cloud is idly drifting with
The vagrant winds that blow, and birds their wild
Sweet music pour into the perfumed air.
Rich green the grass in beauty blankets hill
And wood and dale; it makes a border for
The brook and covers every hidden nook
And vale. Oh, April, with your moonlit nights
And soft caressing breeze that aids the plump
And smiling Cupid aim his practiced dart;
The mating season of the year that grips
The bird and beast alike, and sets the whole
World trembling with delight.
I see the shy
Sweet violets peeping out to bask again
Their faces in your pure life-giving light.
They seem to smile with each warm ray and bend
With supple grace to every passing breath
That blows. Now April soon will smiling pass
With all its blue and golden days and leave
A puddle-weary world to flowering May.

Sweet May with balmy nights and dewy morns
That bring a host of blooming flowers gay
To deck each golden passing day and hour
With Nature's poetry of life. The birds
With wild sweet carols greet the rising sun
Of each new day. The budding Rose in rare
And stately dignity is blooming in
Your warm and golden air and sharing with
Your many varied colored proteges
The decoration of a passive world
That slumbers in thy living golden light.

How like the Spring is life itself in all
Its passing fantasy. We live and wilt and fade
And die as each fair glowing flower must;
And Spring is far too short a time to waste
A minute of its golden fleeting days
In evil thought and harsh and unkind word.
So let our days like golden flowers be,
So full of cheer and warmth and joy that each
Fair passing morn may ripen into noon
And fading with the shadows of the dusk
Then leave a world retouched by light and mirth.

—C. R. Spell.

WINTER

The great white house that stood upon the hill
Was gleaming with a thousand crystal lights;
Warmth and comfort, laughter unrestrained
Filled all the lofty corridors and halls.
Outside the air was filled with driven snow
That wrapped the silent country-side in white,
Brought pleasure to the poet's eye to see,
Made children who had sleds exclaim with joy.
But in an alley where he'd made his bed,
A newsboy shivered with the biting cold.
His drowsy head sank low upon his breast,
—The snow fell on — his soul at last knew peace.

—R. M. Phillips.

THE RECKONING

By Harold Ward

I

THE STREETS were shiny and slick where the ice had melted, and it was cold, but not so bad as it had been. No—that was wrong. It wasn't so cold, but everything was bad. Now there would be more people out, and they wouldn't have to bend double to keep the wind from blowing them in whirls, as it did the paper and smoke. The buildings would be colored with sunshine, and she would see it and feel worse than ever. These people walking the sidewalks and the traffic milling down the streets were alien, or maybe *she* was a foreigner here. Of course she was! Only six months now. She remembered how all her friends had distrusted Ishma Trinkel. But that was different. He *was* a foreigner. This was Chicago, and she was an American.

Her heels thumped the pavement. Slowly she walked. She thought: the hearse crawls—the pallbearers creep. I will be the only one at the funeral, and I must perform the ritual—all of it—except I left my Bible at the tenement. That was an absurd thing, and she laughed, but something gripped her throat, and the laugh was choked. She looked at her hands, cased in black gloves.

"Ugly things, so full of holes," she muttered. Then she pulled one of the gloves off, dropped it on the sidewalk, and then the other. She was in the park now, and often she had been here before, always alone. The first weeks she hadn't minded. But *alone*. Sometimes she thought: if the word *alone* had never been made, or a word like it—oh, but these fears are born in the mind, and I am a fool.

Then later, besides being solitary, she had no job, and her minister had written her about Mr. Jones. That was her father, and he was dead—so there was no reason to—the word frightened her.

She turned before a bench and sat down. Not yet. Just a minute or two. A man sat beside her. It was dark, but she could see his white shirt. His hand was on her shoulder, and she didn't move. The man spoke, his voice thick, and she was repelled by his garlic-laden breath.

"Wanta go some place, sister?"

She replied flatly, evenly, "I don't understand. Where shall we go?"

He laughed loudly, and for a moment everything seemed real again.

"Say, sister—now that's right good—I swear 'tis. To the Ritz a'course. Nobody ever called Will McFading cheap. Come on—"

She struck his hand away from her shoulder.

"No—I suppose my curiosity *was* morbid — I-I often wondered how such things began—"

"Why, you little hussy you—"

"Stop it! There's a policeman over there, and he will put you in jail. I don't want you there, because I may have lead you to believe—" Her voice trailed away after the man.

"And thank you," she called to him. She felt like laughing—scared, the stupid fool.

So *that* was the way. If a man was uncertain, and wanted to be sure— She didn't think about it. There was a river behind her. She put her hands on the bench and pushed herself up. How weak! There hadn't been enough food recently. Her hands were so thin, and her cheek bones jutted out in silhouette. There had been a little gray in her hair the other day, too. Twenty-six and *gray* hair. She was on the bridge. Her heels made a hollow, resonant clump. The river was below, and she could hear the wash against the supports, but couldn't see the water. That didn't matter. Perhaps it was better not to see it, because it would be ridiculous to be frightened *now*. Then she was on the railing.

She jumped, and fell back shortly, like a puppy on a leash is stopped when he runs to the end of his rope. A man's hand held her wrist tightly, but there wasn't any pain. She couldn't see his face or tell anything about him, except that he was big.

"What's the use?" the big man asked. His speech *rolled* out on rubber-tired wheels—softly, smoothly.

"There's no use," she said, "no use at all. If you will go now—"

"Pretty calm, aren't you? But you can't kill yourself like that."

Her face was set like a wax model, but she wasn't angry or glad—or anything.

"You don't understand," she explained listlessly. "I don't want to live at all. Really I don't—I don't want to live," and at the last she whispered.

He laughed, and put his arm around her shoulders.

"Say," he exclaimed, "you're just a bunch of bones. Maybe you need a bite to eat—coming with me?"

She laughed hysterically.

"You're another one, — oh, you're another one. There was a man who asked me to go to the Ritz with him tonight."

"The Ritz!"

"Maybe he was joking. I don't believe you meant—" She smiled.

They walked together. She expected the park to look different now. Some strange light—or, perhaps, a new flower in bloom. But everything was the same. The darkness was no lighter. She had been *so* calm before. Now she trembled. She touched his sleeve.

"Where are we going?"

He smiled—

"Not to the Ritz."

"What's your name?"

"Chris Vedder. Don't believe you—"

"No. Mary Jones. Plain, isn't it?"

"Plain?"

"Thank you. Your surprise at such a possibility is very nice."

They walked, their feet throbbing in tune—clop, clop, cloppity-clop. She spoke again—

"Why do I feel so unchanged? I mean, since the river. I don't feel a different person—isn't it strange that I don't feel different?"

"Yeah, I guess so. I guess I would feel funny after coming so close to suicide."

"Don't," she said, "please—don't say *suicide*."

"*What?* Oh, sure—I won't say that again."

She could see his face now, and thought: if he would always be in the dark, and I could only hear his voice as smooth as smoke sifting through a screen, then I should imagine him to look like something he isn't at all. His eyes are blue—I would have thought so—but not *dead* like they are. His mouth is nice—rather thick, maybe, but curling at one end when he smiles. His eyes and lips don't smile together. How big he is, and what long steps he takes. I like his hair—like sunshine on green grass.

And he thought: what a skinny girl! Has gray eyes I think, but what's the difference? Brown hair that curls—pretty good figure if she weren't like a skeleton. I wonder why I stopped her. Dead people don't bother me. But I couldn't let her jump off—(the hell I couldn't! she doesn't mean a thing to me). What can I do with her? Let her go back, and start over again.

He guided her into a restaurant, and thought that he was a fool. Not, this time, for taking up the girl. Lupino might—Lupino! He might just as well have jumped into the river himself.

They sat down. Their table was partitioned off, which he approved, because no one could see them from the street. She broke into his thoughts—

"We're very peculiar, Chris—see, I even say your name naturally. But you're taking me with you as though it had been arranged. We met at the bridge as though each expected the other. So real until it's unreal."

He was reading the menu and scarcely heard what she said.

"Slide over a little closer to the wall," he said suddenly.

"Why, what's—"

"Nothing—just slide, that's all."

"Oh, oh, I see. Your friends might—"

"Friend! *That's* rich. No friend of mine, I can tell you."

Their supper came. He had ordered a steak, with potatoes and coffee.

"Better eat hardy," he said, "you sure lord need it."

She ate. This was the first time in—no use. She couldn't remember, except that it seemed a very long time. All she could see was the top of his blond head bent over, while he shoved in his food. He ate with wheezing noises. No matter.

"I feel odd now," Mary exclaimed. "Nearly like I *should* feel. I—"

"Going to thank me, or something?"

"How can I?"

"I don't know. You can just forget that—and listen—I've got a litle kale—fact is, a good little bit, and you're welcome to some of it—I guess that's your trouble. Maybe I won't need any of it much longer—just as lief you had it as another."

"What do you mean?"

"Killed a man a couple of weeks ago—"

"The police—"

"Oh—the *cops*. They don't worry me—it's Lupino that'll get me. I did up *his* man."

"Then, you're a gangster?" She was horrified. It was bad—hunted man. It wasn't so much that he killed other men. She had not lost all of her unnatural placidity. Six months before this would have been worse—a killer would have been the worst thing in the world.

"Yes, I'm all of that, but that needn't make any difference to you. With enough money—"

"But you mustn't die—"

He was silent, his eyes dull and fixed in their gaze upon her. Then—

"Forget it—maybe I wont.

"By Jove!" he said again, "you *could* be pretty, if you weren't so thin."

She didn't hear him. Instead—

"You mustn't die—not like *that*. I have a flat—"

"Huh—oh—well, what of it? You can go there and I'll give you enough cash to run on for a while. You will be alright."

"But you must stay there for a day or so. Lupino will never find you—"

He laughed, his lips curling at one end.

"What kind of girl are you, anyway?"

Then her cheeks were pale pink, and her gray eyes were wide.

"I'm not what you think at all, really. It will be all right"—she laughed—"you may have the bed room, and I will take the parlor."

"I couldn't do that—"

"You *must*. It will be all right."

"But you're a nice kid—"

"Of course I'm nice—but you saved my mind, and that saved my body and soul. It won't be wrong to do this—"

He hesitated, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"If you don't mind, why should I?"

Her eagerness faded—

"I'm sorry you said that."

"Well, what—"

"Never mind—let's go."

He paid the check, and they walked again. Chris pushed her close to the buildings, and he touched her when they walked.

"Darker, next the buildings," he muttered. "If I say duck, you fall flat, d'you hear?"

"Yes, Chris." She felt so—she didn't know what. Now everything was *good*—except Lupino. Mary's hand was tucked under Chris' arm.

He asked how far it was.

"It isn't far—a few blocks this way, and then left, for another."

"We can get a taxi. No use for you to walk like this."

A puff of wind blew some hair across her face, and it got into her mouth when she smiled.

"Let's walk it—mind? It seems good to walk—I feel so much stronger after eating."

Chris's mouth was drawn tightly, and under the next light his moody eyes watched the cars coming down the street. It was quiet there. A big sedan rolled out of a side alley, and Mary felt his muscle harden under her hand. He pushed her nearer the building.

"This may be it," he whispered. "Stand close." But the sedan passed them, and nothing happened. Mary breathed again. She heard his low laugh.

"Were you frightened—terribly?" she asked.

"Yes—but not as much as I would have been."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I've been dodging Lupino for two weeks—by myself in one little room. It was very bad. The shades were down and I couldn't go anywhere."

"Just waiting—how terrible it must have been!"

"Yes. Sometimes I thought I couldn't stand it. I almost ran out on the stoop one night. He was expecting that, I think."

Her fingers dug into his arm.

"That would have been awful. If that should happen now I would—would—" She didn't finish.

They were walking between buildings now, crammed close together—brick and mortar sandwiches. It was dark, with the street lamps lighting the walks and garbage cans that fell within the round, white circles beneath them. Mary's tenement was there.

II

The flat was in one of the largest buildings on the street. There were two rooms in the flat, one to sleep and eat in, the other, a parlor. Mary put blue curtains on all the windows, and she bought a reading lamp for the table, and Chris helped her hang the pictures. Then they stood back to look, and Chris put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and she locked her arm with his. They thought it was very nice. He smiled, and his eyes and lips smiled together. Mary found some flowers at the florist's, since spring had not come to Chicago then.

Those were fine days. Chris slept in the parlor and Mary used the bed-room. Everything was very good.

Mary thought: I do not think it is wrong, because it is necessary. Chris is safe here—and I can't let him die. But *is* it necessary? Couldn't he hide another place as well? Yes—then I *want* him here—no, I don't love him, but before, I would have killed myself for loneliness—now I love *everything*. Everything is good. But if Chris were gone—if there was no one to take his place—

Time passed. During the day they would walk in a park—not the one where they had met. Mary talked a lot, and Chris smiled and talked with her. Sometimes he would think: this won't last, but it's fine—Lupino will find me. If he doesn't, I must go anyway—very soon. Mary is very good. Pretty too—tanned cheeks too—and her eyes—like something gray in a lake with sun shining on it. Oh, hell! Am I getting sissy? What's the difference, anyway? Her hair hasn't *any* gray in it now—dyed. For me? Well, maybe. But I *must* go—never wanted to stay anywhere so much before—I couldn't kill a kitten after this. Does she know—does she know that I used to think it was pretty smart to be a killer? I don't know how, but something's different. Love? No, not that. How she smiles—red lips, such white teeth. I like those curls that fall around her ears—that funny little nose—damn these thoughts. I mustn't fool myself—I don't know how to love, so it can't be that. Why can't I stay? If she doesn't care, why should I?

Mary pulled on his sleeve.

"Isn't it lovely?" She pointed to some trees, just budding green.

"Yes, it's nice. I like the park."

Her eyes were serious.

"Something's wrong. Tell me."

"Nothing's wrong—it's nothing at all."

She was silent. He spoke again, coming to a stop.

"I've got to leave—I can't stay any longer. You're very—nice. It isn't right for me not to go."

Mary walked again, and Chris beside her. Her mind was—nothing. It was white and blank and colorless. She thought that the trees might just as well suck up their buds, turn gray, and be ice-coated again. Of course, she should have known. He couldn't stay. He was doing the best thing—the right thing. But the best thing and the good thing were so far apart. She wouldn't kill herself now, but there wouldn't be much difference between life and death. Their feet scraped

(Continued on Page 23)

HUE SAID IT

(A COLORFUL DRAMA JUST FOR PUN)

By

carl selwyn pugh

CHARACTERS:

VANDYKE BROWN — Who just tone know.

BLANCH WHITE — Who tan never be satisfied.

PEARL GREY — The chalk of the town.

THEME SONG:

"Beryl Me Not Tawny Lone Prairie."

ACT I.

Scene.—A cottage on the bleach. Blanch White sits on the steps. She weeps.

(Enters Vandyke Brown.)

VANDYKE BROWN *(surprised)*—White do you weep, my darling? Are you blue?

BLANCH WHITE *(sadly)*—It's snow use. Turquoise is lost. I have found you are not true blue, and I rudy day I saw you. Who is this Pearl Grey that you lacquer better than me? I know! Harmonious what you want. Jet out of my sight, you beast. When I red her letter I could have gild you.

VANDYKE BROWN *(surprised)*—As olive and breathe. Verd you get that idea? I love only you henna never look at another woman. I swart to it! Vermillion dollars are not worth embrown eyes of yours. I rit no letter.

BLANCH WHITE—You lilac everything! Oh, what a sapphire am. I loved you so smutch and you have dun me wrong. How well I remember when we sanguine the moon-light, annotto thought had I of your coal heart. Now, you must chcose between her hoar me. But I love you still and murky will be over the door if you want to come black. Drab your hat and go!

VANDYKE BROWN *(angrily)*—Cherry well, I will go before I get any madder, but sombre these days hue will snow the truth as sure azure born. But perhaps then it will be too slate. (*Vandyke Brown exits.*)

BLANCH WHITE *(remorsefully)*—My gaudy really left! Oh, I could dye. It is chestnut right that I should make him suffer so. I rust just fooling. But mabye things will turn out all white.

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

Scene.—The Cinnabar-Room. Pearl Grey sits at a table.

PEARL GREY—Here comes Van. I spectrum trouble is brewing. *(Enter Vandyke Brown.)*

PEARL GREY *(coyly)*—Why the sadness, sour-puce? You garnet so cheerful as usual.

VANDYKE BROWN *(sorrowfully)*—We just had a violet quarrel. She lost her tempera-gain, and I blue.

PEARL GREY (*seeing th' light*)—And dingy come to me, eh? Orange you the bright boy, though? Jet-black to her, you fool. She is only trying to test you. If you ain't got no more sence then that, you should go lavender nut-house.

VANDYKE BROWN *(dumbly)*—So it's lake that, is it? (*Exut Vandyke Brown.*)

PEARL GREY—I never saw sutty person!

(Curtain.)

ACT III.

Scene.—See scene one. Blanch White sits up bronz the sofa.

(*Enters Vandyke Brown.*)

VANDYKE BROWN *(happily)* — Ivory turned! Hue can't fool me. I tone fall for that stuff.

BLANCH WHITE—Oh, I'll never fool orchid you again. But I thought you woad come back. Heh, heh, heh.

VANDYKE BROWN—Then let's get mare red at once! Mauve over that I may kiss you. . . . *(And indigo to buy a redding-ring.)*

(Curtain.)

"MI WUMMUN"

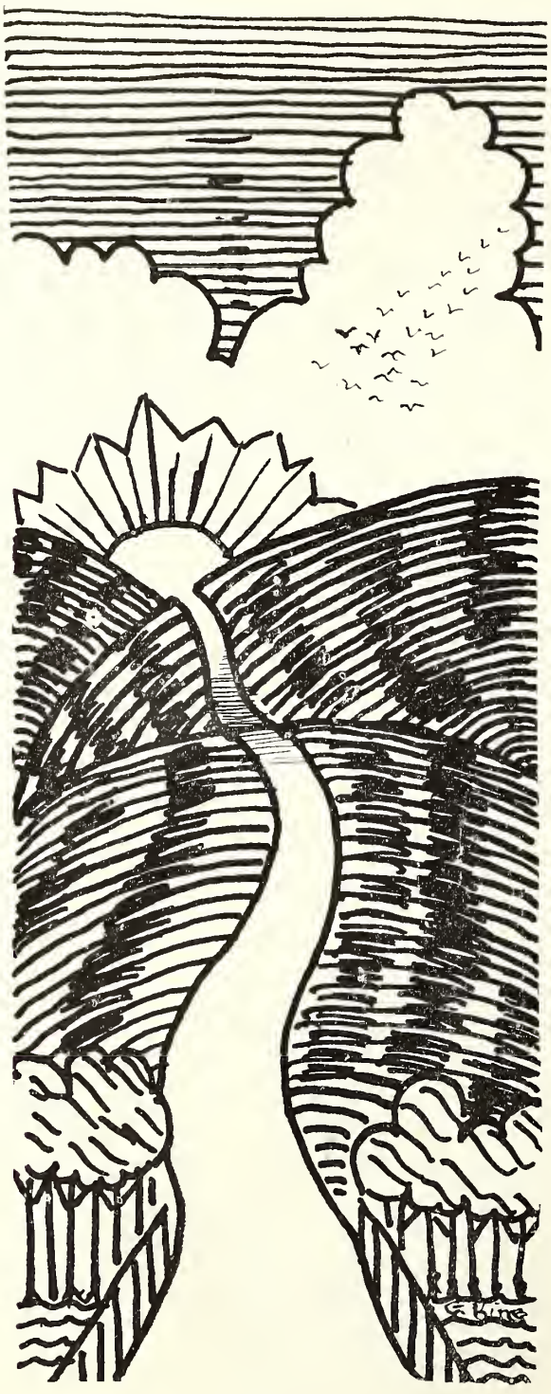
Mi wummun is a leapin' leaner once she starts.
'Steada dodgin' cupid, it's all th'u house 'n' parts.
If you cud jes' crack 'em one er maybe two,
They might start'er lissnin' er least pertinin' to.
Jesta hawl off 'n' slap 'em in 'er mouth
'N haf va frieghter waitn' fer thu south.
Yeh, give me lib'ty but not thu death.
Bet evun Pat's wife made 'em helt 'es breth.
Didja ever hear a wummun rave and fret?
It'd make a Polar b'ar git a equitorial swe't.
But I luffs mi wummun, bless 'er old soul 'n' hide.
Hadn't ta ben fer her las nite I'd sho had died.
They is good 'uns to have around yer home
When yer too ole to git out an' ride 'n' roam.
We fellers ain't so hot after all's sed 'n' told;
'N wouldn't swap mi wummun fer silver 'n' gold.
When a feller went to Hades 'n' spoke to thu man,
He sed: "Git out, my wife gimme this, all this lan'."
We all's gotta live, learn, and take it, too,
But without mi wummun, I jes' couldn't do.

—*J. E. Stallings.*

— and Chesterfields are usually there

they're mild and yet *They Satisfy*

© 1936, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



HIGHWAYS

I.

You are the road—
You dip and twirl
And curl and whirl
Like the white scarf of a dancing girl;
You circle purple mountains
That rise above white clouds.
Then down you go to silver beaches
Fringing the azure seas.
You roam through arches of a moss-hung swamp
To great stretches of sand and more sand
With only a sky and a cactus in sight.
You hurry through great cities
Where you're walled in by sky-scrapers,
But you loiter around in small towns,
For you are their Main Street.

You need no guide book,
For you know where to look
For historical monuments.
You pass o'er ground once bloody
And covered with mangled bodies—
You hear people say:
" 'Twas here they fought,
So says the book."
And they look and see
A pasture and grazing cattle—
You saw the battle
And heard the booming cannon.
They see a pasture and hear mooing cattle.
You pass old houses,
Shells of houses
That once were mansions.
And they read that Washington slept there.
You led him there —
You knew him.

You're a vagabond —
You go beyond
My wildest thoughts of space,
Never ending.
You roam,
Extending your length from one ocean to another!
And who can blame you?
For you love the soft patter of rain,
And the caress of the wind,
And the sound of the murmuring stream that
flows by you.
You love every sunset
And sometimes you seem to chase the sun
As it sinks beyond a hill.
You dive over into it—
But you never reach it.

II.

In the moonlight —
In the blue-light —
Of night
You're like a silver ribbon
Shining and shimmering
As you unfurl
And as you curl
Through sleeping woodlands—
You fling yourself across a long, steep hill
And from the top you see a thousand dancing
lights
Resembling fire-fly land.
You know it's a city,

And you whirl through it.
But you mount another hill
And see a single light
In the old clock tower
That tells you the hour is Two.
You know it's a village, and you tip-toe thru.

III.

In the dawn,
In the hush of morn,
The first rays of day's great lamp
Turn you to molten gold.
The birds unfold
Their wings and sing
As they fly o'er you —
As they admire you
From the sky.
You see the smoke of the new-laid fire
Curling and whirling as you do—
You see the sleepy farmer lad
Hitching his mules to plow;
His sister goes to milk a golden cow
While bronzed roosters shrill a
Cock-a-doodle-do.

Yes, you are the road —
Curling,
Twirling,
Whirling,
Vanishing away,
Leaving me,
Luring me,
To follow you. . . . —*G. E. King.*

TOBACCO

By Harold Ward

IT IS a small town, until, like the Mississippi flooded by spring thaws, it—the town—becomes a raging torrent of golden brown tobacco. January streets, bare, cold, and empty; August streets, seething with straw-hatted, snuff-dipping, be-overalled farmers. Dawn brings them in, with trailers stuffed and sagging, and night ushers them out, to return again at dawn. Wagons and trailers, cars with the back seat removed, and even some, who live close by, use push-carts. Winter warehouses, long, empty, closed; summer warehouses, open, crowded, filled with buyers and sellers and those who are there for the show.

The warehouses are mostly brick in M——. In the center there are four big houses—two, one behind the other; and two others, one behind the other. Between them there are wide, clear spaces where the wagons and cars may be emptied of their load, which is carted through side doors, and then they must move. At once, others take the departed places. Steady, unending bustle. Out front there are more trailers, buggies, wagons—anything that tobacco can be hauled in, but now empty. There are a few shirt-sleeved men out in front, gabbing about prices; and across the street, in the free parking lot, the women — farmer women—sit in the buggies and old Ford cars, nursing their babies, or talking, and fighting hundreds of flies. They wear straw hats of a by-gone age, and old gingham dresses. Flies are everywhere. It's hot, but still there will be some to hang around the hamburger stands, always just inside the front of the warehouses.

Then it is nine o'clock. Everybody is in the warehouse. The tobacco is on trays arranged in rows, and extending the length of the building—perhaps eighty yards. The proprietor speaks to the auctioneer, a big-chested, shirt-sleeved man, who wears a soiled Panama hat. The first row is the middling tobacco. The crowd stands close to it, waiting for the sale to begin.

The auctioneer starts, opening at twenty-five. Men, coatless, but with sleeves rolled down, and wearing ties, follow the auctioneer the closest. They are the buyers, and they won't take the weed at twenty-five. The auctioneer is beginning a steady drone, speaking rapidly—so rapidly that only the initiated can understand him. No expression on his face—he offers a lower price. Still no buyers, and he moves down to the next tray, opening at twenty-three. A buyer bids at twenty, and when no one protests, the auctioneer stops. The sale is recorded, a ticket placed on the tray, but the buyer doesn't cart his tray off, because he may miss a good sale. They move on, the crowd ever following. At the end of the row, they pass over to another, go to the first grade tobacco, to the trash, and then to the sandlug. Everything is sold, nothing wasted.

The day ends and the farmer gathers his tickets from the bookkeeper and stands in front of a window-cage. He shows his tickets—two hundred pounds at an average of eighteen cents. The cashier looks at him a moment, then types him out a check for thirty-six dollars. The farmer wipes his grimy hand on grimier overalls before he takes the paper. He will be back at dawn the next day, and perhaps the next. After that he will come once a week, and finally there will be no tobacco. But he will have a second-hand car, and a mortgage on his land to finance the next tobacco crop.

Samuel Dibble, Wofford's First Graduate

By Aylette P. Evans

SAMUEL DIBBLE, LL.D., the first graduate of Wofford College, has, today, a living monument in the form of a small town, Bowman, South Carolina.

In law, as a statesman, in the fields of education and scholarship, Dr. Dibble stood high. This is evident after becoming acquainted with his many accomplishments. Born in the city of Charleston, September 16, 1837, Dr. Dibble died 76 years later at a sanitarium near Baltimore in 1913. He acquired his early education at his native city. Samuel Dibble was admitted to the College of Charleston in 1853. He completed his junior course, and, in 1855, entered Wofford College. He graduated in July, 1856, and was the first graduate of this institution. At that time, Wofford was under the presidency of Rev. William M. Wightman. While at Wofford, he was an active member of the Calhoun Literary Society. Dr. Dibble, after forty years of devotion to literary and professional labors, received the degree LL.D. from Wofford College. He often said that this was the highest honor he ever attained.

On leaving college, he taught school in several academies, and was assistant teacher of Wofford Preparatory Department in the spring of 1858. Then he began his study of law, and began to practice in 1860 in Orangeburg, S. C.

On January 3, 1861, Dr. Dibble volunteered as a private in the famous Edisto Rifles, in Colonel Johnson Hagood's First Regiment of South Carolina. Before the close of the war, he attained the rank of first lieutenant.

Toward the close of the war, he married. Becoming settled, he formed a law partnership with James F. Izlar.

During the days of Reconstruction, he was always ready to redeem the State from its wretched condition. Under the leadership of Wade Hampton, Dr. Dibble was of great aid in the restoration of white rule.

His brilliant statesmanship was utilized in 1877, being elected to the Legislature. It was then that he led the way for the improvement of educational resources. Later, he was elected a trustee of the South Carolina University. Immediately he drove out the vagabond professors and negro students.

The Edisto Savings Bank was a product of his organization. The bank still exists, under the name Edisto National Bank of Orangeburg, S. C.

Dr. Dibble's great public services,—as educator, scholar, statesman and lawyer,—all have led in a definite direction and for an unselfish purpose.

Dr. Dibble was essentially a constructionist. Possessed of keen insight concerning the industrial condition of South Carolina, he had an optimistic faith, especially in the lower section, as to its destiny.

He was the owner of vast acres of low country swamp lands. These lands were located midway between Columbia and Charleston, S. C. At that time, this region was practically abandoned, malarial-infested country. Dr. Dibble held dreams of converting this useless country into a thriving community. He announced far and wide that new land was to be had in a rich timber region. In this manner, the first inhabitants were induced to settle on his property. Immediately the few families created an industry. This was the cutting and shipping of the valuable timber, some of the timber being converted into cross ties, which were then very much in demand.

These first people were of an ignorant class. They were extremely poor in everything except in the capacity for hard labor and honesty.

As the population increased, Dr. Dibble looked to the health, religious, and educational needs of the now flourishing little camp. At his own expense, engineers were hired to introduce irrigation and drainage systems. This, incidentally, had a far-reaching effect on the lower part of the State. Until this time, a system such as he installed was unknown. By his insight, these systems opened the way for prosperity in that section.

The religious needs of the people was foremost in his mind. To supply their needs, he had constructed a small church, also providing a Christian leadership.

As he was considered the most learned and scholarly man in the State, Dr. Dibble saw the important need of educational factors. Being an associate of the great educators of the time, principally the founders of Wofford College, he was familiar with the fundamentals of education. The school system began as a small school and one teacher. These meagre facilities soon developed into a modern up-to-date plant.

After a few years, the lumber industry gave way to agriculture. Dr. Dibble was interested in improved agricultural methods, and now he put them into effect.

The roads then were generally small cow-paths. The thriving town lacked means of transportation and travel. As a result of Dr. Dibble's work, a number of new highways were constructed. With his own means, he had built a railroad from Bowman to Branchville to better enable the people to ship their products.

Doctor Samuel Dibble must have gotten keen satisfaction and real happiness as he realized his dreams and desires, knowing that he had served his State and fellowman with his genius and energy.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

By PETER MOODY

THE Garden City of the South"—that's what they call it,—and rightly, too. Augusta, with her lovely flowers, her Confederate monuments, her cotton business, her Episcopalians, her historic spots, and her countless negroes, is thoroughly Southern,—charming and beautiful. "Yankee" tourists wintering at Partridge Inn, Forest Hills, and the hotel Bon Air Vanderbilt, and enjoying the Georgia sunshine on the Bobby Jones golf course — or any one of the other five fine courses — have, of course, destroyed some of the satisfied contentment of the town, but a great deal of it still remains, and that is the real Augusta,—the Augusta her old families — and there are many of them — are so proud of.

The first-time visitor, even before he is impressed by the graciousness of the people, admires and wonders at Augusta's principal streets — wide, straight, and clean. One used to the narrow, shut-in streets of other cities such as Philadelphia, is amazed at the breadth of Broad Street, the principal and almost only business street. It is at least two miles long, straight, and so wide that four "straight-in" parking bands are provided. Lined chiefly with numerous dingy little stores and shops, in front of which negroes are usually playing, it looks as if nothing new had been built on Broad Street in at least ten years.

The once famous Bay Street, that fashionable boulevard where, on a Sunday afternoon, the city's best, clad in their finest array, used to promenade, has long since disappeared to give way to the new levee that holds the broad, muddy Savannah River in its course. Now only a narrow road runs along the bottom of the levee, lined with negro huts built high off the ground on stilts. For Augusta is still afraid of the river — afraid it will again rise and leave its banks as it did last about fifteen years ago, destroying homes and damaging even the business section. There is only one convenient bridge across the Savannah into North Augusta, and Augusta hopes that someday, when South Carolina and Georgia quit squabbling over who owns the river, a newer and larger bridge will be built.

And then there is Green Street, that roomy green avenue, with its shady oak trees and its park in the center — and some monument nearly every two blocks. Green is an old street, and many of its sidewalks are made out of brick. Then on out toward Walton Way, over the city canal, past the grounds of the Augusta Medical School and the Junior College, one comes to the beautiful new residential section, built up chiefly by newcomers and Northerners, who really have nothing to do with the real Augusta except to spend their money there during the winter. There are not many of the old Southern mansions left, and some of these — depression-ridden, the inhabitants will admit — have been made into transient bureaus and filling stations.

Only one historic spot cannot be skipped — although Augusta is excessively rich in them. St. Paul's Church, Episcopalian, of course, built in 1750, is still the principal church of the city. Built on the ruins of old Fort Augusta, one cannot think of Augusta at any period without linking her history with St. Paul's.

The people are graciousness itself. Their very language,—a soft, slow, yet clear drawl,—is one of mellow contentment and happiness. The people are typically "Old South," and proud of it. Their actions and gestures are Southern, they detest red tape and hurry; they tolerate convention.

And one is especially impressed with her negroes. They are black — black like the low-country negroes. And the soft droning sound of their voices on the streets in the late afternoon is a soothing music that lulls Augusta into bed early. For Augusta is an old lady, Southern and charming, but settled in her ways, and she likes to sleep.

SPRING AGAIN

The halcyon days of spring have come again
To wake my heart to rhythmic fantasies.
The robin redbreast chirps his merry notes—
And dreams of man are once again reborn
To make him work for nobler enterprise
And rise to meet the misty light of dawn.
He sees the world as one glad paradise
And lightly turns his mind to thoughts of love.
The halcyon days of spring have come again
To wake my heart to rhythmic fantasies.

—James Crocker.

TO MOTHER

I want your happiness above my own.
Somehow I cannot bear to see you sad;
Time was, I sought my happiness alone,
But now, I'd give my life to make you glad.

My own small scheme of things has lost its lure!
For always I shall count my dreams come true,
If only in my heart I can be sure
That life is being very kind to you.

—Edward Page.

The Heart Is No Bargainer

Mind leads the heart to auction market days,
Plying for trade with other hearts that come,
Bartering worth for worth. Mind counts the sum,
But mind's ways are not the heart's trade ways.
The heart does not look for price-tags when it goes
Seeking a heart to trade for in the town,
The heart looks not for quality, marks it down,
Nor looks for any shoddy part that shows,
For the heart is no bargainer, and it will make
A gypsy bargain — trading for fancy or for whim—
Some bauble that dazzles the eyes with its fire,
This is the way of trade the heart will take.
Then when day is over and the sun grows dim,
The heart takes home its trinket of its desire.

—G. H. Davidson.

To ——

If I could know tonight that you were mine,
The stars above would dance in sheer delight
And cast their rays to other stars that shine
Far out and on beyond the mortal sight
Until the whole celestial universe
Would know and dance for joy that you are mine.
Even bright Mars would lose his awful curse
And break his sword and drink his sparkling wine
And laugh and sing the happy songs of youth.
Dear one, if you were mine and mine alone,
And mine for aye, I know, I know, 'tis truth
The whole wide world would smile and earth and stone
Would dance and sing for joy that once was gone
But has returned to earth with your glad song.

—James Crocker.

Wind Symphony

Sometimes I wander in the woods alone;
There sit in shaded spot and rest at ease
To listen to the music of the trees;
When stirring winds to them give tuneful tone.
To start soft overture light breezes blow.
With rolling rhythm swaying boughs are bent
In stately, slow andante movement
Of singing violins and sighing 'cello.
Rhapsodies ring as stronger gusts arise
To play the instruments of earth, sublime
With perfect notes and harmony of time
In orchestral concert to the skies.
To me the forest is a symphony
Of sound and measured magic melody.

—Peter Moody.

To N. S.

How can I best express the thoughts that flow,
When in the quiet stillness of the night
My fancy frames your face in mystic light
And paints the future with a rosy glow?
Why must I always sigh and pause in doubt
And hold my pleasing fancies then in check,
And fill my mind with thoughts of ruin and wreck
And deep despair that fancy will not rout?
To answer now these questions is a task,
For faltering broken words are all I know.
I've found that loving you is all I ask,
And I must now express it ere you go,
And hope that in your dreamings of the past
My love will make those fleeting moments glow.

—C. R. Spell.

Sonnet to Love

Love, so they say, is a bewitching game,
It comes, it goes, it stays, as fancy bids—
As salty tears that fall from dry eyelids;
It counts its many victims not by name,
But leaves its mark on every man of fame;
It rides on land, on sea, or even skids,
And with its every stroke it fells and rids
This world of all its sadness, all its shame.
Some folks prefer the love of parent kind,
Some others like the love of friendship dear,
And many claim the right of love to cheer,
To soothe, to cure, the ills of soul and mind—
But give to me the love that knows no fear,
That knows no time, no space,—the Love Divine.

—Lathan Mims.

Opportunity

The fleeing night had left a restive steed.
The coolness of the autumn dawn had stilled
The woodland life; the speckled herald of
The sun, the early-rising lark, was loath
To lift her drowsy head, and to the world
Impart her tidings of the coming day.
The beast alone gave motion to the scene.
Impatiently he pawed the dew-damp'd ground,
His head erect, he watched the distant crests:
He waited patiently, aye, longed to bear
The sleeping man, who lay beneath the tree,
In safety at the stallion's pawing feet,
To victories undreamed in battle with
The giants that rise with rising sun each day.

—Ralph S. Bryant.

Creation's Unity

The laws of man are close akin to those
Of nature. Oft the Master's deepest truths
Were cast, so simple minds might understand,
In simplest terms of natural law.
We see objectively the principles
Of life as acted out unconsciously
With fine precision, never erring from the God
Appointed rule. It is the wonder of
The mortal's mind—foundation of his faith.
The ear attuned to nobler things can hear
The richest sermons preached by muted tongues
In God's great out-of-doors. The silent forest aisles
Become cathedrals for His worship.
Man? Nature? Why *compare* these two?
They both are but the work of God.

—*Ralph S. Bryant.*

Life With Nature

Give me the freedom to live
My life as I want it to be —
Lying in meditation
'Neath the spreading boughs of a tree;
Living in the wide open spaces,
In the warmth of the beaming sun;
Resting in the cool of the shade
When the wearying task is done;
Filled with the fragrance of flowers
That sway in the gentle winds,
Spending my idle hours
With the game and the birds as friends.
Give me the freedom to walk
In the furrow of fresh turned sod,—
Where I can be with nature,
And dwell and commune with God.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

UNCLE NEWT BIGBIE SPRINGS A SPREE

By Gary Culbertson

IT WAS supper time in Bean Creek. The cows, hogs, and Aunt Phoebe's pet guinea had been fed. Uncle Newt was a shootin' around like a newborn calf, but Uncle Newt had a right to be excited, 'cause it was lodge meetin' of the National Hog Raisin' Association, and being that Uncle Newt raised shoats, 'course he had to be present, so Aunt Phoebe said Uncle Newt could go—that is, if he didn't make a pig of himself at eating time.

After sewing two extra buttons and cutting a set of garters for Uncle Newt's socks, we helped him pull in his anchor and Uncle Newt sailed away to make a hog of himself at the annual banquet. After having launched Uncle Newt, Aunt Phoebe proceeds to count her missionary society's money, average up the number of eggs under each of her setting hens, and gossip about neighbor Bagwell's wife going to church with her corset strings hanging out of her dress. After listening to ninety-seven verses of "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and of course Aunt Phoebe's talk of when she was a girl, we suddenly hears a familiar voice er singing "Throw Out the Life Line," including an extra chorus of hiccoughs. Aunt Phoebe just hollered an' tuck on, an' swore Uncle Newt had been shot. She said she just couldn't think of Uncle Newt being a missing link in the family chain. I grabbed the camphor bottle, and after giving Aunt Phoebe three sniffs, I proceeded to steer her toward the door. Aunt Phoebe nervously put the key in the lock and turned the knob, and what do you think? Uncle Newt was three sheets in the wind, with all sails up. Aunt Phoebe, she got to actin' like a June bug in a milk bottle, or I'd say more like a horse-fly on a Jersey cow's tail.

Uncle Newt, he begins to get real frisky, and he sez he's 'er wantin' to play, and 'fore you could say "Miss Wilson's pet goose" Uncle Newt hopped up on the antique organ, upsettin' three sunflowers and a group picture of the Bigbie family. Uncle Newt, he sees outta the corner of his eye that Aunt Phoebe is fixing to act like Squire Brown's bull when he sees red, so he ups and tries to smooth things over by telling Aunt Phoebe that she looks like a mawning glory, a pink mawning glory he said, what had just been kissed by a queen bee, and the green flies ain't never blowed. Well, at the sound of all this, Aunt Phoebe's face lights up like a parlor lamp, and she sez that at last Uncle Newt had come to his senses, and of course everything was forgiven. Uncle Newt just swore right straight up an' down that some one poured brandy in his glass when he wasn't er lookin'. Aunt Phoebe said, "Wal, with the cold Uncle Newt got from walkin' in his sleep with his shoes off, 'course he couldn't tell what he wuz 'er drinking."

Two days later, Uncle Newt was appointed to make a speech at the school house about the evil of alcoholic liquors. After speaking for two hours and nineteen minutes, he finally ended up with these words, "I have never t-touched a drop" (of course most of it had touched him), and he finally concluded with, "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." Aunt Phoebe sez she ain't er worrying about any other lips 'er touching Uncle Newt's. She sez hit tuck her thirty years to get used to kissin' him. That wuz 'cause of his handlebar mustache.

GEORGE ARLISS relates in his autobiography how he early learned the difference in the physical appearance of the real actor and the *poseur*. Entering an actor's colony bristling with both types, his ambitious eye fixed itself on a clique which at least practiced the appearance of the artist. The members of this group consciously let their hair grow long and bushy, aired an accent, cultivated temperaments befitting the genius they thought themselves. The quiet, unobtrusive actor who dressed normally and conducted himself as any other person appeared too tame, too—too ordinary to hold any lure for one looking for temperaments and eccentricities, the sure sign of genius—or so thought George.

But not for long did he think so! Disillusionment came the moment he saw the two types—the flashy, the conventional—at work. The flim-flam floundered in their attempted characterizations, their performances being at best superficial and colorless. The hitherto-unnoticed actors made their characters ring true with that spark of genius good acting requires.

Fascination for flashiness is not limited to actors' colonies. The college campus—no exception here—presents innumerable examples. Witness that much-to-be-pitied freshman who is being rushed by three or four fraternities, each clambering for his approval by boasting their particular brand, or exhausting their limited supply of boasts, the weaknesses of their competitors for his affection are passed in review before the gullible. Wisecracking (no connection with intelligence), flashy dressing, a flippant attitude, a few wily women, and the pledge-in-embryo gets his first taste and intoxication for the superficial that lasts for aye, unless by a miracle he sees through the whole flimsy screen.

Soft soap is something with which all the "rushed" are bathed, lathered and soaked—a bath to which, however, no objections from the recipient are raised. For this is no Saturday night affair with all of its attendant honors of wire brush scrubbing and behind-the-ear scourings. It is soothing and caressing and oh — so gently rubbing. And after a bit of vanity feeding, a soft, downy bed awaits. Here the sucker relaxes while with gentle, massaging movements all doubts as to his world-beating abilities are banished by his brother-to-be.

Arliss recognized the authentic stuff. The credulous loses whatever criteria he might have brought with him and accepts the standards of his new-found friends. How can *he* be blamed for the way he scorns seriousness, boos religion, and makes light in general of everything that a student should hold dear?

This sounds as if it came from the pen of one who had had a bitter personal experience, a disillusionment. It so happens that his college life has been made very happy because of his fraternity selection, but he *is* disillusioned about the method of rushing employed here and elsewhere. What do I propose to do? I propose this for your consideration: Wait one year before a man is pledged; by that time maturity will not be reached, but judgment advanced far enough for a wiser selection, with the dangers of rushing season abolished.

EXCHANGE

OUR first impression of the March *Concept* is its weakness in the story section and the decided lack of illustrated material. Both stories are concerned with the Civil War, and attempt to portray old Southern characters. Besides the "damned Yankee" complex, Converse also seems to possess a weakness for "grandmothers" and, for us, a little too much moralizing.

To our mind, the best article of the issue is the single essay, "Cry For Peace," by Emily Ball. The thought is good — especially the idea that education is the way to end wars — and logically expressed.

The poetry, of course, is good. An excellent poem — the best of the issue — is Mercer Blain's "These I Love." We like those, too, Miss Blaine. Grace Beacham again has several poems, "Country Lane" being our choice. Her others are "Vignette Group" and "Poem." Very appealing to us is "Love Down My Street," by Frances Poole. Katherine Kennedy's "Child's Prayer" is very well written, as also is Miss Kennedy's other poem, "March." Other worthy contributors to the poetry section are Mamie Beam, Virginia Rector, Mary Alice Pickens, Katherine McKinnon, Eleanor Thomson, and Margaret Lanham.

An interesting sketch of Dr. Nathaniel Schmidt, by Frances Poole, almost spoils itself by being too flippant.

There are several sketches, none of them particularly outstanding. The review of Ellen Glasgow's new novel, "Vein of Iron," is good,—but much, oh much, too long.

◈ ◈ ◈

Emory's Winter *Phoenix* presents a particularly well-balanced magazine. Among the short stories, "Interlude," by W. C. Pendleton, Jr., is unusual, well-written, and conveys the atmosphere and feeling desired by the author. "Clever," another story, this time by Richard Lauman, might have been cleverer if it, unfortunately, had not been spoiled with an anti-climax. The sketches, written by Lang Elliot and Forrest Shivers, were good and fair, respectively. "Book Agent" gives us a better depiction of the human interest story than does "Human Interest Story" by Mr. Shivers. But *The Phoenix* must look to its poetry page to find its literary gems. Here we find "Night Comes," by William Hester. Well done! Helen Smart contributes two poems, "Sonnet" and "To My Verses," both extraordinarily good. Miss Smart certainly proves the advantages of poetry as opposed to prose when one wishes to express feeling and emotion.

◈ ◈ ◈

In its February issue, the *Winthrop Journal* hits a good stride. The material is neither too heavy or too light. And most of the entries show a good bit of originality and thought. The sketch, "Oilcloth Bonnets," by Katrina Pardue, and the story, "After All These Years," unsigned, are particularly good. There is a dearth of good poetry. Ora Belle Hucks' "So Let Your Love Be" is the exception.

One thing we note, however. Of the nine names on the index page, seven are members of the staff, and one a former staff member. Which makes us wonder if all the anonymous contributions are by the staff!

THE RECKONING

(Continued from Page 13)

and dug into the gravel walk. Chris felt her fingernails digging into his arms. Then she thought how everything would be when he left, and her eyes were swimming, though she didn't cry. Chris said something funny, and she tried to laugh, but her open lips were so crooked and ridged from the nearness of sobs that she couldn't. She looked absurd, and Chris caught her hand, and laughed. Then Mary stood still under a big oak tree. She spoke, her eyes almost black in the shade of the oak.

"Chris, you can't go—you can't—*can't*. Oh, Chris, I'm thinking of myself, yes—but—" Mary rubbed her hands together slowly, as though they stung. Her shoulders were bent back, and her brown hair fell away from her neck—her eyes looked at him—through him. Chris placed his hands on either side of her face.

"What's got you, Mary? You were so calm that night. I never would have thought—"

"That night, Chris, I meant to die—to commit suicide. See, I said it. That doesn't matter any longer. Now I want to live, and—oh, Chris—*Chris,* please listen. If you stay a while longer—just a few days, it will be all right. *Won't* it be all right, Chris?" She laughed—tinkling, chiming laughter, her eyes like all that is lively and bright. "I'm not trying to keep you for *mine,* Chris. You didn't think that, did you? It's only that I must have—peace."

His hand held hers and they walked again. Chris looked at things that hadn't impressed him before. It was best to look away—if she saw his face. Chris thought: Mary is sweet. I love her—yes, I do. Everybody must know when they love. How clear her eyes were—like light in my face.

"No," he said, "I'll stay—just a few days—not long. That *can't* be wrong."

She thought everything was lovely once more. It was good that the trees *hadn't* taken back their buds.

"You *want* to stay, don't you, Chris?"

"Yes—yes, I want to stay."

"Why? You aren't like me. I'm afraid of the city—when I'm alone."

"There's Lupino—"

"You aren't really afraid of him, are you? He will never find you. Chris, you mustn't be afraid."

"No. There's no use to be afraid of him. But if he should find me now—"

"It would be unbearable," Mary finished.

"Yes. When I killed his man, I ran away because I didn't want to be bumped. I was afraid—scared stiff. Sometimes I wanted to stop his lead and be taken away from waiting and waiting. But it would be worse now."

Mary stumped her toe on the rough path. She was thinking: he loves me—but he can't tell me. That's an old chivalry—stiff, steel-helmeted knights may have been like that. He's very pale—how his hair absorbs the sunshine! He loves me, of course. He loves me, and I love him—because—why? There's no reason—not because he saved my life—my life wasn't much then. Why not: "I love him because I love him"—there's no reason in it. He is very good *now*—and if he wasn't, I would know it. I'm glad of this. Why don't I laugh and sing? That's romance, they say. But this isn't romance—this is the second stage for other people and the first for us—not any of that in our love. I know tenderness, and I'm very happy—yes—and I want him to hold me close and kiss me—but I'm calm. Not like the calmness that saturated me in the park that time, but the tranquility of hope and understanding.

They were moving down a narrow path between tall hedges that were almost green, but brown and bare in spots. She walked slowly, and finally they stood silently for a moment.

Chris thought: the ground is damp. It will soon be spring, and this park will be violet, and purple, green, red—all the colors there are. I would like to be here then with Mary—her hair is blowing all about her face today—gets in her eyes and mouth and in my face, too. I would like to kiss her. But I won't. I would hold her too long—I wouldn't let her go. Perhaps she knows I love her—I love her too much or too little—anyway, what's the use? "Mary Vedder, Gangster's Wife." What's this! It comes from books or movies, I guess—this being a gentleman about it. But, Mary—oh, God, how Lupino would laugh if he knew this!

Mary stood in front of Chris, smiling.

"This would be a very nice place, don't you think?"

"Eh—what?"

"I'm—oh, nothing. I shouldn't have thought of that."

His mouth was straight-set. Mary had never seen his eyes so blue, or his hair so golden.

"I know what you mean, Mary. You're—so—so great. But Lupino—and there are the cops, too. Some day one or the other will get me. I've always been a tough, rotten—"

"Don't, Chris. What you mean to say is—never mind. Couldn't we leave Chicago—go somewhere? It doesn't matter where, just so—oh, Chris, this isn't for me to say."

Her hands touched his face lightly. She said, her lips curved, but not parted in a smile, "You're a very bad lover. I'm glad, because now I *know* this is the first time. You must learn to say 'darling' and 'dear'—but never say 'sugar-plum' or 'hon'—Chris, Chris, you're frightened to death, aren't you?"

Chris' face was furrowed, and he was quite pale. Mary laughed. Her shoulders shook, and her cheeks were wet with tears of her mirth.

He held her to him, and kissed her lips and the hair away from her forehead. Then he held her again, and fondled her cheeks with his hands—and he saw Lupino over Mary's shoulder. He stood in the path, all black—his overcoat was black, and his hair, eyes, hat and suit were black—his pistol, held in dark-gloved hands, was black.

III

Trying to keep Mary from seeing Lupino—and then realizing—*knowing* that he was right—that they could never leave Chicago together, was impossible. She saw Lupino standing in the path—silently grinning—swinging the end of his watch chain with one hand, and throwing his gun over and over with the other. Mary left Chris and went to Lupino. She was very frightened—her voice was like shattering, suddenly breaking glass—all to pieces at once. She kept her hands digging into her coat pockets, so that Lupino wouldn't know how scared she was—not of Lupino or for Chris so much as the end before the beginning of Realization.

"You're—going to—to *kill* Chris?—are you?"

Lupino thought this was funny. He rocked back on his heels and let his upper lip slide up from his teeth. That made him seem to smile.

"What's it to you, baby? You'n' him hitched?"

"No—no, not yet—but—"

"Oh, I see. We-ell, ain't that somethin'! He's been stayin' at your place. I know—I've *been* knowin'. You been mighty nice to Chris, ain't you?"

Chris pushed Mary back. He was gentle with her. He spoke to Lupino.

"Listen, Lupy, let's quit the stalling. But let Mary—this girl—go far enough so she won't hear the—you know what I mean."

Lupino's smile left him. He looked at Chris.

"I guess you 'n' her was leavin' Chi', eh?"

"Yes—yes, we were leaving." Chris turned to Mary:

"You must go now, darling—and don't mind too much—I was meant—"

Her hand cuddled under his arm. She wasn't trembling now. Chris wasn't afraid now. He had told her about how he had hidden from Lupino, frightened to death. Lupino's voice again:

"So you was goin' away, huh? Leavin' for a nice long trip? How nice."

"Go on, Mary," said Chris, "you must leave now."

Lupino spoke again: "S'pose I said it was O.K. by me—s'pose I said Hank was a dirty rat, and you saved *me* the trouble when you rubbed him out? S'pose I said that if you leave Chi' and don't never dabber with my business no more, you'n' her can go to Kalamazoo for all I care?"

"Lupino! Do you mean this?"

"Sure." Lupino's voice was slow—a drawl.

IV

They went off, hand in hand—*everything* was good—love, life—Lupino was a very good man. Then there was a shot, stabbing the silence—a hand clutching tightly the hand that held it—a body drawing rigid, then bending in the knees—falling, at first slowly, then swiftly, swiftly falling, until it was as a bunch of clothes thrown on the ground—just a huddled heap—then Lupino's voice, low, sneering monotone, "Some dish, eh kid—s'long"—and Lupino was gone. And then the one who had stood, as still as death, watching Lupino, and who had been unable to do anything or think anything, kneeled beside the figure on the ground. The face of that one was still, the mouth set—had just spoken about how happy they would be—before that shot. The one whom Lupino had left spoke gently, then quickly—stridently—but Mary was quite dead.

WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
Freeman Shoes for Men & Young Men
$5 - $6
•
WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
MORGAN SQUARE

PRICE'S
YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
THE HOME OF POPULAR PRICES
Smart Furnishings
"Polly" Thomasson and Roy Robertson, Representatives
123 N. Church Street Spartanburg, S. C.
(OPPOSITE KENNEDY PLACE)

Drink -
Coca-Cola
IN BOTTLES

Worthmore Clothes Shop
QUALITY TO SUIT THE MOST DISCRIMINATING AT POPULAR PRICES
WORTHMORE CLOTHES SHOP
121 East Main Street

MARCH: A MONTH O' SUNDAYS

(Continued from Page 7)

. . . . . .

April 1. My God, what a fool I've been!

Per usual, I dropped in at the Fashionplate to see Daisy tonight. Same table, same time, same everything,—*except* Daisy. I knew it was her night on, so finally I asked my waitress *why* Daisy wasn't there. I dreaded what the answer would be: perhaps Daisy was sick or worse . . . had been foreclosed on.

"She quit her job Monday night and left town."

"But what about the mortgage and her mother and — and everything?"

"Listen, sucker, her ma died ten years ago, and so did her pa, and she's been staying with her uncle ever since. The other day she said she was all fed up with the restaurant."

Hell with Daisy! I want my fifty dollars back!

Compliments of
SMITH'S
CUT-RATE DRUG STORE
142 EAST MAIN STREET
•
The Store That Saves You Money on Your Needs

THE ELITE
La Petite Elite
- and -
The Biltmore
•
The Best Places in Town to Eat

EAT
FOREMOST ICE CREAM
IT'S HEALTHFUL

All Accessories for Men
BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP
The Assurance of Correctness

Phone 253

ARTEX CLEANERS

ODORLESS CLEANERS

"Like New When We're Thru"

213 Magnolia St. Spartanburg, S. C.

GREENEWALD'S

(INCORPORATED)

•

SPARTANBURG'S BEST
CLOTHING STORE

•

Complete Outfitters to Men and Boys

The DuPre Book Store

•

Students Cordially Welcomed

194 E. Main St. Phone 70

BEARD BROTHERS

THE HOME OF BETTER CLOTHES

108 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

Compliments of

DIXIE SHOE WORKS

(M. T. GWINN, Proprietor)

FINE SHOE REPAIRING

◆

113 N. Church St. PHONE 1871 Nolan Harrelson

WALLACE D. DuPRE

Automobile Supplies

•

Phone 65

138-140 W. Main Street Spartanburg, S. C.

We Make Loans on Anything of Value

CAROLINA

LOAN & LUGGAGE SHOP

• • •

115-117 W. Main Street

We Carry a Complete Line of Luggage

WHEN YOU SEE

Square Deal Holmes

You Think of

BETTER WATCH MAKING

Crystals Fixed 25c 105 Magnolia St.

FOR BETTER SIGHT

You'd Better See

DR. R. E. BIBER

144 E. Main St.

Flowers from red's

Montgomery Building
Spartanburg, South Carolina

•

College Representative, Fred Gentry, Jr.

Good Printing

We invite your comparison of our work. You will find that our craftsmen are thoroughly trained to produce advertising literature that is paramount in quality. When you have problems in advertising or printing, call 362 or 363 and we will aid you in their solution.

BAND & WHITE, *Printers*
142 Spring Street Spartanburg, S. C.

DRINK
Tom's Golden Ginger Ale
Delightful and Satisfying

Bottled By
HARTNESS BOTTLING WORKS
PHONE 1996 729 S. Church St.

1854 1936

WOFFORD COLLEGE

Spartanburg, South Carolina

A Christian College for the Higher Education of Young Men

- offering -

BACHELOR OF ARTS — BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
and
MASTER OF ARTS DEGREES

Pre-Medical, Pre-Engineering, Pre-Law Courses
Courses in Education and Religion

Long and Honorable History of Educational Service . . . Strong Faculty . . . Large Library . . . Well Equipped Laboratories
Ample Dormitory Facilities . . . Voluntary R. O. T. C. Unit
Athletic Grounds . . . All Forms of Inter-Collegiate Athletics

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO HENRY N. SNYDER, LL.D., LITT. D., PRESIDENT

APRIL PHOOLISHNESS
phifteen phunny phritters by pugh

BARON SLUSHBOTTOM—"I hear that Lord Quadeldunk is a social failure."

BARON SNIGELSLUT—"Yea, verily; he hath no manors."

• • •

FROSH—"Oh, I have an idea!"

SOPH—"Beginner's luck."

• • •

"Is the doctor in?"

"No, he stepped out for lunch."

"Will he be back after lunch?"

"Of course not; that's what he went out after."

• • •

SLURP—"Pardon me, but is your name Sam Slurp?"

GEEZEL—"No, why?"

SLURP—"Then take off my topcoat. I'm going home."

• • •

"Why hello, Sadie! Come right in and take off your things. We're playing strip-poker."

• • •

"I've known girls to faint when I kissed 'em. It's because of my ardor."

"Have you tried Lifebuoy?"

• • •

"Hey, give me that shovel."

"That snow shovel?"

"Oh, yes, it is."

• • •

ENGLISH PROFESSOR—"Take this sentence: 'Let cow be taken out of the pasture.' What mood?"

'LLECTUAL FROSHMAN—"The cow."

"My boy friend made two long runs in the last quarter of the game."

"Did you make him buy you a new pair of stockings?"

• • •

BILL COLLECTOR—"Are you Sammy Smith?"

FRESHMAN—"No, I'm my room-mate."

• • •

FARMER—"Better come out to the house, Doc. I just shot my son-in-law."

M. D.—"Aren't you ashamed to be shooting at your son-in-law?"

FARMER—"He wasn't my son-in-law when I shot 'im."

• • •

BASKING BRUTE—"I'd like to see more of you."

BATHING BEAUT—"Sorry, but this is as much as my best friends see!"

• • •

"Who was that lady I saw you with?"

"That was no lady — she's a Limestone student."

(Oh, boy, am I original!)

• • •

PROF.—"Tell me what you know about Nero."

SOPH—"You mean th' song?"

PROF—"What song?"

SOPH—"Nero, My God to Thee."

• • •

EDITOR OF THE WITTICISM—"The above waggish wheedles are the sprightly children of my brain."

STUDENTS, FRESHMAN, FACULTY (*tout ensemble*)—"Yeah, by adoption!"

THE JOURNAL

Established 1889

Vol. 46 **SPARTANBURG, S. C., APRIL, 1936** **No. 4**

STAFF OF THE JOURNAL

Editor-in-Chief ..... Thomas A. Willis
Assistants ..... R. S. Bryant, R. M. Phillips
Contributing Editors ..... Peter Moody, H. K. Ward, Charles Gilreath, A. P. Evans, Karl Slocum, G. E. King
Humor Editor ..... Carl Pugh
Art Editor ..... Bill Gladden
Assistant Art Editor ..... A. C. Stackpool

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Robert DuBose
Assistant Business Manager ..... Larry Hardin
Circulation Manager ..... John Hughston
Assistant Circulation Manager ..... Rodney Padgett

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.
THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published five times a year by the student body.
Subscription rate, $1.25 per year.

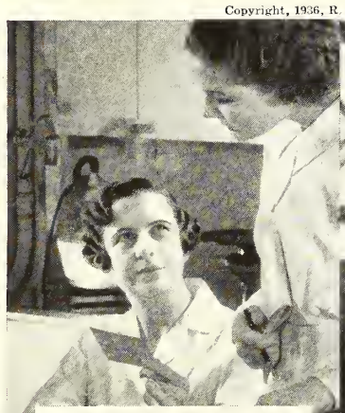
Think how our nervous, hurried way of living affects DIGESTION!

Smoking Camels assists digestion to proceed normally and promotes well-being and good feeling

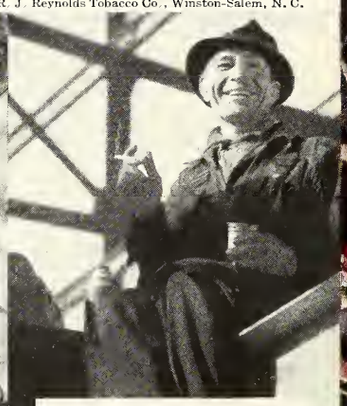
We live in high gear! All too often the rush and tension play havoc with nerves and the digestive system. How can one offset the effects of modern living—that's the problem! Here is an interesting, established fact: *Smoking Camels has been found a definite benefit in promoting natural digestive action.*

Camels are supremely mild—never get on the nerves. Enjoy Camels as much as you like...for their good cheer and "lift"...for their rare and delicate flavor! Smoke Camel's costlier tobaccos for digestion's sake—they set you right!

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



FEEDS THOUSANDS. Miss Lenora Flinn, dietitian, says: "I smoke Camels. Smoking Camels during meals and after aids digestion."



"**I EAT IN** 30 minutes—and a riveter can't be walking around with indigestion," says Harry Fisher. "Smoking Camels helps my digestion."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

THE TERRACED MARINE DINING ROOM of the Edgewater Beach Hotel on Chicago's famous "Gold Coast." Those who dine on tempting foods . . . at leisure . . . with music . . . and gay companionship . . . also appreciate Camels for their aid to digestion. Camels make food taste better—help you to enjoy it more. "Good times and good tobacco go together," says Fred, *maître d'hôtel* of the Marine Dining Room, favorite rendezvous of Chicago's exclusive set. "Here, where fine foods are prepared and served for those who like the best—so many of our guests smoke Camels. They are immensely popular."

For Digestion's Sake—smoke Camels

THE JOURNAL

MAY

WOFFORD COLLEGE

For Digestion's Sake—smoke Camels

Our tense, high-strung way of living strains digestion. Busy Americans find smoking Camels a pleasant digestive aid that helps digestion to proceed smoothly and prosperously!

The causes of upset stomach in our daily life are all too familiar. The pressure and vexation. The endless demands and annoyances. The hurry and rush. Bills—work—responsibility—worry about the future. Strain you can't see—anxiety and tension *inside*. Digestion suffers as a result.

Camels are a positive aid in relieving the effects of high-pressure living. Science and common experience agree that smoking a Camel is a pleasant and effective way to assist digestion. Camels increase the flow of digestive fluids, and no matter how many you smoke they never get on your nerves.

From Camel's costlier tobaccos you get unequaled flavor. Because they are so mild, Camels never tire your taste or jangle your nerves. Smoke Camels during and between meals for a comforting *lift*—a sense of cheer and well-being—and *for digestion's sake!* Camels set you right!

"THIS BATTERING RAM," says O. D. Gladwell, driller, "is tough on the digestion. I depend on Camels to set me right."

LIGHTNING SPEED has carried *petite* Mrs. Ethel Arnold (*left*) to the peak of tennis fame. Physical stamina depends greatly on digestion. "I smoke Camels with and after meals," says Mrs. Arnold.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

OVER 664 PARACHUTE JUMPS. Joe Crane says: "Stepping out into empty air tightens my stomach. I naturally turn to Camels for digestion's sake."

AT THE MAYFAIR ROOM of the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, Camels are outstandingly popular. Paul Fischer, whose genial touch adds a pleasing personal welcome to this smart and exclusive setting, has observed that Camels are the favorite and are steadily increasing in popularity. "A glance around our tables," he says, "proves that those who appreciate quality have made Camels their first choice."

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

© 1936. R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

EXPECT P. A. TO HIT THE JOY NOTE!

Men, don't put off trying Prince Albert. It is mild and mellow—wonderful in flavor—too good to miss! Smoke 20 pipefuls at our risk. Whiff its fragrance. Note how cool and long-burning each pipeful is. Enjoy steady pipe smoking that does not bite the tongue. So join up today with the world's biggest group of contented pipe smokers—the Prince Albert fans! You risk nothing. P. A. *has* to please you. Special note for "makin's" smokers—P. A. makes grand roll-your-own cigarettes.

OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

CONTENTS

◆

Cover by Gladden

		Page
Dedication		4
His Last (Short Story)	Charles Porter	5
Rivers (Poem)	George King	6
Occupation of the Dead (Poem)	Peter Moody	7
River Days (Sketch)	Willis Gregory	8
The Buzzard (Poem)	D. E. Cannon	8
The West Field (Story)	Harold Ward	9
Vignettes (Poems)	George King	12
Retribution? (Poem)	Ralph Bryant	12
Upsets (Story)	Ralph Bryant	13
Characters Through Conversation	F. I. Brownley and J. W. Crocker	15
Elkhorn City (Sketch)	J. W. Crocker	15
The Wrong Side of the Railroad Track (Story)	C. L. Heckard	16
Egoist (Short Story)	Ralph Bryant	17
Poetry Pages		18-19

I Must Seaward Go—C. R. Spell.
Spring—J. E. Stallings.
Rain—C. R. Spell.
Friend—Ralph S. Bryant.
A Death—D. E. Cannon.
A Vision—W. D. Livingston.
Sunset—Frank Lineberger.

EDITORIALS		22
PHOOLISHNESS		28

Dedicated

to

Charles H. Porter

Who appreciated the best in literature and life and who strove constantly in his own writing and living to attain those high standards he set for himself.

HIS LAST

By C. H. Porter

Editor's Note: This is the last effort from Charles Porter's pen. The title is his own, strangely enough.

IN JUNE they eloped and got a squire in the next county to bind the nuptial knot. He pocketed two dollars and bid them godspeed upon the brightest of matrimonial ventures.

Sheer bliss for Jim Grayson it was—this marriage business. It seemed the honeyed sweetness of the first weeks would never wear off.

Jim got a kick out of coming home early evenings and helping Elsie adjust herself to domestic problems of their shiny little apartment. He taught her his mother's favorite recipes for pancakes and baked ham. They went to the movies at night, to church on Sundays, and to art exhibits on Jim's off days. He scarcely understood the significance of art exhibits, but since Elsie's taste ran that way he humored her. Sometimes as they roamed the heavy-atmosphered galleries, certain modernistic paintings puzzled him. When he said so Elsie would laugh and drag him to view the old masters in the Gibbeson group. He formed an attachment for the portrait of an eighteenth century dame, listed on the white placard as—but that is beside the point. Jim was delighted to discover that she looked immensely like Elsie, especially the eyes and chin. Deep, tender, liquid eyes they were; and the soft round chin possessed the cutest dimple.

"Flatterer!" mocked Elsie, but threw him a grateful glance.

Soon afterwards he hired an artist friend down town to undertake a life-size portrait of Elsie. She appeared almost as pleased with it as she had been with her baby grand piano—purchased on the installment, by the way. Elsie carefully hung her likeness opposite the door, after hugging and rehugging the donor.

That was just like Elsie—to show quick appreciation for things she called cultural. Of course she admonished him ever so gently for his extravagance, but in this case they both agreed that it was a good portrait.

Sometimes Jim Grayson doubted very much whether he could entirely make his bride happy. He had married above his class and knew it. But moods like that seldom occurred, and when they did, he mentally shrugged his shoulders. His job had supported the two of them so far decently, hadn't it?

Yes, it looked as though he and Elsie would never tire of happiness. They were so young and perfectly fitted for each other. At times words leaked to him that the boys thought him tied to his wife's apron strings. Such rot only drew an amused smile, because he had gladly forsaken old haunts and familiar faces to be more worthy of Elsie.

One Saturday night he was assigned night shift, and at quitting time he was thankful to toddle home, dog tired, to bed. He anticipated a long sleep next morning, but Elsie shook him into wakefulness, insisting that he attend communion with her.

He objected drowsily at first, then not so drowsily.

Like that—the first of a series of quarrels.

Maybe affairs would have ironed themselves out had Jim not taken them so seriously. Awakened resentment suggested recourse to the bottle—the same as before he married.

Naturally, Elsie protested, and he realized that she was too refined to tolerate any show of bestiality, as she called it, yet his stubborn masculine pride whispered that he could hold his liquor.

And still Elsie protested. Separation was inevitable. They parted like cats and dogs—they who a few short months before had looked forward to unending companionship. She went home to her mother, while he stuck to the apartment.

But there was, oh, quite a difference between greeting a radiant Elsie every night, an Elsie who always cooked steaming supper and kept the place spic and span, and devouring cold, unpalatable scraps that left heaps of greasy dishes.

Then, too, the rooms were desolate, stripped of a sympathetic presence. Elsie's portrait gathered thick layers of dust that blotted out the life-like features, and reminded him of a fading memory. He took more and more meals out in town, and caromed into several old acquaintances. It was not long until he frequented most of the old resorts and, of course, swilled more liquor.

One night the notion seized upon Jim to embark upon a glorious spree at the Italian Garden, a club where he had spent wads of money and gay moments in the old days.

He chose a seat well back from the incandescence of the floor show, rimmed by its usual horde of clamorous merry-makers. His attention idly focused upon the little blue bulb which colored the snowy surface of the table, an icy blue against the theater darkness, and which made his cigarette glow blue too. A scotch and siphon stood at his elbow.

But it wasn't his intention to be poetic tonight. He poured himself another shot; paused in sipping, from time to time, to bleakly smile at surrounding revelers.

What was it, he asked himself, that people derived from night clubs. Suckers, he thought, suckers who

thought they were being smart by staying out late and boozing. Here and there the pale, pimply face of a stripling showed against the dim light.

Suddenly Jim sickened of it all. As sick as the time when he took his first smoke in knee pants. The twang of the whiskey failed to quench his burning throat. The smoky atmosphere choked him and made his brain whirl. He left.

He was glad to dart in and out of the chill windiness of the morning. The musty smell of the corridor almost lost its clammy chill in comparison. If only Elsie were here!

Maybe his muddled condition caused Jim to sense that someone was in the apartment. And somehow he felt it to be Elsie. A sixth sense?

"Elsie!" he shouted, bursting into the living room and stopped.

The half-light cast by a small wall-lamp etched the unforgettable scene in his mind. Mistily lovely, the oval of her face smiled mischievously from between a few chestnut locks that stole down over her pink fleshy ears. Her eyes shone forgiveness. He spoke very softly.

"I'm glad you came, Elsie. It's been lonesome as hell with you gone. Never knew how bad I missed you until tonight. I'm on the band wagon, Elsie.

"Well, that's all—can't you say something? Oh, I see, you little tease. Want papa to cure the cat taking your tongue?"

He bounded across the room, reached out two strong arms to crush her slim form against his, and planted a hearty kiss on her impish—

"Hey! What the—" he sputtered.

"Somebody ought to dust that portrait once in a while. Where's that Scotch? I'm parched."

"RIVERS"

Some rivers are Negroes,
Because they are black,
And have a broad back,
And they chant a low song
As they swa-bush along
To the seas.

And some are Chinese,
Because they are yellow
Like the slant-eyed fellow,
And they chatter along
With a sing-song sound
To the seas.

And some are like Indians,
Because they are red,
And their velvet foot tread
Is unheard as they creep
To the deep,
To the seas.

And some are like white men,
Except when the sun turns them gold.
They laugh and they sing,
As they swing,
And they play,
On their way
To the seas.

—*George King.*

OCCUPATION OF THE DEAD

By Peter Moody

I.

When the town, all wrapped in darkness,
Lies abed and likely snoring;
When the hour of two is tolling,
All the solitude intoning,
With a sudden gruesome groaning
Like the wind's soft sullen moaning,
In the churchyards and the boneyards,
Catacombs and mausoleums,
Banshee, corpse, and cold dry-bones,
Souls refreshed with strong sweet slumber,
Leave their resting places, coffins,
Lay aside their shrouds and cere-cloth,
Rise up, greeting one the other.
Then each ghoul and ghost and goblin,
People dead and neatly buried,
Join with their comrade spirits,
Ghastly phantoms and cadavers,
In a weird and spectral play-time.

II.

They arise and bathe their bones clean,
Go a-swimming in the dew-drops,
In the dripping morning wetness.
Then in fast and graceless motion,
Full of clamor and commotion,
Teeth a-clicking, bodies clacking,
With a horrid, hurried rhythm,
Sport they in the fearful ghost dance;
Gambol o'er the graves and tombstones,
Cast their spells and call up spirits
From a further world than this is;
Play their games in carefree manner
'Til they tire of games and dancing,
Then retire to friendly slab-stone.

III.

There they sit and say their speeches,
Talk about the world behind them,—
With its fussing and its fuming,
With its hustle and its bustle,
With its everlasting worry,
With its filth and its diseases,
With its wars and selfish egos,
With its blind, unseeing people;
This the ghosts speak on and ponder,
Think of, nightly, and conclude
Life is but a vain delusion,
And 'tis better to be dead.

RIVER DAYS

By Willis Gregory

THE river gurgled over the long curving fish dam and broadened into the quiet sandbar, where we went to play. Skitter and I had chummed together all during the marble season, and now we had nothing to do. Skitter sold the town paper, *The Hacker Valley Weekly*, and peanuts. He had a lot of big words that he could use, and he used them, too. We played "hookey" from school and went swimming in the town reservoir. We took boats and turned them loose to float like dead fish belly upward down stream. We stole fish lines and once robbed a fish basket of seven big carp. Skitter and I got a whipping for that.

It was June, and the low corn was glistening with the luster of green gems. The sultry heat of the valley and the dampness of the earth made us forget the warnings to stay away from the river. And the big stream lured us ever to its adventurous reaches.

Everything was quiet as we slipped away from home across verdant meadows toward the beckoning river. Lizards scurried over the steep rocks just above the beach, cooters lay basking in the burning sun, cows stood lazily by the salt licks and farmhands leaned against slanting hoes as we stealthily slipped along the languid river's bank. Nothing could happen to us, for everything was at rest. It was siesta time for Hacker Valley. Quietly we moved along the far-reaching sandbar, which stretched beside the two-hundred-yard wide stream, for we didn't want to scare the fish. The friendly birches closed us in from prying eyes, so Skitter and I took off our clothes to tan. Lines were set, and we watched very closely the slightest movement of the little feathered bobbers. It was an irksome task to watch three lines and keep the hooks baited, because little "cats" sucked the corn mush off easily. They bit and bit, and that was all. Skitter at last caught a big cat, which was nearly two fingers long, with a distended belly full of corn mush. We were happy, for the river was at our feet, and adventure was before us.

Like other river storms, it swept down the stream in a black squall. The ring of birches flogged the wind-rippled sand; lizards scurried to rock-encased nests; the horizon fell as we stood with blistered backs trying to put on our clothes. But we were too late. The first raindrops of warning caused us to bundle our clothes together and stick them in a white-oak log, where they would be dry. The squall suddenly burst. Rain fell in torrents, filling tiny gullies and forming young rivers in the soggy sand. Distant thunder roared overhead, lightning flashed and struck, and struck again. The pelting rain chilled us until Skitter and I waded out in the turgid stream. Skitter knew, even if he was only thirteen, that the Hacker Valley river couldn't rise fast, and that it was warmer than the icy downpour. The squall passed down the river as quickly as it came. We stood thigh deep in the now muddy stream and watched the receding black storm with its keen flashes of lightning and listened to the gutteral thunder, while the sun, a very bright sun, dried the rest of our bodies. It was an exciting experience.

The valley resumed its peaceful atmosphere as we gathered the hooks and lines to go home. Everything gathered, we washed the mud from our red-tinted bodies and started to get our clothes from the hollow log.

"Damn! Mercy dern!" Skitter raged as he pulled his clothes from the log. The log, which we had failed to notice, lay up a small gully, and red, muddy water had filled it, soaking our clothes to a dirty red hue. We continued to pull and— "Damn!" We both raged. Soldier ants, tiny red ants with very sharp pinchers, swarmed through our drenched, once-white, suits. They were there by the thousands, and they could not be shaken off.

The sunset was not noticed as we lay in between the cool corn rows, waiting for the sun to disappear and darkness of night to come, so that we could go home. Our clothes were tied in a bundle on the end of a fishing cane, and we were naked.

Skitter and I both got a whipping.

THE BUZZARD

I watched as slowly winged and alone he flapped,
Like a hound of the air on mischief bent,
With red orbs aglitter and black beak snapped,
A Satanic scavenger upward sent
From the pits of the damned and forlorn,
From the regions of sighs, of hates and of scorn,
Out of the darkness of the outer space,
Shunning the brightness of heavenly grace,
Yet polluting the virginal, ethereal blue
With a deeper and viler and nauseous hue.

—*D. E. Cannon.*

THE WEST FIELD

By HAROLD WARD

PART I

TODAY I am happy. Tomorrow is my wedding day, but now I plough the west field. This west field is fine dirt, very black and rich. It smells sweet to me, but before yesterday I often leaned on a fence that separates my ground from Les Turner's plantation, to fill my lungs with its odor. Today that damp soil will stick to my feet while I plough through it. I can do with it as I please for twenty years, and then, when the lease expires, Les Turner will sell. He didn't tell me this, but I know he will. He is very lazy and fat. His face is red and beefy, and the sweat running from his flabby under-chin is as clear as drinking water. He doesn't do anything to make him dirty, and what pleasure can he get from washing, when there's nothing to wash off?

But Les Turner is dead to me now. My mule is mostly bones and dented skin, but she pulls very well in this soft ground. The sun has come up over the trees in the swamp, and it beats straight down on me. Already it has baked my own fields until the dirt crumbles to ashy dust in my hands, and the ground is too tough for my mule. It will have to rain, and I don't remember when it last rained. But this field is different—the west acres. Ah, ha! acres—there must be three hundred in all, and with good crops, plenty of rain, and a fair market, everything will be all right.

But Louise will have to learn this life. She does not know the things that must be done. I am afraid—How can Louise love me? I am a farmer and my love is rough—but she knows *that*. I learned to court *her* way. She gets a strong husband, for I'm a big man, with a great, broad back, thick shoulders, and arms that have crushed hogsheads with their strength. My face is narrow, dark, and maybe a little weather-beaten. But she—Louise. She is such a little thing, with laughing brown eyes and short, brown hair that lets her ears peep out—and they are pink. And she is gentle, so that I am frightened when I think about it. But I love her and she loves me. I am foolish to think that anything will happen to us.

Now the sun is just overhead. My shirt sticks to my sweating body. I like that. I feel my strength and know that I am young, with a long life ahead of me. Now I am started. This new land is my start, because I've had the other crop ground for a long time. This farm isn't just mine and Louise's. There will be children. Sons who will grow to manhood behind a plough. And they will think all of this beautiful. They will get the feel of the soil, and know early dawns that are cool and shadowy and smell with honeysuckle. They will learn to know the sweetness of twilight and rest. The sun, hot and blistering, they will still love—and the rain, giving new corn life, they will thank God for. Then they will think of *their* children, and they too will lease new land, buy it later, tend and care for it. And that is the way a family *should* be. That is happiness—and a happy man is a good man. And just now I believe I am a good man. I've never known such happiness.

I am following my plough through the shadows made by the pine trees. It is nearly dark and the shadows have stretched across the field. Except at my feet, where the ground is black, everything is a mossy gray. I must stop now. It will be well if it doesn't rain before Louise and I come home. Home—that is an inspiring word.

. . . . . .

My hands shook like a leaf that whole long time. Louise was calm. I am glad she can stand such punishing things so well. There's nothing quite like a wedding. My hands wouldn't be still, and I could feel the muscles in the back of my legs twitching. Her brother gave the bride away. He didn't look straight at me the whole afternoon. After Louise and I were man and wife he put his hand in mine and said:

"Congratulations!"

"Thanks," I said. My tongue nearly lost itself in my throat, and I felt foolish. I was timid, too, because he doesn't like me. His hand was soft and listless in mine.

Then I kissed Louise. Her lips were warm when they pressed tightly against mine. There were four or five people around us, and this embarrassed me. I laughed, and I was surprised to hear my laughter sound loudly and clearly above all the other babble. She took me by the arm and we walked slowly to the buggy. I took her arm and helped her in, and then we drove away to her home, followed by all the others.

"You mustn't be so fidgety," she said.

"I know I was awful," I said. I felt very humble. My God, she knew about these things—the way these people did! She wasn't like me—oh, God!

But she smiled then, and her brown eyes laughed. She thought all of this was funny. I laughed, too, and put my arm about her. Then her small head was on my shoulder. There was a shout behind us, and we looked back and called to them. We were happy—and that was all that mattered.

. . . . . .

It is July. The sun shines every day, and some of the trees, even in the swamp, are tired, their leaves withered and diseased. The corn stalks are dying, the brown leaves quivering in the breeze whenever there

is a breeze. The house is blistered by the sun, and inside the air is stale. It is a cramped little place anyway, and needs paint. But our tobacco is poor, and the market is going to be tight. It will have to rain soon, and everything will live again.

Louise is tired. Poor baby! She doesn't know about these things. Yesterday I found her in the barn trying to milk the cow. There was very little milk in the pail, but the drops were all over the ground. She turned around when I stood behind her. She looked so unhappy, and I laughed like a stupid fool. Then she sobbed, and finally cried. I didn't know what to do. My arms were around her, and I patted her head with my big, ugly hands.

"There, there," I said, "there, there—you mustn't mind these things you don't know about. Let me show you. See—it is very easy."

She stopped sobbing, and said very gravely:

"John, I am afraid you have taken a very poor woman to love and cherish."

"Oh, no," I said, "you will learn."

She didn't say anything, and soon arose from her stool and left me milking. Her mouth was drawn at the corners, and I suppose she is too tired to do this work, or even to be interested in finding out.

. . . . . .

It rained, starting last night—and still it rains. Oh, how I thank God for this! We don't need much more—just a little, and there will be enough. If it will be cool for a while, and then more sun, the crops will grow. Even now the corn is healthier. It tells quickly. Growing vegetables are stronger than growing children. They recover quickly.

Louise isn't so tired. She sang and laughed all day, and this made me more thankful than the rain. This morning, after I had fed the pigs and had come back into the house, she pulled me down beside her on the sofa, and tousled my hair.

"Oh, John," she said, "I've never known anything like this before. Work is a fine thing."

I looked at her. She is so white, except her cheeks—they are pale pink. Her lips are — clean. I think that is the only word to use. Her throat is round and white. I kissed her gently, then harshly, and pulled her closely against me. She was pliable in my arms, her lips pressed hard against mine. Then I pulled myself away, got up, and went into my room, without looking back. Soon I heard her, walking about in the kitchen.

. . . . . .

It is mid-August. The tobacco market opened last week, and I've taken two loads there. The prices, as I thought, are only fair. The tobacco, mine and everybody's, has been damaged by the dry weather. Rain came too late. But even at that, my crop is a success, and Louise and I will have about two hundred. That's clear profit, and is much better than last year. But the house will have to wait. No paint and no furniture. There will be a hospital bill in November, I think.

Last week Louise asked me about a horse. She wants to ride.

"You don't think riding will hurt you?"

She laughed. "Oh, no, John. It will be a long time yet."

I was afraid something might happen to her. But this is only August, and it is a long time until November. We have no horse, but Les Turner has. I asked him to rent one.

"No, Lucas," he said, "I have a dozen fine fillies, and your wife is welcome to use one of them."

"Thank you, sir," I said. His readiness to lend Louise the animal puzzled me.

"Better let Honie ride with her—at least for a day or so. Strange animal—and all."

"Sure she won't mind?" I asked.

"Of course not," Turner said in his loud, rather cheerful voice. I looked at him, and saw a new man. His nose is narrow, and his mouth is very fine and sensitive. He could be a handsome man. Honie is his daughter—a wild, pretty filly sometimes. I've seen her riding at killing speed, sitting easily on her mount's bare back, and her yellow hair flying like a kite's tail behind her. But perhaps Louise and she will be friends, and Louise and I both need friends for her.

I went home and told Louise. She seemed very happy, and particularly liked the idea of Honie.

"What is she like, John?"

"I don't know her very well—rather pretty."

She pulled my face down to hers and kissed me.

"Not too pretty?"

I pinched her arm.

"Nothing like that. You're rather pretty yourself, you know."

"How nice—a man being so unconvential as to compliment his wife!"

But I felt very stupid. There was supposed to be some sort of small talk—and my mind didn't think upon urbanity. She is gay, and I should be gay.

PART II

Our baby was born in November—a chubby, cooing little chicken—and he is a boy. Louise and I have a son! Now we will stop dreaming, because everything is quite clear. There will be college for him, so that he will have a full, ripe life—and afterwards a farm for him—perhaps even a plantation.

Louise was very sick. There were dark circles under her eyes, and her hands and forehead were hot and moist. It frightened me. The doctor, a brusque man, said that—

"She'll be all right, if you'll give her a chance."

A chance! These doctors dislike everyone except their patients.

I took Louise's hands and squeezed them. She was too weak to return the pressure. Then I kissed her, but her lips were still and did not respond to mine. Soon she turned her head away, and I left the room to find our baby.

Honie and Les Turner came to see Louise once. Honie didn't say much to Louise, who was cheered by seeing her. But Les Turner's daughter, with her full, fleshy mouth and devilish black eyes, is a moody one. Funny combination. Her hair is the yellowest I've ever seen—and her hands are brown and strong.

. . . . . .

Since marrying Louise, and particularly since the baby came, I feel quite differently. There is something in me that I've never known before. I don't know what it is. My mind describes things more intricately —some softness that is foreign. For the dirt smells just as sweet, but I don't talk to Louise about it any longer. I have talked too much shop. Perhaps I will read something—the newspapers at least. Then I will know what to say to Louise.

She is well and strong now, and the baby is a fine nurser. We named it Franklin and call it Frank. Louise holds Frank from dawn to dusk, I believe, and never seems willing to let him down into his crib.

Sometimes Honie comes to see Louise. She never says very much, and only takes one look at the baby, then walks away. I don't think Louise cares much for Honie, and Honie doesn't care any more for Louise. This insincere neighborliness is unnecessary, and Louise shouldn't have to be hostess to such a hang-dog busy-body.

The cotton is beginning to bloom, for it is early June, and it should pay well this year. The west field is green with tall, ripe corn stalks—and this year I planted more market vegetables. These will sell well at the big market in Charleston. We need a mule, and Les Turner will sell Louise's horse at a low figure. He sells everything cheaply, so he must be a millionaire—or very careless.

. . . . . .

It is September again. The baby is taking a few steps. Yesterday he said "da-da" to me and "ma-ma" to Louise, and we were so happy—Louise and I—that we held the three of us together and showered kisses all the way around. Oh, thank God for little Frank! Why, he is—yes, he *is* more than anything else to me. Even more than Louise—and that is a sin against my wife. But this boy is going to be a farmer like me, and Louise will never be a farm woman. She can't make butter and she won't get dough on her arms up above her elbows. She is a parlor woman—but love is deeper than work—or is it? I don't know, and I'm afraid of the time when I will have to know.

My wife holds Frank for hours each day. Once I saw her kissing him and tumbling him about in his crib.

"Don't you think you'd better be careful, Louise? It might not—"

"Oh, do for heaven's sakes shut up, John," she cried. "This won't hurt Frank."

"But, darling—"

She turned her face to me—a face that was pinched and frozen with angry passion. I had never seen her so. It frightened me. Then she spoke in torrid, broken sentences.

"Oh, you and your timidity—you are afraid of everything—you're afraid of me—farmer, worker, digger —*digger,* that's all you are. Building—building more ground for Frank to dig in later. And he isn't going to plough, and grow old young. I hate the farm—I *hate* dirt—and Frank isn't going to be like that—he isn't, he *isn't,* I tell you. I'll die first."

I couldn't speak. There wasn't anything to say. And then she sobbed and cried. She put her arms around me, her head on my chest—I held her that way until her noise was scarcely audible. But my face felt stiff, as though it were cut in stone, and my heart was numb—or my mind. That's silly poppy-cock about the heart. Louise hated the things I loved. She had been angry then, but nevertheless—I released her, and returned to the field. It was clouding up in the north, and the air smelled of rain.

. . . . . .

Louise went back into the kitchen yesterday. She smiles but seldom, and there are tired wrinkles in the corners of her mouth. Her eyes are no longer laughing eyes. But she will be well soon.

Cotton is selling well. Les Turner gave me a nice price for eight bales last week. That will more than pay for the fertilizer. Honie came over with him, and while we talked, she watched me somberly. A pretty woman—a strong one. Probably she will make some man a good wife.

When I went back to the house, feeling cheered over my sale, I searched for Louise. She was reading the paper, and sweeping this aside, I kissed her. She smiled and squeezed my hand tightly.

"Good news, honey," I said. "Les gave me four hundred for eight bales today. That goes for fertilizer, furniture and paint."

Her smile faded away. Then she went away, and finally I heard her in the bed-room. I kicked a chair out of my way, and left the house.

PART III

Frank is seven years old. He is a sturdy little chap, round-faced, bright-eyed, and ever laughing. He rides well, and sometimes, when Louise isn't watching, he

(Continued on Page 20)

VIGNETTES

By George King

"Transformation"

One winter day
I saw a tree choked by a vine
Until its life had fled.
I thought of sin, how it will twine
Itself 'til souls are dead.

Spring came. One day
I wandered back and saw the tree.
Its vines hung low with flowers!
I thought how Christ's great love sets free,
Transforms these souls of ours!

◈ ◈ ◈

"Contrast"

Some hand had stuffed the flowers in a jar,
And placed them in the window of the bar.
Their fresh spring colors were reflected in
The rows of bottles filled with yellow gin.

◈ ◈ ◈

"Spring Song"

The melody
Is blue and green and white
With little trills
Of pink and violet
Dancing in
Quite unexpectedly!

"The Inner Poet"

I feel so many things I can't express—
My heart swells up,
And tears of happiness
O'erflow the cup.

Their beauty is too deep for man like me
To lift the veil—
I gaze and think I see
The light — then fail.

Perhaps it is another poet there
Within my heart—
Who writes these verses rare—
A secret art!

◈ ◈ ◈

"Lingering Beauty"

I found a honey-suckle vine
Whose delicate design
Quite hid the fence and filled the air
With drowsy perfume rare.

I watched some bumble-bees
As they'd collect their fees
And fly away. I got mine, too.
I smelled the flowers the whole year through!

RETRIBUTION?

Is this reward that comes to me
For some low deed I've done,
For some mean act I've covered up,
Or vict'ry foully won?

My query brings back school days past,
Those days of pranks and fun;
And how, when teacher sent for me,
I'd wonder what I'd done!

The doubts that now assail my mind
Are really quite the same
As those that made me seek my crimes
When teacher read my name.

Oh, does the mind of man become
From fear and doubt e'er free!
That should an untoward act arise
Untroubled he may be!

For now when teacher's rod is gone,
The watchful gods we blame
For fateful blows that fall on us—
Are they in Justice' name?

But no! no part plays Justice here,
For guilty tho I be;
Alone the hands of men have mixed
And poured this cup for me.

—*R. S. Bryant.*

U P S E T S

By Ralph S. Bryant

This is one chapter of the novel being written by the English VII Class. It deals with the love affairs of Albert Stillwell, the hero, during his Junior year at Winston College.

IT was the month of May, and everywhere the trees were flaunting their new spring coats, their black limbs almost entirely covered. The early flowers were in full blossom. The pleasant warmth of the sun that had wrought all these changes on nature had also brought about a change in the boys on the campus. In spite of the threat of final exams hanging over their heads and the direful exhortations that were handed them every day or so, a physical and mental lethargy had permeated the students and had taken control. Perhaps the let-down of effort to keep the cold out of one's bones and snow out of his shoes had had a blanket effect on all other activities. At any rate, books were mostly forgotten. As one boy put it: "I have plenty of time to do all that I have to do, and am busy all the time, yet I'm not getting a thing done." It was just the spring.

However, along with the approach of the examinations, other and more pleasing occupations were interspersed. Many of the fraternities were giving their last dances, and others were having rather elaborate parties before the end of all merriment. But all of these gay social affairs merely looked forward to the biggest social event of the college. At Winston, the Junior-Senior Reception had always been given special prominence. Even the faculty seemed to regard this one part of the routine commencement activities with interest and enthusiasm.

The celebration was really composed of three parts. Two nights before the final entertainment, the two classes, with their best girls, had a banquet at one of the hotels. Here, after dinner, there were short humorous speeches, skits by the wittiest of the group, good music by the most talented boys. It was a time when one spared no effort to make the evening a success and do his part. And the hotel, from long experience, always entered into the spirit of the occasion, and always added some extra and original touch to the decorations or menu.

Then the following night was known as "Senior Farewell." The same group went, by special busses, to Lilly-Pad Lake, which was twelve miles from town. Here, on the smooth grassy banks of the picturesque lake, the boys in their sport clothes and the girls with light informal attire, also sat about a fire that served only to add to the beauty of the water and trees that surrounded the spot. Familiar songs of the college were sung, a few short speeches were made by Seniors in appreciation of the things the Juniors had been and were doing for them, of their college life, and anything else they wanted to say. Sometimes there was silence as everyone just gazed into the fire or talked in low tones to the girl at his side. Time always sped by, and finally the Alma Mater was sung and the boys and girls reluctantly broke up to return to town. It was always an impressive evening, and one that played no mean part in keeping the moral tone of Winston College high as it was. Such evenings are good for growing spirits.

On the third evening came the Junior-Senior proper.

It was a formal reception, followed by a dance. The tuxedoes and evening gowns lent an excitement to the event that nothing else could, for both college boys, and especially girls, thrill in having an occasion to "dress up." And always the best orchestra that the business manager of the college and the Junior class could afford was on hand — and to date it had always been a good one.

It was to these three dates that Albert looked, and one can understand why he was careful that his "very best" could be with him. He was elated every time he thought of it as the time drew near.

With the exception of one boy, every student in the two classes had their dates assured three weeks ahead of time. That boy was Merce Coward, who roomed a few doors from Albert, and whose girl, a week before the banquet, wrote that she would be unable to come because her brother, who was in the army and who had not been home in three years, had cabled that he would be at home that very week-end. Coward, a rather smooth individual with a glib tongue, had been prompt to write back and say that "he was very disappointed, and since she could not be with him on those important nights he would prefer to go a on , and that he was not going to ask anyone else." All of which thrilled his girl very, very much. These events were, unknown to Albert, to have a large part to play in his affairs the next week.

It was known all the time that the State track meet was to be held on the same day as the first of the three festivities. But a bit less than a week before it was to come off, it was announced that the meet was to be held at night. That news threw Albert into a panic. What to do about Mary? It was bad enough to have to miss the banquet and being with her on that evening. However, that was not the main concern. He couldn't let her sit at home that night, and he was in a "swivet"

to know where to get a date for her till he heard about Coward. The latter was somewhat reluctant at first. He was not crazy about blind dates, and he was especially dubious about the looks of a girl whom this boy from a small town would be having up. But when he remembered Mary of the Delta Zeta dance his hesitancy vanished. "Why, sure, Al," he said. "I know how it is. I'll be glad to do you the favor." Albert resented the idea of anyone calling it a *favor* to have a date with Mary. Favor! Huh. There were other boys whom he would have preferred asking, but, in his predicament, he could not be choosy, especially since he knew there were others of the track team who would be searching for loose males, and he knew he had been lucky at that.

Thursday afternoon when Albert met Mary at the station and the first enthusiastic greetings were over, and the two were on their way to the fraternity house which had been commandeered again, Al began to explain to Mary that he would not be able to take her to the banquet tonight, but that he had another date for her. It was more awkward even than he expected, breaking a date like that just a few hours before time. But he would be with her the next two nights, he told her. Then as he remembered the romantic setting of the lake where he would be with her the next night, he knew that he could square himself for anything out there. Mary pretended to be mad and pouted a little at first, which really tickled Al pink, but she appeared less disappointed when she met Merce Coward, who was waiting for them at the house. For the first time, Albert noticed that Merce was rather good looking.

That night Albert was glum. But he found that he felt better when he looked forward to the next night rather than dwelling on the present. He looked up at the full moon that was dimmed by the bright flood lights over the athletic field. Tomorrow night, he reflected, it would rise later, just about the right time. Moonlight, campfire, lake, music, Mary! By the time Al got back to the school next morning he was quite happy.

The next afternoon the president called Albert into his office. He went in, closed the door behind him with some misgivings.

"Albert," began the old gentleman in his deep voice, "Dr. Highsides, of Cornwaller University, whom we wrote sometime ago about your getting a fellowship there after you graduate here, is to be in Rochelle tonight at a meeting. I have to go, too, and in this note here, he suggests that I bring you up with me for an interview. It will probably mean that you get the fellowship if you go. Whereas, if you don't—" Albert couldn't pass up a chance like that. It meant too much. He closed the president's door behind him. "Well, I'll be—" he muttered fervently, as he let out a deep breath and started toward Merce Coward's room, and then to the fraternity house.

Albert went to a movie that evening while the college presidents were in conference, and came out without even knowing the name of the picture. As he started back to the hotel, he looked up at the almost full moon, which had just enough clouds around it to give it a beautiful setting. It was as Albert most liked it. "Moonlight, campfire, lake, Mary, Merce Coward —damn!" mentally expressing himself again as he had on leaving the president's office.

Albert had no classes on Saturday morning, and he intended to spend all of it with Mary. These last two nights had been the worst two coincidental pieces of luck that he had ever experienced, and although they had been completely out of his control, he knew that girls do not see things that way. He wondered how exactly Mary was feeling now. Thas was one "hang of a come-off." Invite his girl up for three days, and here two of them had passed and he had not seen her for half an hour's talk at one time yet. How did things like that happen? But there was one night left, and he wasn't going to be missing then,—not even if President Roosevelt wanted him for special conference. Tonight was the biggest and best anyway, Albert told himself as he walked toward Delta Zeta house, though somewhat doubtfully as the picture of last night at the lake came to him. They would spend the morning in the park, just talking and being together. They would have lunch at the little open air tea room which served its meals on little tables out under the trees. Mary would love that, and Albert was smiling happily as he mounted the front steps.

"Miss Mary?" said the negro woman who answered Al's ring and question. "She done gone off wid dat Mister Coward man. Dey say dey wuz goin' back out to de lake. She come down to de kitchen en we fixed up sumpin to eat. Dey tuk their bathin' suits."

Jealousy and rage were burning in Albert. He was mad at Coward, Mary, and especially himself. And when one gets mad with himself, it is a very bad thing, for there is nothing much he can do about it. He usually takes it out on someone or something else, which is what Albert would probably have done had Merce Coward been present. But he was not, being at that time in the cool waters of Lily-Pad Lake with Albert's girl, while Albert was at home just burning up.

When the two came home that evening, Albert was lying on his cot, gloomy. They blew the horn and called for Albert to come out. He did, looking sourly at Merce. Mary was looking straight in front of her. Merce seemed embarrassed and tried to speak.

"Al, er, I, er, Mary and I, er, thought that, er er—"

"What he's trying to say," broke in Mary, somewhat impatiently, "is that he has asked me to go with him to the Junior-Senior tonight, and I am going with

(Continued on Page 23)

CHARACTERS THROUGH CONVERSATION

In a Station - Hack

By F. I. Brownley

"THE Stevens' house at Three Oaks? Yessir, I know it; I can getcha there as quick as anybody can, but it'll run up to about two dollars and fifty cents.

"Yeah, all the Stevens are there,—except Frank. He's the no-good one who left home. Nobody heard a word from his since, but I expect it's good riddance.

"I'll betcha you're a newspaper man. I can almost always tell about people by their clothes.

"Oh, so you're a sailor? Well, I do miss sometimes, but not very often. As I was saying of Frank Stevens; nobody knows where he went, and, outside of his family, I guess nobody cares. He never was one to make friends,—always reading books, never doing anything to make people not like him, but he shore never done anything to make people like 'im. He just acted kinda cold-like, and allus kept to himself. He studied real hard in high school; he was in my room in the tenth grade,—when I quit. Y'see, I got a chance to work in the garage, and I couldn't pass up a real opportunity like that. Frank had a chance to work in Mr. Miles' store, but he kept on at school. I'll bet it didn't help him none.

"Yeah, Frank left right after his graduation. I was there that night when he got his diploma. I didn't clap none when he got his; didn't hardly anybody else except his family. People just didn't know Frank. I think he kinda thought he was better'n us, too; leastwise he acted that way.

"No, he wasn't actually snobbish; he just give everybody that idea.

"What did I think of Frank Stevens? Well, I never liked him at all. He wasn't anything, and he thought he was everything. I betcha he never amounts to nothing.

"Say, I thought I saw the name *Stevens* on that paper yuh got there,—is it a New York paper? The name is underneath that picture in the corner. Oh, it says that J. F. Stevens made managing-director of U. S. Shipping Lines. Let's see his picture; it sure does look like you, don't it? Oh, it *is* you!"

Fire, Fire

By J. W. Crocker

THE motley city editor slammed down the receiver, adjusted his green eye-shade, and grunted.

"Hey, Thomas," he yelled, "go down to 176 Fiverside and cover the fire. We ain't had a decent fire story in over a year. We got to have a good fire story," he shouted. "And make it snappy."

"Okay, chief," fired back the apathetic young reporter. "I wouldn't mind a good fire story myself."

"I don't give a damn what you wouldn't mind. I want a good fire story, and don't you come back here without one, either."

The impulsive city editor had a fire in his eyes that would make a good story, thought Thomas.

In fifteen minutes Thomas rushed back into the office. "There wasn't a fire, chief; it was a false alarm," he curtly announced.

"What the blankety-blank. I told you to get a fire story." His temper was steadily rising. "I told you not to come back here without one. Why didn't you start a damn fire and have yourself arrested for arson? That 'ud make a good fire story. Better than that, though — you're fired! Understand? You're fired. You don't work here any more. That'll make an all-fired good fire story. Get out!"

ELKHORN CITY

By J. W. Crocker

ELKHORN CITY is a typical coal mining town in the southeastern tip of Kentucky. It is a somber, sleepy little village, tucked away deep in the dark Cumberland Mountains. Its principal—and, in bad weather, only—outlet to the outside world is the slow mountain railroad, serving principally to haul the black products of the rugged mountains to the north and the south. One passenger train goes north and one goes south each day — in the early morning before the sun can reach the depths of the nestled village. Also, one train from each direction arrives each evening.

It was on one of these north-bound trains that I arrived for the first and only time in Elkhorn City. For several miles the railroad winds through a narrow gorge, cut deep into the black shale and granite by the

(Continued on Page 23)

The Wrong Side of the Railroad Track

By Cecil Heckard

"GOD'S in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

Bob mumbled the words sarcastically as he strolled around the campus. The stars and moon were covering the earth with yellow, mellow light. Here and there were dark shadows dotted with spots of light made by the moon and stars shining through the leafy green trees.

Bob was angry and vexed, and was becoming more so each minute. It was about the fraternity party he had attended the night before that he was thinking. It had been a swell party, and had gone over quite successfully, too. All present had seemed to have a grand time — they had enjoyed the party more than usual. Yes, everyone had come away pleased. That is, all except one; and indirectly, unintentiontally, he had been the cause of that. He had done it, he hated to admit, just to see what would happen; but, at the same time, he was delighted that he took her — like the others, he liked to put his girl on parade.

John walked on. An owl, high in a tree above him, hooted. His first impulse was to make it take to its wings, but he forgot it as a bat swished by. Looking around, his eyes fell on a rose bush. There were several large roses on it. "Clara's favorite flower," he thought. He resumed his thoughts.

Clara's beauty was equal to any girl's he had ever seen. She was beautiful; fine, curly hair, the color of ripe wheat, whichever you happened to like, skin that tanned a rich copper and stayed that way, eyes that were as black as night, and a figure that — well, it was good for the eyes to see such. In many respects, she surpassed them. She had more native ability than many of the girls he could name. Then, too, she was nice— almost too nice for him. Yet, she was not a goody-goody, and did not impress you as one. The larger per cent of the other girls who attended the parties were not as nice as she. He was certain of that. It had been proven. Neither was she one who would take up the Bible and discuss it with a ministerial student, and, later when he had left, lay it aside to forget while she entertained boys who enjoyed the things she did.

He lighted a cigarette, took several long pulls, inhaled deeply, and exhaled strongly, watching the white smoke as it disappeared into the dim light.

He had dated Clara several times before he asked her to attend one of the parties with him. He had hesitated merely because she did not go to college and the others did; or, if they didn't, they did nothing except amuse themselves. Having finished high school, she was forced to go to work, her mother being dependent on her. After working a few months, she was enabled to enter a business college, which she still attended. Then, too, Clara did not live in Byer's Park or Lanston Heights. In his hesitation, he had weighed all these matters carefully — afraid lest he put her in an embarrassing position. But, he had thought, cultured people won't be snobs. Surely, they won't be long in recognizing her worth. Why, what she was showed all over her!

Catching a stone on his toe, Bob flung it imperiously into the air to emphasize his thought, and stared vacantly at the black smudge on his white shoe.

It had taken quite a bit of persuasion on his part to get her to go. She, too, had seemed to be a little skeptical about the reception she would receive. "Yes, I'll be glad to go," she had finally said.

The party was in full swing when they arrived. He introduced her to several of the girls and boys. They danced. She was an excellent dancer. At first, she received a big rush, but slowly the boys stopped breaking. One or two of them had asked who she was, what she did, and where she was from. He had told them. Then, it wasn't long before he heard one of them remark:

"Wonder why Bob brought her around here. She doesn't belong to this set."

That made his blood boil, but he kept silent, for things were going badly anyway. He decided in his anger that they'd stay — he'd show them.

Bob flipped his half-smoked cigarette into the air, idly watched it as its glowing tip described an arc against the black background; and when it hit the path, watched the tiny sparks fly upward. When he reached it, he ground the still glowing end with his foot.

After a while the girls began to cut Clara, and when the time came for the crowd to disperse, he knew she was miserable and was having a wretched time. In the cab, on the way back, she acted as if she had been having the greatest of times. Oh, she was all right; she had grit, that girl. In the final analysis, she was more cultured than the snobs present.

"I had a grand time, Bob," she had said when he left her. But he knew she was struggling to hold back the tears.

"Glad you did, Clara," he had answered. "I did, too. I'll call you tomorrow. Goodnight."

Bob vehemently kicked a tuft of grass and as vehemently said, "All because she lives on the wrong side of the railroad track."

E G O I S T

By Ralph S. Bryant

WHEN Maxwell Starnes returned to school the fall after his junior year, his foremost impulse and desire was to go straight to see Anne Evingston. The whole summer he had looked forward to coming back to school so that he could see her more. He had known her but a short month before school was out and he was very anxious to come back. For Anne was the most fascinating girl he had ever gone with. Maxwell had come away from home to begin as a freshman with some very set and deliberate resolutions in his head about falling in love. He was not going to. He didn't want to because, he very wisely reasoned, being in love interferes with study, and unless everything ran along very smoothly, it could cause an extra amount of worry. And he had valiantly clung to those resolutions for almost three years. But Anne! She had made him *want* to be in love. Not that he admitted being in that state of affection even now. He told himself that he wasn't. Just the same, he had lived that summer to see Anne again. Their letters had indicated that she was also anxious to see him again.

Maxwell ran across Rodney Hobart. Rodney had been a not infrequent visitor at the Evingston home and it made Starnes just a bit uncomfortable, but Hobart had known the family first at that. After a minute Maxwell asked casually, "Seen Anne?"

"Yes," Hobart replied with the slightest trace of self-consciousness. "I went around last night—I got here yesterday afternoon. She asked if you had come in yet."

Maxwell Starnes went on to his room and decided that he would not go out to Anne's house that night. She was probably expecting him to do just that. Rodney had done it, had gone to see her as soon as he got back to school. Maxwell did not want to do just what others did who went to see Anne. He did not want to "fall in line." If it had been anyone else but Anne he probably would have called them up as soon as he got to the dormitory and let his return be just as thousands of others. So he waited till Sunday (this was Friday) to go to see Anne.

And that incident typified one of the traits of character of Maxwell Starnes and it was especially manifest in such instances. With a slight flare for the dramatic and a distaste for the mediocre, he never wanted to do what nor as everybody else was doing. The tendency showed itself in many ways. As a kid in the grammar grades it had always irked him just a bit to stand in line after the party was over and pass by the smiling hostess at the door and say, as dozens of others had said just before him, "I had a very nice time, Mrs. Jones." He would try to think of some different way of saying it, some way that would leave an impression on the hostess' mind. When in high school and the teacher gave the class a topic to write a theme on for home work, Maxwell would strive to think out some unusual plot, something that no one else would think of, that would make his remembered when they were read in class the next day. It was perhaps more a desire to stand out than to be outstanding. He was never one to be in a crowd which hurriedly slapped a triumphant football team on the back and said, "Good going!" He thought they must get tired of it as the hostess must be bored by the monotonous repetition of the parrot phrases.

It was not an altogether bad characteristic, for it had given rise to some original themes, and an enjoyable surprise could always be counted on when Maxwell used to give parties. But it could go to extremes if it wasn't watched—and Maxwell Starnes let it get him.

The two days' delay in going to see Anne had the desired effect. Starnes was the last of her friends that she saw as they came back to school. It built up to a nice climax, he thought, something like best for last. It was a bit difficult when Anne's older sister, who was engaged, said cordially, "Why, Max! this is Sunday! Where have you been?" But Starnes thought Anne appeared very glad to see him again. He was right, too. She was crazy about him. She didn't seem to notice his tardiness in calling, but a long time later he found out that she had.

In December, Caroline Evingston was married. Afterward there was a reception and Maxwell debated going. He wanted to see Anne, ever so much, but she would be busy smiling at a hundred or so people, seeing that they were served, etc. No time for him. He would be just one in the crowd. So Maxwell Starnes went home and went to bed, disconsolate. The next day the two were talking over the telephone. "Why didn't you come to the reception last night?" she asked. "I missed you. We had the nicest time."

"Why, I couldn't have seen you and you wouldn't even have known I was there," he answered.

And there were other times, too, that showed up Starnes' irrepressible ego. He wanted to fill the horizon of Anne's eye and to occupy it alone.

It was in early May of that year that the terrible automobile accident occurred. The Evingston family were going to the seashore one Sunday when a drunken driver swerved into their car, knocking them over an embankment. The car was almost completely smashed,

(Continued on Page 24)

POETRY

I MUST SEAWARD GO

At dusk when quiet reigns
And Nature's voice is still,
The purple shades of night
Creep o'er the lonely hill.

The feathered fowls creep in
Some sheltered nook to sleep.
A wandering bark sets sail
Upon the restless deep.

The moon behind the hill,
The hill across the way,
Sends forth its golden beams
To shimmer on the bay.

A soaring water fowl
Wings on its lonely flight,
Across the fading sky,
Into the darkening night.

The waves in cadence swish
Like music on the shore.
The tide is ebbing out
And I must seaward go.

—*C. R. Spell.*

◈ ◈ ◈

SPRING

The sky, the birds, the trees.
A gentle, but mournful breeze.
My heart, its quickened beat—
The flowers, in suns mild heat.

The love, the life, the fun!
All nature's work well done.
The earth, the birds that sing.
Spring is all, it's everything.

The garden, the path, the wall!
The pond, the hills and all,
Bring to me life's greatest treasure.
Spread in spring, a heaping measure.

The winter, the cold, the rain!
Has not been stood in vain.
The spring has conquered the chilled.
Spring is beauty, a heart instilled.

—*J. E. Stallings.*

◈ ◈ ◈

RAIN

I.

Rain, rain, rain,
All day it has rained,
All night it has rained,
For a week it has rained.
Monotonously it falls;
Splash, splash, splash,
Each drop thuds when it falls.
In blinding sheets;
In roaring torrents
It drums on the roof.
Swooping and roaring and raging,
It beats into my brain.
It maddens and muddles my thoughts
With its never ceasing patter,
With its steady drip, drip, drip
From the roof.

II.

For a week it has raged;
For weeks it will swell the angry rivers;
For months people will suffer.
Mad, swirling, twisting, muddy, powerful,
The rivers rage and destroy,
Fed by the rains.
Cruel, relentless it comes,
Never lessening, always raging,
Ever hiding the sun;
Dulling the day with its ceaseless monotony.
Mud, mud, mud,
Oceans of mud,
Made by the rain.
Damp, dark, soggy and wet,
The days creep in endless pace,
While it rains, rains, rains,
While it continues to rain.

III.

At night when I sleep it lulls me.
I close my eyes and listen,
Listen to the endless patter;
I drowse and listen
To the song of the rain on the roof.
My mind grows dull;
I cannot think;
It drums constantly on the roof over my head
And I drift in an endless sea of contentment;
Forgetful, forgetful of the cruel swollen rivers,
Of the homeless, suffering thousands.
I am drifting, drifting,
Sinking into unconsciousness;
I cannot check myself.
The steady roar on the roof continues.
I slip, I slip, gently, gently, into sleep,
And the drip, drip, drip of the rain continues.

—*C. R. Spell.*

FRIEND

Do you have poetry in your soul?
A deep, immortal fire
That sometimes wakes and takes control
To play the spirit's lyre?

Do you dream dreams before your hearth
To others all unknown
That give a joy and priceless worth
To hours you spend alone?

Do you have love within your heart
For every earthly thing?
A love that spreads to every part
And teaches men to sing?

Do you have God deep down inside?
A fine and friendly being;
Who helps to see the best in life,
And gives you joy in seeing?

If you, my friend, can pass the test,
Then come and live with me;
Of all the men whom I know best,
Like you I want to be.

—*Ralph S. Bryant.*

◈ ◈ ◈

A DEATH

A stilly silence reigned in that room;
Far in the distance could be heard the cannons' boom.
I, alone, stood by the bed,
With my cold hand resting on his head.
No laurel wreathes on his grave would lie;
Not one except I would heave a sigh.
No one mourns a coward's fate.
His dirge is sung in words of hate.
He was not slain by enemy spear,
But by his comrades his wound to bear.
Before the cold steel he had turned to flee,
Thinking of his family o'er the sea,
When even his friends in patriotic ire
Upon this wretch directed their fire.

—*D. E. Cannon.*

◈ ◈ ◈

A VISION

To me, while walking where a witching moon
Enchants the willow's silhouette, there came
A lovely vision; and with gentle strokes
It seeped into my being and removed
A dark and dreary sadness ere I saw
Its great and noble teaching; like a dream
It stole into my musings, bringing back
Again the sweet yet painful memory
Of happy hours of days gone by. I saw
Those hanging limbs of beauty change into
A mother's form, praying on bended knee.
Methought, amid the stillness of the night
That awes like some omnipotent being
The frail and feeble thoughts of man, I heard
A sobbing sound. Like some cold wind it chilled
My spine to hear in woeful tones the words,
"God! save my son. Oh, God! please save my son."
And then all vanished as it came, leaving
In me a pensive being, filled with hope
For future thoughts and deeds that make real men.

And now, when life's temptations gather round
Like some huge monster quite eager to strike
The true and wholesome in my life, I think
Of that dear mother's prayer. Then sin departs
And leaves me filled with great faith and desire
To do those things beyond the reach of men
But which, in the realm of God, are like sweet deeds
That lift the soul of man to heavenly light.

E'er guided by that heavenly spirit
That reigns supreme above, I think of life
And death so very strange in terms like these:
Ere night hath called the sun to hide his face
And shine no more until the dawn, I'll try
To climb to yonder mountain's highest peak
To view the golden rays ere they are gone.
And then with peace and love within me, I
Shall lay me down to dream sweet dreams.
The dew will fall above my face, the stars
So jealous of my calm will try to peep
Within my eyes, and sometimes, yet unknown,
I shall awake as from a noxious dream
Upon a brighter, better day above.

—*W. D. Livingston.*

◈ ◈ ◈

SUNSET

The sun is a ball of fire in the sky;
Its hot rays cause the earth to dry
And crinkle,—yet, when day is done,
The art of the sky is made by the sun.

An old man in his youth was strong,
Building dreams,—in his heart a song.
Now, though feeble, and bent, and old,
His life is colored with Sunset Gold.

—*Frank Lineberger.*

The West Field

(Continued from Page 11)

slips into the fields. But he mustn't be sneaky, and I told Louise about this once.

"Frank was in the field with me this morning."

She arched her brow.

"Yes?"

"Yes"—and I arched my brow.

"I think it is time he learns the work," I went on. "Not during school, of course, but during the summer it should be all right. A little cotton-picking, or something of the sort."

She was angry. It always showed in her eyes and at the corners of her mouth.

"I don't want Frank to pick cotton, or weigh down a tobacco drag—or have anything to do with dirt or farming."

I was on my feet. My voice was raised in anger—and I was so loud until the glasses on the sideboard rattled with the noise.

"And I don't give a d— whether you like it or not. The time has come when we must decide about Frank. I say he's going to farm—you say he isn't. Farming is honest. It's work—it's made me happy—until now, and dirt and digging and sweating isn't responsible for that. Why shouldn't Frank farm?"

And then she was icily cold, and wouldn't say any more about it.

. . . . . .

I saw Honie today. She rode her horse down the west fence line, and opposite me she stopped. Her eyes are as black as night, and her lips are heavy and firm.

"Good morning," I called.

"Good morning."

And then she walked her horse beside me, as I followed the plough.

"Are you happy?" she asked suddenly.

A very odd question, it caught me unawares. My face must have changed quite visibly, and I think my hands moved on the reins. She smiled derisively—her lips curled in an expression of most unspeakable contempt, and I felt my face turn red, and my mouth harden with anger—not because of the question, but because I had betrayed myself.

"You married a dud," she said coolly.

I nearly struck her. My hands shook beyond my control. Finally I said, my voice as well modulated as I could make it—

"Shut up, you damned—"

The epithet didn't touch her. She only threw back her head and laughed as loudly and as boldly as any man. Then she prodded her horse, and a clump of elms soon hid her.

. . . . . .

The sun beats down with a straight beam. My mule is fagged, the foam covering him from head to tail. But my body is cold, though the sweat is dripping over my whole body. And we need rain. Nothing will save the corn and peas, but a little rain will give life to the cotton. Weevils are taking a hand now, and nothing can kill all of them. The Paris green cakes and falls off the leaves, and still the bugs eat holes in the potato bushes.

Louise is calmer now — but her calm is like the glassy seas before a storm. I wonder if she loves me, and I wonder, still more, if I love her. Frank cries to go into the field. But while I would willingly take him with me, regardless of what Louise likes or doesn't like, the boy is very young, and mustn't know of this dissension between his parents.

Louise and I talk together often. Her kisses are warm and affectionate — and I wonder what that means. Perhaps she feels all of this. I feel nothing — except my love for Frankie. He *must* learn to love this life. I'm not being dogmatic — but his folk are farmer folk. You can tell it. His mouth and his forehead — his eyes — the look in his eyes.

. . . . . .

I entered the field before dawn today. It was going to be hot and dry, and I hate the whole business. It was going to be gruelling, tiresome work. I didn't look for the morning shadows any longer, and twilight is the greatest beauty I know. I'm no longer conscious of the smell of the earth — and I wonder about that. I wonder. . . .

Then I saw Honie.

"D— her," I said under my breath.

Her horse stopped beside me, and this time she dismounted, and, walking over, leaned her arms on the fence. I didn't speak, and she finally broke the silence, her voice husky, but strangely fascinating.

"You hate me?"

I didn't answer, and she vaulted the fence as easily as a boy. Then she walked beside me. I felt her hand on my arm, and, turning, found her smiling.

"You aren't very polite. I asked you a question."

"By God," I thought, "she has got *some* woman in her."

But I didn't answer, and suddenly she laughed deeply — and yet it was perfectly tuned, a musical sound.

"I don't believe you hate me," she said. Then she returned to her horse, and soon Honie Turner was gone. She is a very strange woman. But she is a beautiful woman, with her strong, full-bosomed straightness.

It may not be right for me to find myself often thinking of Honie instead of Louise.

. . . . . .

A bad thing happened today. When I came in for

supper, there was no supper. I was tired and irritable, I know, but I did the worst thing a man can do. I found Louise in the living room, reading a story to Frank, who wasn't listening.

"Is supper ready?" I asked.

She was startled. Then she straightened her dress and arose from her chair.

"I'm sorry, John," she said, "but time quite slipped my mind."

And this bit into me more severely than it should have.

"Time is all you have," I said.

"I know — I'm very sorry — in just a few minutes now."

"I wish you'd be more mindful of things. You can't make butter, or milk the cow — or any of those things. But you could have my meals, and you don't even do that."

Then she spoke on woman's age-old stock theme, until the house threatened to shake down over us —

"I'm your servant here. You don't love me now. Maybe you did once — but not now. And you don't love Frank either — not much. You want to make a farmer out of him — and realize dreams with him. He's a business with you. A picture for you to paint, and you're the artist — and I'm not — I'm not — why, I'm not even so much as a hair in your brush. You think your almighty work and sweat is sacred. Why, you—"

And then I struck her across the mouth. She was startled nearly to insensibility, and finally she raised one of her hands to the place where I'd hit her. I was sorry and tried to kiss her, but she moved out of my reach, and said nothing. She didn't cry this time, and suddenly I heard Frank's cry and knew that he was beating his hard little fists against my legs. Then he ran to Louise, and, shaking with loud sobs, threw his arms about her legs.

Now I know. Frank will never hoe a single cotton row — not willingly. I can see that he is more like his mother than anyone else. Sometimes he had cried because he had wanted to go into the fields when Louise wouldn't let him — but he was only looking for something to do. Green things meant nothing to him. He took trees and peas and corn for granted.

I was sick. That afternoon I whipped up my mule and drove her so hard that foam soon covered her withered body. I was tired, too. Now everything was toil — not work — and there's a great difference between the two.

Once Honie passed by, but she didn't stop. I cursed her under my breath.

. . . . . .

Louise is taciturn now, and Frank lowers his eyes when I'm around. He avoids me at every turn. Once I offered to play one of his games with him, but he only sighed like an apron-string girl, and said:

"Oh, thank you, no, father. I'm tired of playing just now."

My God! The house is deadening. My wife speaks in monosyllables, and then only when necessary.

For two days last week I started work in the west field, and then left the job half done. There is some nut-grass in the vegetable garden, but I haven't the heart to get down on my hands and knees to weed it. There are two negroes working with me, but they can't do this thing very well.

Louise told me today that her brother will be with us next week. I haven't seen him in two years, and I could stand it even longer, I think.

Les Turner told me that tobacco will bring a nice price this year, but I don't know whether I'll get all of mine cured this year. It doesn't seem worth the work. Something is wrong with me. Even Frank seems silly and stupid now.

Of course, there is a spark of truth in what Louise said. I'm selfish and extremely dogmatic. Well, Frank can choose his profession. The west field was just one more rotten investment. And that seems a pity. It will be returned to Les thirteen years hence. Already my own fields are high with grass and weeds.

. . . . . .

Louise's brother Frank left last week. He only stayed two days, but in that time he managed to be twice as cutting to me as in any week before. And it didn't make a damn to me. Finally he called me aside, and talked with me. I wasn't surprised or startled with what he had to say.

"Lucas, he began — he called me *Lucas* — "er—um —er—Louise and I have decided—um—that she can no longer—er—stay with you. You aren't—er—congenial to each other's tastes,—um—and a divorce seems the—hum—only wise course under these—um—er—extenuating circumstances."

"I see—well—er—," he had me mumbling, too.

"All right," I then said, and left him standing there. Nothing seemed to be out of order. Everything was just as any sensible person would have been prepared for. I had done my grieving beforehand — not the loss of Louise, whom I didn't love, but because of Frank's loss to my dreams. But that was all over — and, oh, my God, I was sick — physically, so that I wanted to go to bed.

PART IV

Louise and Frank have been gone a year now — and I don't miss Louise *or* Frank. I miss nothing or no one.

This field is baked and blistered — the west field

(Continued on Page 22)

EDITORIALS

JOURNAL PRIZE LIST

BELOW is compiled a list of those winning one dollar prizes which have been offered for the four issues of THE JOURNAL thus far published in this scholastic year. These prizes of one dollar each are awarded for the best essay, sketch, poem, short story, play, and for the best art design where there is meritorious work in each issue. Of course a dollar prize is no bank account builder, but THE JOURNAL staff has offered these small prizes with the hope that recognition of writing prowess will compensate for what is, apparently, penurious shrimping. Well, well—

NOVEMBER ISSUE

"Forgotten Men"—Sketch.....Peter Moody
"Illogical Conclusion"—Short Story.....Harold Ward
"I Thought"—Poem.....Karl Slocum
"The Eternal Conflict"—Essay.....T. H. Taylor
Art.....Bill Gladden

DECEMBER ISSUE

"The Phantasy of the Mud Puddle".....Sketch.....
Carl Pugh
"I Went to Church"—Essay.....C. L. Heckard
"Embarrassment"—Poem.....T. A. Willis
"Irish Eyes"—Short Story.....C. H. Porter
Art.....Bill Gladden

FEBRUARY ISSUE

"Refrain"—Poem.....Ralph Bryant
"Resurrection"—Short Story.....Harold Ward
"The Calhoun Society"—Essay.....Peter Moody
"On Going to Sea"—Sketch.....Pickett Lumpkin
"Joseph Augustus Gamewell"—Biographical Sketch
John Hughston
Art.....Bill Gladden

APRIL ISSUE

"A Double Character"—Sketch.....Peter Moody
"The Reckoning"—Short Story.....Harold Ward
"One Life—How Live It?"—Essay.....Virgil Ward
"To a Cotton Mill Worker"—Poem.....Peter Moody

There's nothing left for us, the staff of THE JOURNAL for 1935-36, to say except to wish our successors success—a sweeter success than was our lot

—and so goodbye

THE WEST FIELD

(Continued from Page 21)

that was my hope. And this dirt seems hopelessly dead. My own fields are scorched to dust, and the brush is so high that it would be foolhardy to plough in them before a rain comes.

Rain is scarce, and the corn is sick, while the boll weevils are killing the cotton.

Sometimes I'm a whole week out of the fields, and when I return, the work is harder and more distasteful than it had been the week before. My body aches after a day's work, and I hate the dirty, stinking sweat that oozes out of my body. My face feels raw, and my feet ache at every step. And I plod where I used to dance in the field. Now I realize that my love was cast in a star — and the star has fallen. It is digging now — digging and rooting without end or very much reason.

. . . . . .

It is only noon, but I left my plough over an hour ago. The sun is a hell to stand under. The sweat ran off my forehead and out of my hair and into my eyes. Everything was a blur before me from the white heat — and I'll work in the early mornings and afternoons from now on. I can't make much of a go at it that way, but it saves my body. I no longer care anyway. *I—don't—give—one—little—damn!*

My debt is going too high this year, but next fall I'll save on the apples. The crops won't be large either, and I can economize on fertilizer.

A letter came from Louise today. I scarcely read it. Why does she bother to tell me about Frank anyway, the skunk—"

. . . . . .

Dusk is falling. The cool of twilight is all I wait for now. And when I lead my mule off the field, Honie is waiting under a tree. She is wearing a colored cotton dress, and she walked out here, because I see no horse.

I walk towards her. She is very straight and tall,

her face tanned by the sun, and the sun has made her yellow hair tawny. Her black eyes stare into mine, and her full lips are mobile, but soft.

Now I stand beside her, and I can't help but touch her hands. They are strong hands, and nearly as brown as mine. They send electric currents into my arms, and into my hot body, until finally I smile and my heart is as light as it was nine years ago.

Her sons and mine —

Now she pulls her hands away and strides with clean long steps across the ploughed rows. She is gone, but she will come again.

Upsets

Continued from Page 14)

him, since," she added, looking very intently at him now, "it seems that you are too busy to be bothered."

"But, Mary—," Al began, then cut it short. Somehow, suddenly, he wasn't mad, he wasn't disappointed, not even surprised. He'd had so much of all that in the last two days that he just didn't bother to get upset over this. He gazed at Mary for a moment, who lowered her eyes presently, and then turned away with a casual, "O. K. I'll be seeing you," without even looking at Merce Coward again. Going up the steps to the dorm, he noticed an ink spot on his white shoes and that the metal tip was gone off one of his shoe laces. Then he heard the car pull off. Albert went up to his room, took a cold shower, and went to sleep.

Just after supper that evening a soft rapping came on Merce Coward's door. "Come in," he called. He was surprised to see his little brother from home poke his head around the door.

"Come on out," he said. "Mother's here." The two went out, and Merce's mother met him at the front steps.

"Hello, son," she said, as they started walking toward the car. "We thought we'd surprise you. Daddy had to come up on business. And just you guess who we brought with us? Evelyn! Her brother insisted that she come on up, since we were to make the trip anyway. So she is all ready to go to the dance with you. She said she knew it would be all right so far as arriving unexpectedly was concerned, for you had written her that you were going alone. Why, son! What's the matter? You don't look like you feel very well!"

* * *

Sorry to leave the situation up in the air, but the chapter ended here. So — write your own finish, or see John Lyles' chapter!

Elkhorn City

(Continued from page 15)

cool waters of the Clinch River. But suddenly the train emerges from this precipitous gorge, and I can see the black little town of Elkhorn.

The sun had already set behind the high horizon of the deep blue hills to the west. Only the rays could be seen on the higher peaks to the east. On the west was a coal mine, and on the east was a coal mine, with their squalid little houses dotting the blackened terrain. Between the two mines, on either side of the creek-like river, lies the "city proper" with its one wooden bridge and crooked little street leading, of course, to the depot on the eastern bank of the stream, jammed up at the very base of the mountain. Just across the stream stands the general store, dealing in coffins, staple groceries, and what-have-you. On up the road above the store stands the town's best and only hotel, a rambling, cumbersome wooden frame building.

The piazza of this edifice, which is, in fact, the sidewalk directly in front of it, serves as the gathering place of the railroad men who stop over in the village each night. Here they play checkers and cards and spin their obscene yarns until late into the night, stopping only long enough to chase a straying pig off of the "piazza." Pigs, chickens and calves roam at will up and down the main street of Elkhorn City, the natives seeming to accept them as part of the pedestrian traffic.

Stooped, smirky-faced old men who have known only darkness all their days pass by, talking in low tones. They are on their way to the Holy-Roller tent meeting, the nearest they will ever come to religious truth and light. But they care not for light; they have known the darkness of the bowels of the earth by day and the deep darkness of mountan seclusion by night. Their manner is mysterious, evidencing suspicion for all, but a sinister acceptance of the fate that is theirs.

WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
Freeman Shoes for Men & Young Men
$5 - $6
WRIGHT-SCRUGGS SHOE CO.
MORGAN SQUARE

PRICE'S
YOUNG MEN'S SHOP
THE HOME OF POPULAR PRICES
Smart Furnishings
"Polly" Thomasson and Roy Robertson, Representatives
123 N. Church Street Spartanburg, S. C.
(OPPOSITE KENNEDY PLACE)

Drink -
Coca-Cola
IN BOTTLES

Worthmore Clothes Shop
QUALITY TO SUIT THE MOST DISCRIMINATING AT POPULAR PRICES
WORTHMORE CLOTHES SHOP
121 East Main Street

Egoist

(Continued from Page 17)

and while the others were badly but not seriously hurt, Anne lay in the hospital for two days unconscious. Friends called and left flowers. More and more they came in. At first Maxwell was too distraught to think of anything. His own darling Anne was seriously hurt. He was in spiritual torture every hour. Finally it occurred to him that he might send some flowers. She should have the most beautiful, and he was on the point of going to the florist's to order them when he stopped. What was the use? He had peeped in her room and the baskets were literally banked around the wall. When she came to she wouldn't even know if he had sent any or not amid all that number, and as for brightening up the room, more flowers would be excess. He'd wait until later and take her personally a big bunch of her favorites—when she could appreciate them.

The next morning Anne was dead.

Maxwell, grief-stricken, was out at the hospital talking to the nurse who had been in attendance.

"Did she ever gain consciousness?" he asked in a voice that was low and shook with emotion.

"Yes," the nurse answered slowly. "Early this morning she opened her eyes and looked around. The first thing she noticed was all the flowers."

"Did she—did she say anything?"

"Yes. After looking at the flowers a moment, she asked me to show her the ones you had sent. I was very stupid then. Before I thought, I told her the truth—that you had not sent any, Mr. Starnes. She smiled just a bit when I told her that, and then closed her eyes again. That was all."

Compliments of
SMITH'S
CUT-RATE DRUG STORE
142 EAST MAIN STREET
•
The Store That Saves You Money on Your Needs

THE ELITE
La Petite Elite
- and -
The Biltmore
•
The Best Places in Town to Eat

EAT
FOREMOST ICE CREAM
IT'S HEALTHFUL

All Accessories for Men
BELK-HUDSON MEN'S SHOP
The Assurance of Correctness

Phone 253

ARTEX CLEANERS

ODORLESS CLEANERS

"Like New When We're Thru"

213 Magnolia St. Spartanburg, S. C.

GREENEWALD'S

(INCORPORATED)

•

SPARTANBURG'S BEST
CLOTHING STORE

•

Complete Outfitters to Men and Boys

The DuPre Book Store

•

Students Cordially Welcomed

194 E. Main St. Phone 70

BEARD BROTHERS

THE HOME OF BETTER CLOTHES

108 W. Main St. Spartanburg, S. C.

Compliments of

DIXIE SHOE WORKS

(M. T. GWINN, Proprietor)

FINE SHOE REPAIRING

◆

113 N. Church St. PHONE 1871 Nolan Harrelson

WALLACE D. DuPRE

Automobile Supplies

•

Phone 65

138-140 W. Main Street Spartanburg, S. C.

We Make Loans on Anything of Value

CAROLINA

LOAN & LUGGAGE SHOP

• • •

115-117 W. Main Street

We Carry a Complete Line of Luggage

WHEN YOU SEE

Square Deal Holmes

You Think of

BETTER WATCH MAKING

Crystals Fixed 25c 105 Magnolia St.

FOR BETTER SIGHT

You'd Better See

DR. R. E. BIBER

144 E. Main St.

Flowers from Fred's

Montgomery Building
Spartanburg, South Carolina

•

College Representative, Fred Gentry, Jr.

Good Printing

We invite your comparison of our work. You will find that our craftsmen are thoroughly trained to produce advertising literature that is paramount in quality. When you have problems in advertising or printing, call 362 or 363 and we will aid you in their solution.

BAND & WHITE, *Printers*
142 Spring Street Spartanburg, S. C.

DRINK
Tom's Golden Ginger Ale
Delightful and Satisfying

●

Bottled By
HARTNESS BOTTLING WORKS
PHONE 1996 729 S. Church St.

1854 1936

WOFFORD COLLEGE

Spartanburg, South Carolina

A Christian College for the Higher Education of Young Men

- offering -

BACHELOR OF ARTS — BACHELOR OF SCIENCE
and
MASTER OF ARTS DEGREES

Pre-Medical, Pre-Engineering, Pre-Law Courses
Courses in Education and Religion

●

Long and Honorable History of Educational Service . . . Strong Faculty . . . Large Library . . . Well Equipped Laboratories
Ample Dormitory Facilities . . . Voluntary R. O. T. C. Unit
Athletic Grounds . . . All Forms of Inter-Collegiate Athletics

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO HENRY N. SNYDER, LL.D., LITT. D., PRESIDENT

"Yeah, my father told me to take advantage of my opportunities when I came to college"

"Now, my dear fellow students, why can't we just sit down and talk this over like gentlemen?"

FOOLISHNESS

—may's marvellous monstrosity—

"So you want to kiss me, eh? I didn't know you were that kind."

"Big boy, my benevolence is astonishing."

◈ ◈ ◈

"Why do you always kiss those R. O. T. C. sergeants?"

"Oh, my love is purely platoonic."

◈ ◈ ◈

"Heavens above," said the lady as he kissed her on the chin.

◈ ◈ ◈

"No, I won't kiss you. I've got scruples."

"That's all right. I've been vaccinated."

◈ ◈ ◈

"Your toe-dancing is marvelous."

"But I can't dance on my toes."

"You seem to be doing pretty well on mine."

◈ ◈ ◈

"What's the difference between dancing and marching?"

"I don't know."

"I didn't think you did. Let's sit down."

◈ ◈ ◈

"Do you know the difference between a popular girl and an unpopular one?"

"Well, yes and no."

"Correct."

◈ ◈ ◈

"What is the outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?"

"Blonds."

"Don't act like a baby."

"Can't help it. I was born that way."

◈ ◈ ◈

"Did I tell you about the new house I bought?"

"Don't mansion it."

◈ ◈ ◈

"Do you really like that girl?"

"No, she's just a passing fiancée."

◈ ◈ ◈

"I see your wife left you because you objected to her talking in her sleep."

"Yeah, she went home to mutter."

◈ ◈ ◈

"You say Ichabod sat down on a lighted cigarette?"

"Yeah, he was burning his breeches behind him."

◈ ◈ ◈

"This must be the Dead Litter Office," said the old meaney as he drowned the kittens in the bath-tub.

◈ ◈ ◈

"The pressure is all mine," said the lad as he squeezed the Converse lass.

◈ ◈ ◈

College Lass—"Oh, an awful lot of boys date me."

Another—"Yeah, I bet they are an awful lot."

◈ ◈ ◈

"Aw, can't you take a yoke," said the farmer as he tried to harness his oxen.

—carl selwyn pugh—

THE JOURNAL

Established 1889

Vol. 46 **SPARTANBURG, S. C., MAY, 1936** **No. 5**

STAFF OF THE JOURNAL

Editor-in-Chief ..... Thomas A. Willis

Assistants ..... R. S. Bryant, R. M. Phillips

Contributing Editors ..... Peter Moody, H. K. Ward, Charles Gilreath, A. P. Evans, Karl Slocum, G. E. King

Humor Editor ..... Carl Pugh

Art Editor ..... Bill Gladden

Assistant Art Editor ..... A. C. Stackpool

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager ..... Robert DuBose

Assistant Business Manager ..... Larry Hardin

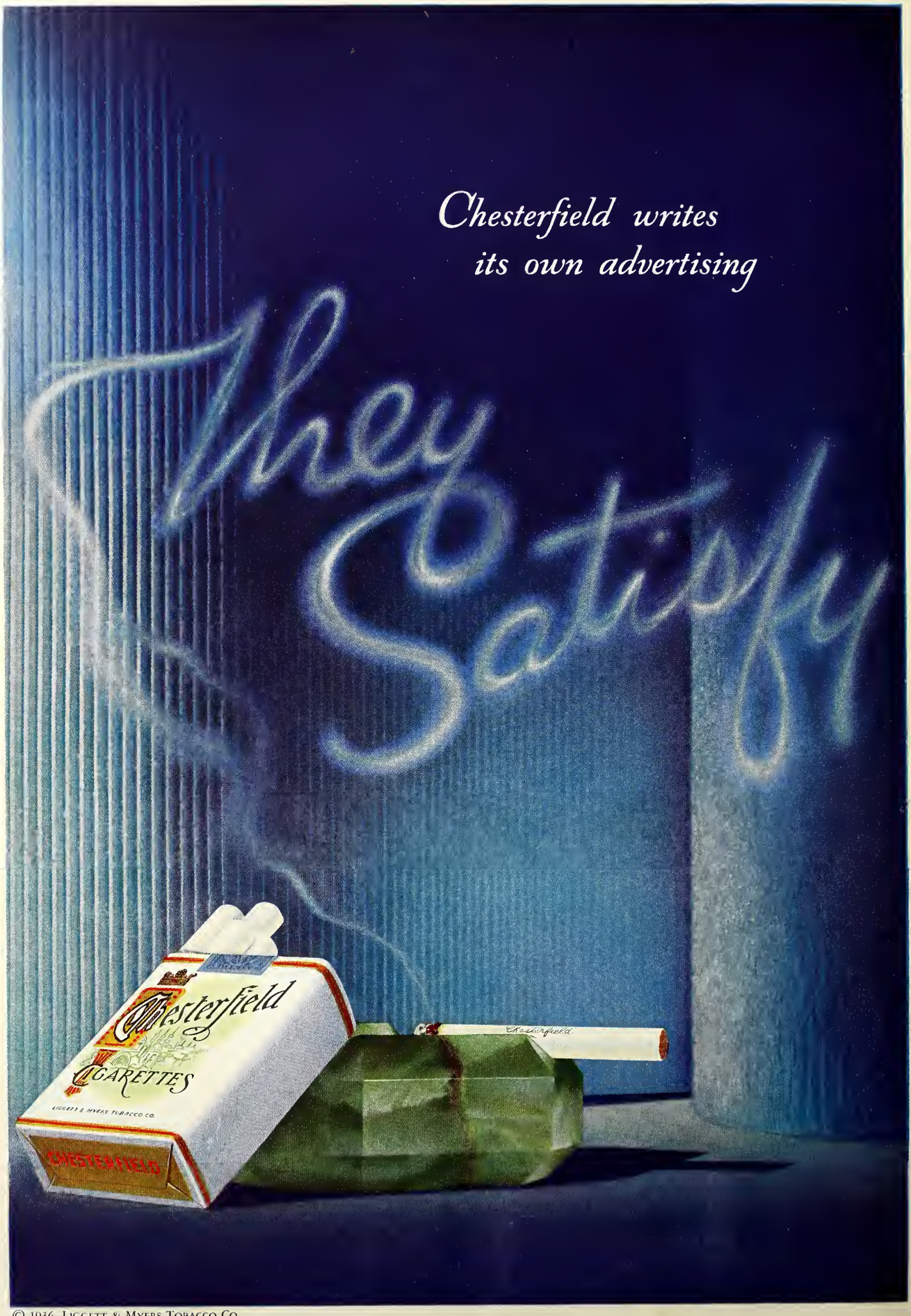
Circulation Manager ..... John Hughston

Assistant Circulation Manager ..... Rodney Padgett

Entered at the postoffice, Spartanburg, S. C., as second class matter.

THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is published five times a year by the student body.

Subscription rate, $1.25 per year.



© 1936, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.